THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 5. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 31, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Helen Topping Miller—Don Marquis—William J. Neidig—Grace Lovell Bryan
Henry Payson Dowst—Admiral Smirnoff—Jay E. House—Jefferson Winter

"SIC'UM, TIGE"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1914 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Westclox

—for a brisk start when there's a big day's work ahead

THE RIGHT KIND of a start in the morning cuts a big figure in the kind of work you do. And has a lot to do with the figure on your weekly pay-slip, too!

You've probably discovered how an early get-up sets your mind *just right* to tackle the tough job and give it all you've got! And by noon—well, the job wasn't nearly as hard as it looked.

So when your Westclox says: "Make it snappy, old boy!" it's really talking right into your own pocketbook. The Westclox habit has helped many a man climb higher on the company pay-roll.

Westclox are trained in the art of doing things on time and pass this knack along to you.

They've got to run and ring on the dot before the clockmakers at La Salle will let them go out into the world wearing the Westclox quality badge of faithful timekeeping.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o'Lantern

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.

The best way to save on clothes

YOU wouldn't use second or third grade lumber for your home—even tho you pay less for it; knotty and sappy wood has to be replaced soon Clear, first grade lumber is economy because it lasts

It's the same with clothes

You can pay less; but you'd better not; good clothes are cheaper; it's in the lasting—not in the price

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, JULY 31, 1920 | $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 5

DEUCE HIGH

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"We've Lost All Our Money Again, You Know. I'll Have to Hunt Another Apartment—Something Adapted to Respectable Poverty"

THEY had been talking about French war brides, and of the unfortunate experiences of Thales and Vallant and others of their friends, whose homesick little Gallic wives had given up tearfully a pitiful attempt at Americanization and fled in dismal haste to their own country.

Prentiss, who was very young and consequently delighted in a soured and sardonic pessimism which belied the deep rare shine of his eyes and the generous broadness of his mouth, was disposing of the argument after a summary fashion.

"It's bound to fail," he declared, sitting well forward in his chair as he always sat, his shoulders drooping, elbows on knees, all his strong sandy hair swaying upright as he emphasized his statements with oblique jerks of his head, "an experiment like that. You can't change women. A woman's atavistic. She's part of the soil she grows on. She's got the blood of the Sphinx in her soul! Give a man ten days' residence and ten working words of the language, and in ten minutes he will be looking round for some way to make money. But a woman—she's the oldest mystery in the world, and the most inscrutable. You can dress her in cloth of gold, but if she was born a milkmaid she'll keep a milking stool hidden some place where she can creep away and shed tears on it!"

Big Puss Trainor, a round-faced pagan who bought hot soup for cold newsboys and would bet on the duration of any man's last breath, slid down comfortably and cocked his feet high.

"Archibald, my offspring," he admonished Prentiss, "I perceive the flavor of arboreal acid in your speech. What happened to the little brunette at Longwy who was learning to fry real pancakes when the late disturbance ended so abruptly?"

Prentiss' face, browned and sensitive, with a few boyish freckles still distinguishable on his nose, turned slowly dark red.

"I'm not speaking of individual women," he argued, with the faintest discernible edge on his voice; "I'm speaking of woman—the oldest thing in the world—the blood-loyal creature who drags the race back stubbornly to its origins. You can't transplant her. She'll go with you, willingly, with a few backward looks. But the soul of her stays behind and loves the soil that nourished her. Look at Vallant. He put his Adelie in eight magnificent rooms and a sun parlor, and buys her everything she thinks she wants. But how can she be happy, poor child? She cannot run shrieking to show *maman* her new gowns—and of what use is a wonderful house when there is only a stolid husband to exclaim over it? Result—Adelie buys thirty inches of blue steamer ticket and Vallant drinks too much and swears with sickening bitterness!"

Forbes laughed. "You're incorrigible, Prentiss," he protested. "And the trouble is you actually believe all the folly your adolescent mind conceives. But your argument is punk. You can't get away with it. Look at the pioneer woman. Look at the Puritan mother."

"I'm lookin' at 'em," stated Prentiss solemnly.

"Yes, look at those women," put in Trainor. "They were transplanted; torn up by the roots, you might say. Thrust into a cold, hostile soil with an icy ocean six months wide between them and home. And look at 'em. They worked. They fought Indians. They made homes in a wilderness. They raised up an iron-nerved, steel-muscled set of sons. And ——"

"They died," declared Prentiss solemnly.

"Died? Of course they died! So did the pioneer men die. So did the Indians die—who were on their own ground."

"They died," went on Prentiss quietly, "under forty. Some of them under thirty. It's New England tradition that it took two mothers to raise every pioneer family—sometimes three. They died—just as the little jet-eyed women who are brought up here from Buenos Aires die. Just as the Chinese woman dies when she leaves off her satin trousers and puts on a corset and Louis heels. Just as a mill girl would die probably, if you shut her up in the luxury of a Riverside Drive apartment."

"You're raving." Trainor sat upright. "You're absolutely wild! Your ignorance of the supreme four-fifths of the human race is pitiable. Why, I'll bet you"—Trainor

"Don't Try That Again, Young Lady! Understand?"

was always clamorous for a wager when he grew excited—"I'll bet you that I can take any girl in New York—any girl in America. No matter where she sprung from—shop girl, chorus girl—ignorant or not. And if the blood in her is good American blood I can educate that girl and have her trained and put good clothes on her—and make a woman out of her whom any one of you would marry!"

Paget, lean and lazy and cynical, swung a leg over his chair. "Can't be done, Pussy dear," he drawled. "Been tried before. Beggar maids may have innocent eyes and flaxen curls, but usually they have got old harridan mothers—and blackmailing fathers too. And hordes of male relatives addicted to coke sniffing and plaid caps!"

"Oh, of course I'd eliminate the relatives," declared Trainor. "No man can rehabilitate a whole family. But I'd put my money on the girl—any girl. And I'd convince you scoffers that the female of the species is pretty much what you make her—with the slight assistance of the manicure and the hairdresser and the gentleman who invented complexions!"

"How much money?" demanded the practical Forbes.

Trainor considered, stroking his chin with pudgy fingers.

"That would vary of course, depending on the girl. Some girls would polish up in a year. Put a silk dress on 'em, turn 'em loose to watch other women—our kind of women ——"

"Rot!" ejaculated Prentiss fervently. "Loathly, nauseating rot! Put a silk dress on Julie, who comes in here to clean at night. Turn her loose to watch women—our kind of women—your kind of women." Prentiss marked the faintest sort of distinction. "What would you get? Julie vanished—silk dress and all. And a shrill female chorus mourning a lot of vanished jewelry. You make me sick!"

Trainor turned red. With a characteristic flourish he brought out a fountain pen.

"I've got four thousand dollars—against a thousand each from you scabs—which will testify that I know whereof I speak. Put up your coin, you bleating unbelievers! It's a fair gamble—you pick the girl, I foot the bill. After she's educated to be a lady—one you wouldn't be ashamed to introduce to your maiden aunt—one of us marries her!"

"O Lord!" groaned Paget.

"Who picks the girl?" inquired Forbes, filling out a check and laying it above Trainor's defiantly scrawled bit of blue paper.

"We'll cut for it," said Trainor; "the winner to pick any girl he chooses—the worse she looks at the beginning the more glory to me when she's developed into a beautiful eligible."

"It's all right, picking 'em," argued Forbes; "but suppose the lady doesn't fall for the beautiful-eligible business? Suppose she prefers her own career and her own particular embryo burglar or gunman?"

"Leave that to me," counseled Trainor blandly.

Prentiss rose up slowly. His face, very youthful in contrast to the sophisticated countenances of the three others, was a trifle pale, so that the little peppery freckles on his nose glistened like gilt. His irregular eyebrows were drawn together.

"I'm not in this, fellows," he said; "I haven't got that much money."

Forbes and Paget fidgeted a little. They knew what the war had done for Prentiss, who was Trainor's protégé; they had seen him, fresh, youthful, bursting with energy, just out of the greatest school of science in the East, with a master's degree in half a dozen obscure subjects, the whole of his rather unusual education concentrated upon his one passion, plants, and a fertile and far-reaching world before him inviting investigation and exploration. They had seen him moved by the great impulse and drawn, white faced, into the crowd and clamor and slaughter that he hated. They had seen him go with the Canadians at the very first. And they had seen him come back, sound, silent, older, given to pessimism, with everything to begin over.

Trainor, the wide-hearted, laughed. "Money doesn't count in this game, Archie," he announced; "what I want is satisfaction. I want to rub my theory under your scornful nose and make you admit that a fat man may know something of life besides what's printed on the menu. Here—fill out a check and date it ten years from now. When you're famous and I'm a bulbous old wreck whom nobody loves enough to laugh at I'll cash it."

"Now," said Forbes, whose eyes were a trifle cold and lined and lips slightly thin, "we'll see who finds the pigeon-toed beauty with squirrel teeth and incurable acne for Puss to civilize."

"High card wins," stated Trainor, "counting from the ace up. Cut, you fellows, I'm out of this."

Paget shuffled the deck with long fingers and laid it face down on the table. He cut first—the ace of spades.

"Darn the luck," he grumbled. "I had my girl all picked out; had Puss' money all spent. I was going to pick Julie."

"Cut, Archie," said Trainor.

Prentiss languidly turned a card. He was not keenly interested in this foolishness. To him the question had but one answer, the problem but one outcome. Trainor had been burbling altruistic nonsense. He would fail, of course. Prentiss had no faith in the experiment. He desired merely to please these three men who had been his friends, men who were much older than he and whose guest he was at this comfortable club. He split the deck carelessly.

"Deuce," commented Trainor. "You win then, Forbes. Cut—to be sure."

Forbes cut confidently, a triumphant smile wrinkling his long lips.

"Ace of hearts, by George!" ejaculated Paget. "Deuce is high. That means you find the girl, Archie."

"But—but—Great Scott!" The boy's tanned face went crimson. "I don't know any girl—by her first name—in the world!"

"My dear lad, you don't offer your friends and acquaintances upon this altar," remarked Paget. "This is a long-distance handicap between heredity and environment. As the backer of heredity you are the very person to select the victim. But for the Lord's sake pick a bloomer—there's money in that pot!"

"You forget," admonished Forbes, "that one of us has got to marry her."

"If," Paget added, "Puss makes something marriageable out of her—which he won't!"

"Which I will!" insisted Trainor. "I'll raise her up to be a howling beauty; one of these mysterious creatures who arise out of gutters at intervals in every generation and set men on their ears all over the world. And when you're pining and sighing I'll marry her myself!"

"Does she have to be found immediately?" inquired Prentiss with a worried frown. "I've got my start to make, you know; and it's going to be the deuce and all to get the department to send me anywhere now, the way the appropriations are going."

"I'll put it on paper," agreed Trainor. "Write it, Forbes—I'm too fat to struggle with language so soon after dinner. Frame it this way: At any time within a year that Prentiss selects a girl for my experiment—no limit, except that she must be American and under twenty—I pay all expenses, finish her up, fit her out and collect off you guys when she's finished. That's fair. Put this in, too: If I should die before the completion of this agreement my estate is good for it, you three to act as executors. That provides for apoplexy. Anything else, Archie?"

"Yes," said the boy, rising, "there is. I want somebody to lend me a thousand dollars."

Trainor did not blink. "All right," he said, shifting his cigarette, "take Forbes' check. I'll indorse it. Now you owe the pot two thousand."

"I'll pay it a year from now," stated Prentiss. "I just wanted to be prepared. I might find this girl almost anywhere, and I want money enough to bring her back to New York."

He tucked the check into his pocket, said good night briefly and went out.

Forbes lit a cigarette slowly. "Will he do it?" he inquired of the others. "Or am I out a thousand dollars?"

Trainor squared himself. "Will he do it?" he demanded. "That boy? Sure, he'll do it. He'll break his neck doing it or I'm a fat old ass who knows nothing whatever about human nature."

"I was just wondering," returned Forbes defensively. "He's a straight kid, of course; fine fellow, with a queer kink in him."

"A year from now," stated Trainor firmly, "that lad will bring me two thousand dollars—and a girl. Or you can hang me for a bleating old goat!"

Meanwhile, down a dark side street through the winter slush Archie Prentiss, the potent four-figured paper in his pocket, hurried to his shabby room—a room that would have amazed the three he had left could they have glimpsed the shabbiness or breathed the sordidness of it. He had a great many things to do. He had to pack. He had to write a letter—a letter to Trainor. A letter to his mother. Somehow he had to cash the check. A boat left at eight-forty in the morning. Prentiss knew the sailing hours of all the south-bound boats.

He had to catch that boat!

II

A GREEN river—a writhing, poisonous river, beaded at the brim with death; a river that had never seen the sun or rippled with the clean breath of the sea wind—crept furtively about the shore of a little island, hid in black-green shadows, sentineled with sad, dripping, long-fingered trees, hung with a sodden mist by day and oozing miasmic dew by night.

Strange, shrill, irritable birds, feverishly colored and furtive as the current itself, followed this river, and screamed in the dismal trees. Sullen, swimming reptiles, lightning swift, strangely beautiful to see, slid in the black shallow of it. Sometimes at night cat-footed shadowy things slipped along the brink of the stream. This life was of the river, blending with the wild picture of it as though it was limned with one savage, mingling brush.

It was the boat which was out of drawing—a sharp-cut, alien, intruding thing upon the river's breast. Steel, slim, painted white, it clove the resenting stream with the proud slash of a sword. The birds hid, mere vanishing streaks of scintillant color before it. Silent bubbles in the ooze marked the departing of other silent, sinuous things. The very air, hung with a whirling blur of insects, seemed to resent the presence of the boat and of the two people who navigated it.

These were a man and a girl. The man was past middle age, and so emaciated that anyone beholding him could not help but marvel that anything human could be so utterly fleshless and live. His face, under a backward-swept mane of unkempt iron-gray hair, was a mere ivory-hued frame for two deep-sunken gray eyes, effaced in purple shadows. His hands, clutching the oars, were thin as skeleton hands. His forearms were brown reeds. His chest was so concave that it appeared an impossibility for lungs to exist and function in so flat crushed an area.

The girl, a slim dark creature with brown hair, seemed more a part of the clutching jungle and the sullen river than did the man. She was tawny with a glow about her that was almost savage, and her body as she poised in the bow was as erect and supple as the bodies of the shy untamed Almaya women back in the hills.

Deftly, with silent paddle, she maneuvered the boat into a little cove upon the edge of the island, where was a trampled space, and a collapsible canvas boathouse moored between two trees with ropes, and back a little from the tangled bank a glimpse of a white tent and a shredded, fleeting glimpse of sky.

The man poised his oars upright while the boat moved straight into the narrow ditch below the canvas shelter. A clumsy shell-back reptile slid into the water as the girl stepped out, and paddled off with frantic feet.

The man laid hold of the boat and, with amazing strength for one so obviously ill, lifted the steel shell far up on the shore. There was a red "U. S." on the boat's side, and a number. Bending he swung a labeled box out, and then, the girl helping, dragged out a huge canvas roll. There was a sour frown on his face as he marked the red label pasted on the roll. The lettering in scarlet Spanish indicated that the shipment was unpaid for. The outfitting company in the little city two days down the bay from the river's mouth needed their money. The hint was couched in ancient courtesy, but it was pasted firmly to the wrapper with glue. And the tramp boat which had brought the package up the river had not brought any mail!

"Fine country!" growled the man, kicking the canvas roll so that the insinuating placard rolled over and lay in the mud. "Stick a man off in a muck hole like this, full of snakes and fever, and then quietly forget him!"

"There's been a war, you know," suggested the girl, picking up the box, the muscles of her strong young arms tightening like steel springs.

"The war's over," declared the man peevishly. "We know that—and God knows news reaches us late enough! It's the damned rotten politics—swapping and tinkering with the appropriation bills. Stalling in the department. Bungling in the plant bureau! If an isolated investigator more or less starves to death—why, science demands its sacrifices!"

He tramped up the moist slope to the tent, dragging the canvas roll by a rope. It jingled as it bumped along. There was canned food in it—loathly monotonous canned food which both of them hated.

"We might try Alvaso again," suggested the girl. "You could give him an order of some sort for the money and persuade the consul at the port to O. K. it."

"Before I'd ask that stinking Chilean cutthroat for a favor I'd rot!" declared the man angrily. "That slinking river pirate with a ship like a rotting hog trough and a crew of lousy drunken murderers! Before I'd ask Alvaso for passage on his boat I'd take chances in this tin dinky on the Atlantic! I've seen him look at you—the leering, copper-hided son of a damned yellow dog! No! We'll wait for the Indian to come back; there's calomel and quinine enough in this lot to keep us alive a while longer."

(Continued on Page 154)

She Had Dug That Grim Tomb Alone, and Alone Had Lowered Into It Probably the Only Thing That She Loved in the World

Last Days and Death of the Russian Emperor and His Family

Told in Official Documents—By G. G. Telberg

Professor of Law at the Saratov University, and Former Minister of Justice of the Russian Government at Omsk

DURING the night between the sixteenth and seventeenth of July, 1918, the former Russian Emperor, Nicholas II, his family, as well as all the persons attached to it, were murdered by the order of the Yekaterinburg Soviet of Workmen's Deputies.

The news of this crime broke through the closed ring that surrounded Bolshevist Russia and spread over the entire world.

At the end of July of the same year Yekaterinburg was taken by the forces of the Siberian Government. An administrative investigation of the crime took place and was followed shortly afterward by a court examination. When later the Siberian Army took Tobolsk and Perm the testimony of questioned people got more complete and their combined statements almost built up the whole life story of the imperial family from the time of the Emperor's abdication to the moment of their tragic end in the basement of Iapatieff's house in Yekaterinburg.

Such is the origin of those investigations that bear all the accuracy and objectiveness of court documents. They are nothing but a series of simple narratives of witnesses who were questioned in a formal way.

Now, at the time of the political triumph of Bolshevism in Russia, those documents have lost their juridical significance, as there is no possible way for continuing the investigation, but the historical value of those documents is enormous and incalculable.

There is no need to comment or work over the documents. Could any commentary be made on such human sufferings or human cruelty?

Not a single word could complete the tragic picture showing how the former Sovereign of Russia, threatened with revolvers and holding by his hand his only and beloved son, was led to the place of the execution.

Such is the character of those documents, and nothing could make them more clear, more intelligible or more conclusive.

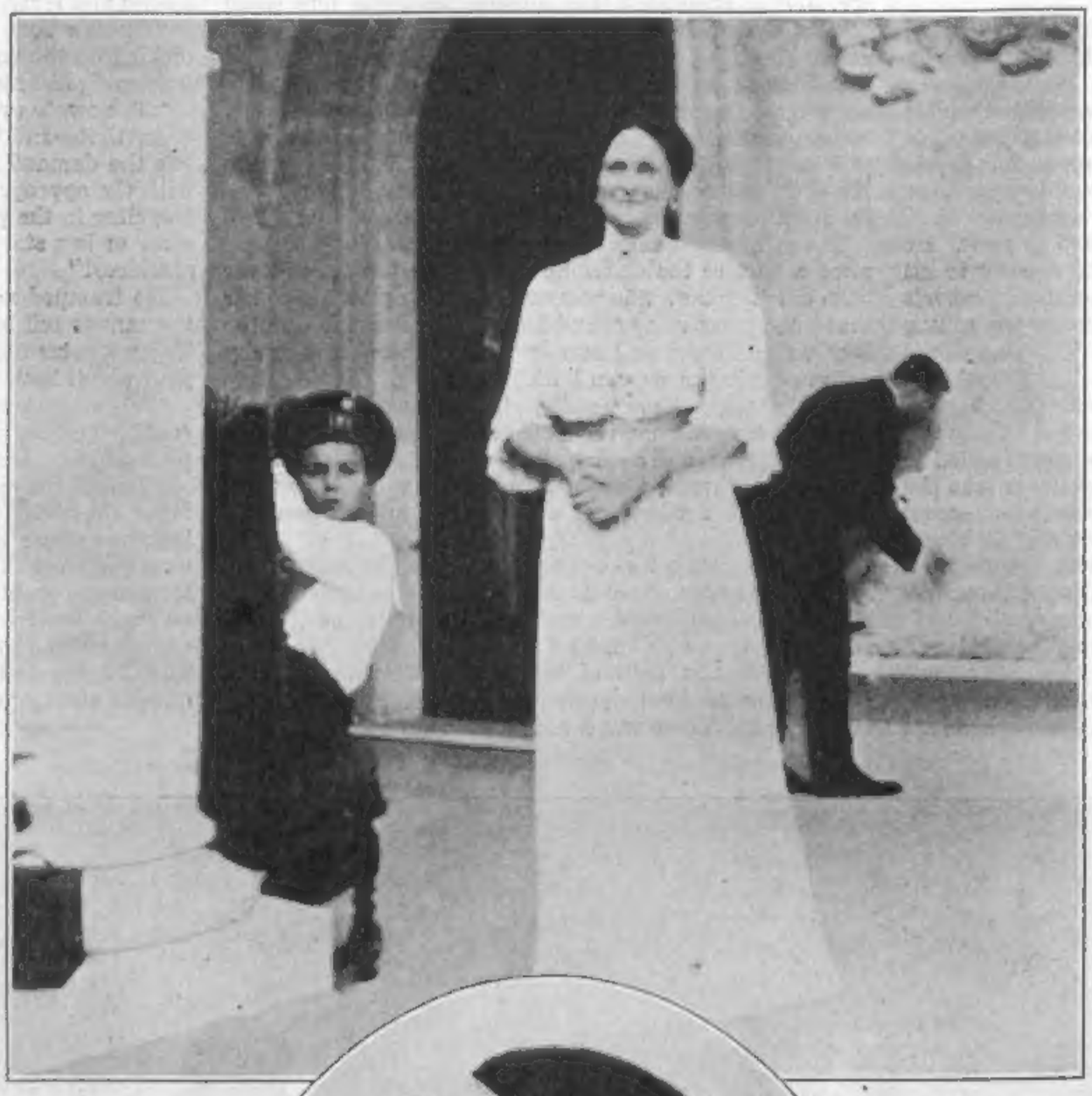
There were many mistakes and faults made during the reign of Emperor Nicholas II, but even if the Emperor was responsible for them the reader will see how much he atoned for them during the last year of his life.

Deposition of Colonel Kobylinsky

ON APRIL 6-10, 1919, the coroner for special important cases of the Omsk District questioned in Yekaterinburg, in conformity with Paragraph 443 of the Penal Law Regulations, the undermentioned person in the capacity of witness. The witness stated:

My name is Eugene Stefanovitch Kobylinsky; aged forty years; colonel attached to the commander of the Tumen Military District; Orthodox. At the beginning of the Great War I was in command of a company of Petrogradsky Guard Regiment.

On November 8, 1914, I was wounded in my foot by a rifle bullet. In July, 1916, I was severely shell-shocked on the Austrian Front during the battles near Gouta-Staraya. The shell shock had very bad results upon me, as I got a very severe case of kidney trouble. In September, 1916, I was sent to the hospital in Czarskoe-Selo. From this hospital I was sent to Ialta and on my return to Czarskoe-Selo, after a medical examination, I was reported in 1916 as physically unfit for active service, and was transferred to the reserve battalion of my former regiment. I was in this battalion at the beginning of the Revolution.



The Grand Duchess Tatiana
Above—The Russian Empress and the Czarevitch

Late in the evening of March fifth I was told to report myself to the headquarters of the Petrograd Military District. At eleven P. M. I went to the headquarters and was told that I was called by orders of General Korniloff—the famous Korniloff.

I was received by Korniloff, who told me: "I have assigned you to a very important and responsible position." I asked him what it was. "I will tell you to-morrow," answered the general. I tried to learn from Korniloff why the choice fell on me. "Mind your business and get ready," answered the general. I saluted and left. The next day, March sixth, I received no orders. No orders arrived on March seventh, either. I began to think that my appointment had lapsed, when suddenly I was told by telephone that Korniloff ordered me to be at Czarskoe-Selo station at eight A. M. on March eighth. I arrived at the station, where I met General Korniloff and his A. D. C. Korniloff said: "When we get into a compartment of the car, I will explain to you the destination." We boarded the train, where Korniloff told me: "We are going to Czarskoe-Selo. I am going there to announce to the Empress that she is under arrest. You are going to be in command of the Czarskoe-Selo garrison. Captain Kotsebue will be commandant of the palace, but you will also supervise the palace, and Kotsebue will be subordinate to you."

The Arrest

WE ARRIVED at the palace. In the waiting room we were met by the grand marshal of the imperial court, General Benckendorf. Korniloff explained to him that he would like the Emperor's suite to be assembled and begged to be received by Her Majesty. Benckendorf sent a footman to ask everybody down, and personally went to announce to the Empress our plea for an audience. After he returned he told us that the Empress would see us in ten minutes. Shortly after this we were told by a footman that Her Majesty desired to see us. Together with Korniloff we entered the children's room. There was nobody in, but the moment we came in the Empress entered from another door. We bowed. She gave her hand to Korniloff and nodded to me. Korniloff said: "I have the heavy burden of informing you of the decision of the Council of Ministers. From this moment you must consider yourself as being arrested. If you will be in need of anything you are kindly asked to apply to the new commandant." After that, addressing me, Korniloff said: "Colonel, leave us together and take a position by the door."

I retired. About five minutes later Korniloff called me in and when I entered the Empress held out her hand to me. We bowed and went downstairs.

In the waiting room some of the Emperor's suite were assembled. Korniloff announced to them: "Gentlemen, this is the new commandant. From this time on the Empress is considered under arrest. If anybody desires to participate in the fate of the family he may stay with them, but make up your mind right away, as later I will not let anyone enter the palace." At this time the guard was kept by His Majesty's Svodny Guard Regiment, commanded by Major General Ressin. At the same moment the major general declared that he wanted to leave. The grand marshal of the imperial court, Count Benckendorf, and Count Apraksin, who was in charge of the Empress' personal affairs, announced that they would remain.

On the same day Korniloff confirmed the instructions regarding the status of the arrested persons and the restrictions imposed upon them. The guards of this Svodny Regiment were relieved by the First Guard Sharpshooter Regiment. Korniloff left Czarskoe-Selo and I remained there as commandant.

Before the change of the guards Colonel Lazareff asked my permission to say good-by to the Empress. I allowed

him to do so. He saw the Empress and cried bitterly. He also cried another time when he saw the colors of the Svodny Regiment being taken out of the waiting room. Some days later—I do not remember the date—I was telephoned of the arrival of the Emperor. I went to the station. After the arrival of the train the Emperor left his car and walked very quickly through the station without throwing a single glance at anybody, and took his seat in an automobile. He was accompanied by a marshal of the court, Count Vasily Alexandrovitch Dolgoruky. Together with Dolgoruky the Emperor seated himself in the automobile.

Two men dressed in plain clothes came toward me. One of them was Vershinin, a member of the Duma. They told me that their mission was ended and that from this time on the Emperor was to be under my guard.

I cannot forget a certain circumstance I witnessed at that time. There were quite a number of persons who had been in the Emperor's train. When the Emperor left the train these people crowded out to the station platform and quickly dispersed, throwing frightened looks in all directions. It appears that they were very much afraid of being recognized. All this looked rather disgusting.

I accompanied the Emperor to the palace. He immediately went upstairs to see his children, who were sick.

Shortly afterward the Emperor's baggage was brought from the station.

The life of the imperial family during their stay in Czarskoe-Selo was regulated by an instruction that corresponded in every way to the conditions that the imperial family had the right to have. The instructions limited the connections of the imperial family with the outer world, and of course brought some restrictions in their interior life. The family was allowed to leave the palace only through the park. The mail always went through the hands of the commandant of the palace. The palace and the park were always surrounded by sentinels. Walking in the park was allowed only from morning till dark.

Rasputin's Body

SUCH were the only restrictions, and the government by no means interfered in the interior life of the family. Except the above-mentioned limitations of the time of walking in the park the government made no restrictions.

During the first days in Czarskoe-Selo the children were sick with measles, Maria Nicholaevna and, I think, Olga Nicholaevna had also inflammation of the lungs. Very soon they all recovered.

Usually the day was spent in the following manner: The family got up early, with the exception of the Empress. Indeed she also used frequently to get up early, but stayed a long time in bed. At eight A. M. the Emperor always had a walk in the company of Dolgoruky. They walked for about an hour and a half, taking also some physical exercise. At one o'clock the family had lunch. After lunch up till three o'clock the family used to work in the garden. After that the children took lessons. Tea was served at four P. M. Sometimes after tea the family went out to the park. Dinner was served at seven o'clock.

During the stay in Czarskoe-Selo some incidents took place to which I would like to draw your attention: A few days after the arrest of the imperial family a disagreeable incident took place in regard to the body of Rasputin. His corpse was in Czarskoe-Selo. A church was being built and he was buried in one of its sections. After that became known to the soldiers they dug out the grave, removed the cover of the coffin and began to examine the body. They found a holy image in the coffin that bore the signatures of Alexandra, Olga, Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia and Ania. This image was placed by his right cheek. In some way all this became known to the commander of an antiaircraft battery and he took the image away from the soldiers. I saw it personally. I think the image represented the Holy Virgin. I reported by telephone all these facts to the district headquarters. I was instructed to take the body of Rasputin to the station and to ship it to Sredniaya-Rogatka, where it had to be interred. I was told to do that in secret. Obviously it was impossible to carry out this order without the soldiers and the population learning of it. Later I was told to take the body to Czarskoe-Selo station; so I did, and put it in a box car. In another car I placed some soldiers without explaining to them what they had to guard.

The next day some commissar by the name of Kouptchinsky—who was also in charge of automobiles—forwarded me a written order signed by the chairman of the Council of Ministers. The order stated that I had to transmit the body of Rasputin—it was put in parentheses, Novy—to Kouptchinsky so that he might deliver it on a truck to the place of its destination. We could not do all that in Czarskoe-Selo, so we moved the car with the corpse to the station Pavlovsk Second. In that station we found an old case and put in this case the coffin containing Rasputin's body. All that was covered with mats and old empty bags. Kouptchinsky went with the body to Petrograd, but on the way the secret became known to the mob, which threatened to snatch away the body, so Kouptchinsky had to burn it on the way.

The Grand Duchess Maria

The Grand Duchess Olga

The Grand Duchess Anastasia

Conflicting Orders

THE other incident in our peaceful life was the sudden arrival of a stranger. This stranger came to me, named himself Maslovsky, and handed me a letter from the executive committee of the Soviet of the Workmen and Soldiers' Deputies. This man wore the uniform of a colonel. I do not remember his features. The letter consisted of a demand, asking me to assist the bearer in the execution of his orders. I remember very well that the letter was signed by Tscheidze, a member of the Duma. It also bore a proper seal. This man who called himself Maslovsky told me that he had the order of the executive committee to take the Emperor to Saint Peter and Saint Paul Fortress. I firmly answered to Maslovsky that I would not let him do it. "Well, colonel, be it known to you that the blood that will be shed will fall on your conscience," answered Maslovsky. I said that I could not help it, and he retired. I thought he had left for good but it appears that he went to the palace, where he was met by the commander of the First Regiment, Captain Aksiouta. He showed him the letter and told him that he wanted to see the Emperor. After searching Maslovsky's pockets Aksiouta showed him the Emperor in such a way that the Emperor could not notice it. I reported this event to the headquarters, where my actions were approved.

Kotsebue did not occupy the position of commandant of the palace for a very long time. He was dismissed on account of the following: There lived in the palace a maid of honor to the Empress, Viroubova, and with her stayed a lady by the name of Den, who wore a Red Cross uniform.

The soldiers learned through the servants that Kotsebue often stayed for quite a long time with Viroubova and spoke English with her. After I heard it I verified this rumor. The footman—I do not remember his name—who told the story to the soldiers, confirmed to me the fact that Kotsebue was often seen with Viroubova. Fearing agitation

(Continued on Page 38)

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

She Knew Exactly What He Liked—a Silver Cigarette Case With His Monogram on It

THE price list, lettered with elaborate legibility, had been framed and placed on an easel near the show window of the Handicar Company's Broadway salesroom, just north of Columbus Circle. "Eighteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, f. o. b. Detroit," quoted Mrs. Alonzo Tennant wistfully. "Lonny, what does f. o. b. mean?"

"Free on board—loaded on a freight car, ready to start. That is, eighteen-seventy-five is the price at Detroit. The purchaser pays the freight to point of delivery—probably a matter of thirty or forty dollars."

"But, Lonny, when we bought our dining-room set they didn't charge us the freight from Grand Rapids or Chippendale or wherever it was made. We got it free on board our flat—f. o. b. and C. O. D. I don't see why ——"

"Motor cars are different, Honeybugs. It's done that way in order to give the factory a uniform selling price for their product."

Mrs. Lonny thought it an outrage just the same.

"It's certainly a peachy little car, though," she conceded. "Eighteen-sev—why, that makes it cost over nineteen hundred dollars. My goodness!"

"We should worry," observed Alonzo. "Anyhow, it doesn't cost us anything to look at 'em. Here they are, right in New York, f. o. b.—for our benefit. Rather neat, eh, kid?"

Honeybugs contemplated the dainty little Handicar sedan standing in Sunday isolation behind the big plate-glass window, and sighed.

"I wonder if we'll ever ——"

She didn't finish the sentence.

"Come on," said Alonzo, "let's go look at the Pagliacci Six. That costs ten thousand dollars just for the chassis alone, and I guess it's f. o. b. some place in sunny It'. But we can admire it just as cheap as the Handicar."

"What's a shassy?" demanded Honeybugs.

"Oh, the wheels and the frame and the engine—everything but the body. You have the body built to order for those expensive boats, any design you like, open or closed."

"I don't want to see the Pagliacci Six," announced Honeybugs suddenly. "I feel like a bum outside a *rôtisserie* window. Let's go down to Fifty-fourth Street—it's only a few blocks—and see Myrtle Pedro's baby."

"Sure," acquiesced Lonny cheerfully. "Bill Pedro's got my copy of The Four Apologetic Horsemen—I can bring it home."

That was always the way with the Tennants. They were confirmed window shoppers. Pleasant Sunday afternoons found them strolling about examining with keenest pleasure the exhibitions of merchandise staged by the magician window trimmers of Manhattan. New York storekeepers are shrewdly accommodating in the matter of leaving their curtains up on Sundays and turning on the border lights at dusk. It is their canny calculation that the Sabbath-day gazer becomes the buyer of Monday.

But thus far in the life of Mrs. Alonzo Tennant the allurements of the Upper Fifth Avenue shops had but served to whet an appetite the family pocketbook fell far short of satisfying, and with Alonzo himself motoring consisted in the doubtful satisfaction of viewing as through a glass, brightly, the groomed and polished pets of Broadway in the Fifties.

But let it not be thought that the Sunday perambulations of Lonny and his Honeybugs were not a source of poignant delight. For if joy is akin to tears it is most closely related to those tears shed, not for milk that is spilled, but in tremulous anticipation of milk and honey in the land promised by ambition in the heart of youth. Mr. and Mrs. Tennant had it coming to them, and knew it.

Meanwhile Alonzo wore his last year's straw and shined his own shoes; saved lunch money by toting a pocketful of sandwiches to the office; preferred trolleys to taxis; and invented a collating attachment for use in bookbinderies.

Meanwhile Honeybugs got along without a hired girl, rose at six to prepare breakfast for Lonny and the kids and fabricated the sandwiches that saved her husband's lunch money. She made gingham dresses for the two little girls instead of buying them at stores, where rumor says a matter of twenty-eight per cent for overhead must be taken care of in the mark-up of all merchandise if the store isn't going to lose money. And you know, stores don't lose money—that isn't what they're in business for.

There were other things that both Lonny and Honeybugs did—or rather didn't—with a view to economy, and they kept out of debt. They lived happily and in comfort. They were in perfect harmony in respect to the desirability of these frugalities. But—they hadn't saved any money, and it worried them.

Then along came the Great War and the Liberty Bond. The Liberty Bond brought into the home of the Tennants, as it brought into goodness knows how many thousands or millions of other homes of America, an incentive to more thrift, where anyone with a grain of sense would have told you thrift had already reached its logical limit.

In other words, Lonny and Honeybugs discovered—because of and by means of the Liberty Bond—that by a little more care and a little more scrutiny of the family budget and a little more calculation in the matter of expenditures they could live four dollars a week cheaper than they had previously thought it possible to live. This four dollars a week was held back by Lonny's firm from his pay and applied on a purchase of the bonds which the firm financed for Lonny, along with many of its other employees. Lonny missed the four dollars, and so redoubled his exertions on the firm's behalf, with the result that he got a five-dollar-a-week raise. He had told Honeybugs this five dollars would take care of the four-dollar payments and leave them a dollar over. But he pretty soon subscribed to more bonds—like a chump, he told Honeybugs—which called for another four dollars a week, or a total of eight, so that even with his five-dollar raise he was still three dollars to the bad on pay days. Well, that was how he expressed it.

But one fine day the cashier of Lonny's firm handed him once more an envelope containing the full amount of his pay, and he also delivered to Lonny eight beautifully engraved bonds, with coupons attached—eight hundred dollars in United States Government obligations. Lonny took them home to Honeybugs.

"There," said Mr. Tennant, "aren't they wonderful?"

Mrs. Tennant fondled the crisp documents.

"You don't mean to say they belong to us? After all these months! Aren't they just grand? And just look at all those coupons! Lonny, can I have the coupons when they fall due? Thirty-six dollars every year to—er—buy things for the children."

It was just like Honeybugs to think first of the little girls.

"Sure," said Lonny. "Sure you can."

Honeybugs turned the bonds over and over in her hands, and then looked up at Lonny. "Say—Lonny."

"Huh?"

"Here's eight hundred. Don't you kind of wish there were—two hundred more, so we'd have an even thousand?"

"Yes. I guess I do, Honeybugs."

"After all, Lonny, it hasn't been any real hardship for us to get these."

"Hardship? No."

"Well, couldn't we—hadn't we better try to get another two hundred?"

Lonny grinned.

"Oh, Promise Me," She Shrieked, "That You Will Sign the Pledge To-Night! Promise Me Never to Touch Another Bond as Long as You ——"

"Some Day, When We Get Our Bonds Paid for I'm Going to Take a Fistful of Money and Come Down Here and Just Blow Myself"

"To tell the truth," he confessed, "I've already made arrangements for—five hundred more."

"Lonny! Have you? How splendid!" Then a little doubtfully: "But wouldn't two hundred have done just for now? I had been hoping, when we got these paid for, we could go on saving and put part of it into—you know, that set of children's furniture for the kiddies' room."

"That's all right—you can, only—well, in just a few weeks. That's something that can wait. The girls don't absolutely have to have new furniture right now. I'd like awfully well to have that five hundred in bonds. It's a wonderful feeling to know you've something tucked away. We never had it before, and now we're young and—say, let's get this five, anyhow, and then you can have the furniture. Besides it probably won't take so long, because I'm about due for another raise."

Honeybugs thought it over and agreed that thirteen hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds would be a dandy nest egg, and on the whole she was heartily in favor of buying them. So the economies continued, and Lonny's raise came along—this time a ten-dollar one.

Lonny promptly subscribed to enough more bonds to bring the family's total holdings up to two thousand dollars. He was already paying fifty cents a week on each fifty dollars of his five-hundred-dollar purchase. Now his weekly allotment for bonds jumped to six dollars.

"Anyhow," he explained to Honeybugs, "when we started in buying bonds I was getting fifteen dollars a week less than I am now. I wish the whole fifteen was going into bonds."

"You're a bond fiend," said his wife. "Our rent is ten dollars higher a month than it was then, and everything costs more, and Beth and Edith are growing. Goodness gracious, when are they going to have their new furniture?"

"Pretty soon," said Lonny. "Pretty soon now. Isn't it grand to be getting ahead?"

"Yes," agreed Honeybugs, "it certainly is. I don't know but I'd rather have the bonds than the furniture—just now. But when we get them all paid for, and the two thousand drawing interest—you know you promised me the coupons—we will buy a few things we need, won't we? Promise, Lonny."

"Oh, sure," said Lonny.

It was about this time that he invented the little device for helping collate books in the bindery.

Alonzo Tennant worked for a big publishing house. He was an assistant superintendent in the bindery, and knew all about duodecimos and signatures and box backs and pasting machines and T-cloth. The house promptly raised his pay another ten a week, and made a contract with him by which it was agreed Lonny was to receive a fraction of a cent for every book bound with the assistance of his collating device. Of course it would take some time for the machine to be made up and installed and set to earning money for the house and for the inventor.

Eventually, however, those fractions of pennies, small as they were, might well run into a great deal of money. It all depended upon how successfully the device worked in actual operation over a period sufficiently long to give it a fair test. Lonny's firm bound not alone all the books they published, but did job work for other publishers who had no binderies. So in the course of a year millions of books might reasonably be expected to pay that tiny fraction of a penny into Lonny's pocket—if the machine really did prove a complete success.

Lonny told Honeybugs something about the invention, but not all, for the simple reason that if after a long enough test it didn't come up to expectations he didn't want her to be too disappointed. So he just said the thing might some day bring in a few hundred dollars, and let it go at that. Honeybugs speculated a good deal as to just how many hundred dollars it would bring in—and when. But Lonny was purposely hazy and indefinite about particulars.

"Anyhow," said his wife, "I hope we can get the set of furniture now for the girls' room."

"Sure," agreed Lonny. "But we want to go slow. You can have the furniture all right, but we must save as much as we can. I'm getting twenty-five a week more than I was when we bought our first Liberty Bond. We ought to save most of it."

"It's costing us ten a week more to live than it did then," said Honeybugs.

"Well, then, I'll save fifteen, and you can have the four dollars a week that we first started saving. So you can buy the children's furniture with it."

"And the coupons," said Honeybugs. "You promised me —"

"Sure," said Lonny cheerfully, "I said you could have the coupons. They amount to about ninety dollars a year by now, don't they?"

"Yes. I can get the furniture, and Beth needs a coat and Edith some shoes and stockings, and our kitchen floor is all splintery, so that Mrs. Fogarty hurt her finger scrubbing it last week. So I think we ought to have that covered with linoleum. You've no idea how ——"

"But Honeybugs, listen! How about yourself? You haven't had any new clothes in a dog's age."

"I will—now. Don't you worry. Let's see—fifty-two times fifteen is seven hundred and eighty—that will make our bonds amount to twenty-seven hundred and—oh, Lonny, couldn't we manage to squeeze out an even thousand so we'd have three thousand in all by the end of the year? I'll help. That'll take the other four dollars a week, but—if I can have the coupons—why, Lonny, next year they'll amount to over a hundred and thirty dollars. That ought to be enough to pay for the children's furniture."

"But how about your ninety dollars' worth of coupons?"

"That's all right—we'll put 'em back into bonds this year and they'll take care of about five weeks' payments on a thousand dollars' worth."

"You're a jewel," declared Lonny. "Anyhow, the girls are just as comfortable with their old furniture."

"We—ell, I don't know. Pretty things are a little more comfortable, Lonny. But never mind—next year'll be time enough. They'll appreciate the new furniture all the better."

The Sunday afternoon walks still occurred with reasonable frequency.

Honeybugs was always pointing out to Lonny some dainty creation among the displayed wearables in Fifth Avenue windows, usually those of stores making juvenile merchandise a specialty. Occasionally she paused before a coat, a gown, a hat or a collection of lingerie which appealed to her for her own benefit and delight. Together they would become enthusiastic over a lamp, a rug or a display of draperies.

"Some day," she would say, "when we get our bonds paid for I'm going to take a fistful of money and come down here and just blow myself."

"You bet you are, Honeybugs," Lonny would assure her. "And it isn't going to be so long either."

Or they might be standing in front of one of those very palmy, austere and up-stagy show rooms on Broadway in the Fifties and gaze at the sample cars, all groomed and polished in their Sabbath isolation, and Lonny would say: "Which would you rather have, Honeybugs—that five-passenger sedan or the clubby roadster with the wire wheels?"

And his wife would usually want to look in some other windows before she made her decision. But it was absolutely settled that as soon as Lonny got another twenty-five a week on his pay, negotiations for some sort of car—oh, not too expensive a car—were to be opened with one of the lords or dukes or whatever grade of nobleman happened to be condescending to accept orders for that particular bus.

"It won't be long, it won't be long," was what Honeybugs playfully called the Typical Tune from Zanzibar, as rendered by that inimitable singing comedian, Mr. Alonzo Tennant.

One night Mr. Alonzo Tennant arrived at the flat, kissed the children with an air of dazed abstraction, helped with the supper and the dishes, joined in the labors of getting the little girls ready and prayed with and tucked into bed, and then when the apartment had subsided into its usual evening calm produced a large envelope which he handed to Honeybugs.

"What in the world?" demanded his wife.

(Continued on Page 168)

BUBBLES

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

TOMMY HAWKINS was not so sober that you could tell it on him. Certainly his friend Jack Dobson, calling on him one dreary winter evening—an evening of that winter before John Barleycorn cried maudlin tears into his glass and kissed America good-by—would never have guessed it from Tommy's occupation. Presenting himself at Tommy's door and finding it unlocked, Jack had gone on in. A languid splashing guided him to the bathroom. In the tub sat Tommy with the water up to his shoulders, blowing soap bubbles.

"You darned old fool!" said Jack. "Aren't you ever going to grow up, Tommy?"

"Nope," said Tommy placidly: "What for?"

Sitting on a chair close by the bathtub was a shallow silver dish with a cake of soap and some reddish-colored suds in it. Tommy had bought the dish to give someone for a wedding present, and then had forgotten to send it.

"What makes the suds red?" asked Jack.

"I poured a lot of that nose-and-throat-spray stuff into it," explained Tommy. "It makes them prettier. Look!"

As a pipe he was using a piece of hollow brass curtain rod six or eight inches long and of about the diameter of a fat lead pencil. He soused this thing in the reddish suds and manufactured a bubble with elaborate care. With a graceful gesture of his wet arm he gently waved the rod until the bubble detached itself. It floated in the air for a moment, and the thin, reddish integument caught the light from the electric globe and gave forth a brief answering flash as of fire. Then the bubble suddenly and whimsically dashed itself against the wall and was no more, leaving a faint, damp, reddish trace upon the white plaster.

A Sudden Agony Numbed His Hand and Arm. With the Compulsion of Hysteria, Not to be Resisted, His Head Lifted and He Sat Up and Looked

"Air current caught it," elucidated Tommy with the air of a circus proprietor showing off pet elephants. In his most facetious moments Tommy was wont to hide his childish soul beneath an exterior of serious dignity. "This old dump is full of air currents. They come in round the windows, come in round the doors, come right in through the walls. Damned annoying, too, for a scientist making experiments with bubbles—starts a bubble and never knows which way it's going to jump. I'm gonna complain to the management of this hotel."

"You're going to come out of that bathtub and get into your duds," said Jack. "That water's getting cool now, and between cold water and air currents you'll have pneumonia the first thing you know—you poor silly fish, you."

"Speaking of fish," said Tommy elliptically, "there's a bottle of cocktails on the mantel in the room there. Forgot it for a moment. Don't want to be inhospitable, but don't drink all of it."

"It's all gone," said Dobson a moment later.

"So?" said Tommy in surprise. "That's the way with cocktails. Here one minute and gone the next—like bubbles. Bubbles! Life's like that, Jack!" He made another bubble with great solemnity, watched it float and dart and burst. "Pouf!" he said. "Bubbles! Bubbles! Life's like that!"

"You're an original philosopher, you are," said Jack, seizing him by the shoulders. "You're about as original as a valentine. Douse yourself with cold water and rub yourself down and dress. Come out of it, kid, or you'll be sick."

"If I get sick," said Tommy, obeying, nevertheless, "I won't have to go to work to-morrow."

"Why aren't you working to-day?" asked his friend, working on him with the coarse towel.

"Day off," said Tommy.

"Day off!" rejoined Dobson. "Since when has the Morning Despatch been giving two days off a week to its reporters? You had your day off Tuesday, and this is Thursday."

"Is it?" said Tommy. "I always get Tuesday and Thursday mixed. Both begin with a T. Hey, Jack, how's that? Both begin with a T! End with a tea party! Good line, hey, Jack? Tuesday and Thursday both begin with a T and end with a tea party. I'm gonna write a play round that, Jack. Broadway success! Letters a foot high! Royalties for both of us! I won't forget you, Jack! You suggested the idea for the plot, Jack. Drag you out in front of the curtain with me when I make my speech. 'Author! Author!' yells the crowd. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' says I, 'here is the obscure and humble person who set in motion the train of thought that led to my writing this masterpiece. Such as he is, I introduce him to you.'"

"Shut up!" said Jack, and continued to lacerate Tommy's hide with the rough towel. "Hold still! Now go and get into your clothes." And as Tommy began to dress he regarded that person darkly. "You're a brilliant wag, you are! It's a shame the way the copy readers down on the Despatch keep your best things out of print, you splattering supermudhen of journalism, you! You'll wake up some morning without any more job than a kaiser." And as Tommy threaded himself into the mystic maze of his garments Mr. Dobson continued to look at him and mutter disgustedly, "Bubbles!"

Not that he was afraid that Tommy would actually lose his job. If it had been possible for Tommy to lose his job that must have happened years before. But Tommy wrote a certain joyous type of story better than any other person in New York, and his facetiousness got him out of as many scrapes as it got him into. He was thirty years old. At ninety he would still be experimenting with the visible world in a spirit of random eagerness, joshing everything in it, including himself. He looked exactly like the young gentleman pictured in a widely disseminated collar advertisement. He enjoyed looking that way, and occasionally he enjoyed talking as if he were exactly that kind of person. He loved to turn his ironic levity against the character he seemed to be, much as the mad wags who grace the column of F. P. A. delight in getting their sayings across accompanied by a gentle satirical fillip at all mad waggery.

"Speaking of bubbles," he suddenly chuckled as he carefully adjusted his tie in the collar that looked exactly like the one in the advertisement, "there's an old party in the next room that takes 'em more seriously than you do, Jack."

The old downtown hotel in which Tommy lived had once been a known and noted hostelry, and persons from Plumville, Pennsylvania, Griffin, Georgia, and Galva, Illinois, still stopped there when in New York, because their fathers and mothers had stopped there on their wedding journeys perhaps. It was not such a very long walk from the Eden Musee, when there was an Eden Musee. Tommy's room had once formed part of a suite. The bathroom which adjoined it had belonged jointly to another room in the suite. But now these two rooms were always let separately. Still, however, the bathroom was a joint affair. When Tommy wished to bathe he must first insure privacy by hooking on the inside the door that led into the bathroom from the chamber beyond.

"Old party in the next room?" questioned Jack.

"Uh-huh," said Tommy, who had benefited by his cold sluicing and his rubdown. "I gave him a few bubbles for his very own—through the keyhole into his room, you know. Poked that brass rod through and blew the bubble in his room. Detached it with a little jerk and let it float. Seemed more sociable, you know, to let him in on the fun. Never be stingy with your pleasures, Jack. Shows a mean spirit—a mean soul. Why not cheer the old party up with soap bubbles? Cost little, bubbles do. More than likely he's a stranger in New York. Unfriendly city, he thinks. Big city. Nobody thinks of him. Nobody cares for him. Away from home. Winter day. Melancholy. Well, I say, give him a bubble now and then. Shows someone is thinking of him. Shows the world isn't so thoughtless and gloomy after all. Neighborly sort of thing to do, Jack. Makes him think of his youth home mother's knee all that kind of thing, Jack. Cheers him up. Sat in the tub there and got to thinking of him. Almost cried, Jack, when I thought how lonely the old man must be—got one of these old man's voices. Whiskers. Whiskers deduced from

the voice. So I climbed out of the tub every ten or fifteen minutes all afternoon and gave the old man a bubble. Rain outside—fog, sleet. Dark indoors. Old man sits and thinks nobody loves him. Along comes a bubble. Old man gets happy. Laughs. Remembers his infancy. Skies clear. You think I'm a selfish person, Jack? I'm not. I'm a Samaritan. Where will we eat?"

"You are a darned fool," said Jack. "You say he took them seriously? What do you mean? Did he like 'em?"

"Couldn't quite make out," said Tommy. "But they moved him. Gasped every now and then. Think he prayed. Emotion, Jack. Probably made him think of boyhood's happy days down on the farm. Heard him talking to himself. Think he cried. Went to bed anyhow with his clothes on and pulled the covers over his head. Looked through the keyhole and saw that. Gray whiskers sticking up, and that's all. Deduced the whiskers from the voice, Jack. Let's give the old party a couple more bubbles and then go eat. It's been an hour since he's had one. Thinks I'm forgetting him, no doubt."

So they gave the old man a couple of bubbles, poking the brass rod through the keyhole of the door.

The result was startling and unexpected. First there came a gasp from the other room, a sort of whistling release of the breath, and an instant later a high, whining, nasal voice.

"Oh, God! God! Again! You meant it, then, God! You meant it!"

The two young men started back and looked at each other in wonderment. There was such a quivering agony, such an utter groveling terror in this voice from the room beyond that they were daunted.

"What's eating him?" asked Dobson, instinctively dropping his tones to a whisper.

"I don't know," said Tommy, temporarily subdued. "Sounds like that last one shell-shocked him when it exploded, doesn't it?"

But Tommy was subdued only for a moment.

As they went out into the corridor he giggled and remarked, "Told you he took 'em seriously, Jack."

II

"SERIOUSLY" was a word scarcely strong enough for the way in which the old party in the room beyond had taken it, though he had not, in fact, seen the bubble. He had only seen a puff of smoke coming apparently from nowhere, originating in the air itself, as it seemed to him, manifesting itself, materializing itself out of nothing, and floating in front of the one eye which was peeping fearfully out of the huddled bedclothing which he had drawn over himself. He had lain quaking on the bed, waiting for this puff of smoke for an hour or more, hoping against hope that it would not come, praying and muttering, knotting his bony hands in the whiskers that Tommy had seen sticking up from the coverings, twisting convulsively.

Tommy had whimsically filled the bubble, as he blew it, with smoke from his cigarette. He had in like manner, throughout the afternoon and early evening, filled all the bubbles that he had given the old man with cigarette or pipe smoke. The old party had not been bowled over by anything in Tommy's tobacco. He had not noticed that the smoke was tobacco smoke, for he had been smoking a pipe himself the greater part of the day, and had not aired out the room. It was neither bubbles nor tobacco that had flicked a raw spot on his soul. It was smoke.

III

BUBBLES! They seemed to be in Tommy's brain. Perhaps it was the association of ideas that made him think of champagne. At any rate he declared that he must have some, and vetoed his friend's suggestion that they dine—as they frequently did—at one of the little Italian table d'hôte places in Greenwich Village.

"You're a bubble and I'm a bubble and the world is a bubble," Tommy was saying a little later as he watched the gas stirring in his golden drink.

They had gone to the genial old Brevoort, which was—but why tell persons who missed the Brevoort in its mellower days what they missed, and why cause anguished yearnings in the bosoms of those who knew it well?

"Tommy," said his friend, "don't, if you love me, hand out any more of your jejune poeticism or musical-comedy philosophy. I'll agree with you that the world is a bubble for the sake of argument, if you'll change the record. I want to eat, and nothing interferes with my pleasure in a meal so much as this line of pseudo-cerebration that you seem to have adopted lately."

"Bubbles seem trivial things, Jack," went on Tommy, altogether unperturbed. "But I have a theory that there aren't any trivial things. I like to think of the world balancing itself on a trivial thing. Look at the Kaiser, for instance. A madman. Well, let's say there's been a blood clot in his brain for years—a little trivial thing the size of a pin point, Jack. It hooks up with the wrong brain cell; it gets into the wrong channel, and—pouf! The world goes to war. A thousand million people are affected by it—by that one little clot of blood no bigger than a pin point that gets into the wrong channel. An atom! A planet balanced on an atom! A star pivoting on a molecule!"

"Have some soup," said his friend.

"Bubbles! Bubbles and butterflies!" continued Tommy "Some day, Jack, I'm going to write a play in which a butterfly's wing brushes over an empire."

"No, you're not," said Jack. "You're just going to talk about it and think you're writing it and peddle the idea round to everybody you know, and then finally some wise guy is going to grab it off and really write it. You've been going to write a play ever since I knew you."

"Yes, I am; I'm really going to write that play."

"Well, Tommy," said Jack, looking round the chattering dining room, "this is a hell of a place to do it in!"

"Meaning of course," said Tommy serenely, "that it takes more than a butterfly to write a play about a butterfly."

(Continued on Page 99)

He Had Burned the Store, With the Living Quarters Over It, to Get the Insurance Money

THE BROTHER ACT

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

And they say sooth that there is an angel within them. For there be two manner of angels, a good and an evil, as the Greeks say, Cacho and Calo. This Cacho is the wicked angel, and Calo is the good angel.—*Sir John Mandeville.*

SIR JOHN had never visited Chicago, or even heard of that waferlike city, for he had been dead one hundred and twenty years when Columbus discovered Chicago; otherwise he would not have spoken so loosely of the angels. For there are more than two. Some who have not lived in Chicago believe in a third angel. But there are more than three.

This is not a story of Chicago, nor yet of the several angels, but of two or three streets in Chicago upon which two or three of the said angels have been known to forgather. One of these streets of course is Clark Street, which begins on the South Side in a pile of railroad ties and ends under Lake Superior at the Canadian line. Another—also of course—is Dearborn Street, which begins in the Gulf of Mexico and ends, after an interruption, on the North Side in a park.

Inside the Loop Clark and Dearborn Streets stick strictly to business, but after crossing the river Dearborn becomes a street of jails, churches and residences, and Clark a street of small stores, restaurants, motion-picture theaters, pawnshops and hotels. The pawnshops end abruptly at Chicago Avenue; the hotels and restaurants and stores are found in clusters farther north for miles.

Chass boarded in one of these hotels over a group of these stores on North Clark Street.

The Axminster Hotel, for all its inconspicuousness—and few people in Chicago have especially noticed it—is as widely known as the La Rousse or the Whitestone. In some circles it is far more widely known. For the Axminster is headquarters for the gymnasts and acrobats of the world. If I were to write a letter to the tumbler, Llambda Du—which heaven forbid—and did not know where he was I should address it in care of the Axminster, and sooner or later he would receive it. Or if I wished to interview one of the Alisoun Brothers, of the Alisoun-Risley act—which heaven forbid likewise—I should have but to drop off a North Clark Street car at the Axminster and sing out his name. I might have trouble in finding the hotel, but I should have none whatever in finding the man.

A number of reasons could be named why the Axminster should hold this high professional position. An excellent one is that it has always done so. Another is that it knows the needs of its patrons. Instead of furnishing them with valets and liveried doorkeepers, it offers them what is more useful—a gymnasium in which they can train.

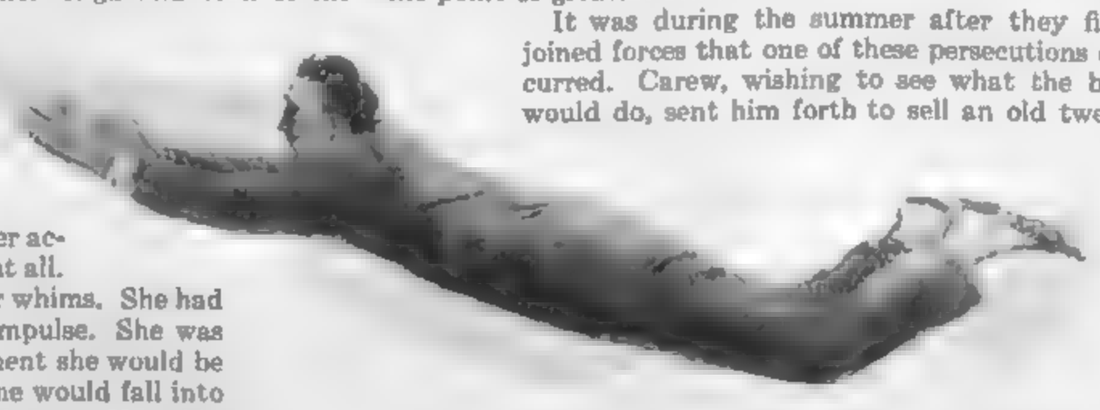
The Axminster gymnasium is a large, high chamber opening from the second floor. In equipment it does not in the least resemble the gymnasiums of school and college, but looks bare and unfinished. Along the walls are no weights, no wands, no dumb-bells. A few pairs of ceiling pulleys with braided lines running in them, a few heavier eyes and sockets to permit the attaching of stationary or swinging trapezes, ladders, ropes or what not—these comprise its apparatus. For the purpose of this gymnasium is not to make muscle, but to train it. If other equipment is visible it is the property of the athletes using it—the pieces upon which they will perform. No one could well practice a difficult act upon one piece of apparatus and give it in public upon another. The judgments involved are too delicate.

At the time of this story Chass was spending his forenoons and afternoons with his partner in this Axminster gymnasium polishing up a new flying act. For Chass was the junior member of the firm of Carew Brothers, trap workers.

The Carew act was an aërial, old Carew being the flyer and Chass the catcher. A trap worker is a trapeze performer. A flyer is a trap worker who flies through space from a trapeze. A catcher is a trap worker who catches a flyer. As the act was dangerous, Carew was still using a net, but he was past the need of a mechanic. A mechanic is the safety harness that acrobats don before they are sure of their act. Ropes lead from the harness to pulleys in the ceiling and thence to a skilled attendant, whose quick eye catches a mishap before it has yet become a mishap.

Chass had been a partner in Carew Brothers since he was fifteen years old. His father before him had been Carew's partner, but that was only during the last three or four years of his life. Chass remembered his father as appearing in acts with various athletes prior to this partnership, including—before her death—his mother. Chass did not remember his mother well. She had died when he was only six.

Chass' mother, who called herself Riga on the bills, had been the beautiful Marie Ridot, a Frenchwoman. Her life had not been an easy one. Riga had been of the emotional temperament rather than of the intellectual. She was no fool, but her feelings ran ahead of her thoughts, as did her actions likewise, when she acted at all. She was impulsive, followed her whims. She had married Chass' father on an impulse. She was a creature of moods. One moment she would be as gay as a festival, the next she would fall into the voiceless rage of a prima donna. Her skin was of paper; she felt a cross word or a coldness like a blow in the face.



Mrs. Avery was capable enough as an artist, but she had no knowledge of business and sometimes saw herself imposed upon by her inferiors. At such times she would become almost sullen from resentment, and then since her resentment did not restore her money to her purse and she saw no way of righting her wrongs she would brood over them. She seemed to have a deep fear of all that was unknown or strange, preferring to endure the evils that were familiar to embarking upon uncharted seas.

She had died before the boy was old enough to have his manners colored by her, but those who knew them both saw her temperament oddly repeated in her son. Among these was Carew, and because he had known the mother well he knew more about Chass than Chass did himself. He knew that the boy was thin-skinned, sentimental and impulsive; knew that he had no knowledge of business; knew that his outlook on life was emotional.

"He shies at a dollar sign like a woman," he thought. "Don't know how to mind his own business. I could show him, but that would only make me a bad business man like him. If he wants to take what I give him I can't kick."

He was thinking of their partnership arrangement. He was not dishonest in his dealings with Chass, but the division of profits was not on an even basis.

There was another way in which Chass was like a woman. He was two inches over the average height of man and had muscles that were as hard as nails. He had now been with Carew for seven years, and was therefore twenty-two years of age. Yet with the exception of a small scar running into his hair above the right temple his face was as free from blemishes as a girl's.

The scar was the result of a buster, or professional accident, during his first year with Carew—that is to say, when he was fifteen. Carew had been trying to teach him a new swing and somersault without setting the net, and instead of holding the ropes himself had placed a green man on the mechanic. Chass had got his momentum and made his leap, but had not put pull enough into his arms, and perhaps also had not straightened out sharply enough after whirling. At any rate he had had a fall, which the attendant succeeded in checking only in time to save his neck. The gash on his temple had required five stitches.

Later he mastered the trick and gave it in public during the remainder of the year. Later still as he grew heavier Carew doubled with him in trap work. They had already been working together on the trapeze, but not publicly, the more spectacular features involving an unhappy division of applause. Carew being the older and stronger, would have had to act as catcher, and the applause always goes to the flyer. Carew could not tolerate that. But by the time he was seventeen Chass was strong enough to catch.

That Carew was receiving more from the partnership than he was Chass knew. His quarrel with his partner was not a money quarrel, but a temperamental one. Chass was thin-skinned and sensitive; Carew coarse-fibered, selfish and cruel. Chass' instinct was to please others even at cost to himself; Carew's to please himself regardless.

Carew did not admire sensitiveness in people—he thought it an indication of weakness. Almost from the first he began upon a series of subtle persecutions directed against the oversensitiveness of his partner. Sometimes the persecutions were so veiled that Chass did not recognize them as such. But again they would become anything but veiled, and he resented them. Yet because of his inability to take the initiative as against a man so much older, and also of his deep fear of the unknown, Chass merely fell into periods of sullen resentment, preferring to endure Carew's sneers to taking action that would free himself of them.

Examples could be given of the type of persecution Chass endured from Carew, but taken singly they would seem almost too trivial to notice. A sneer is only an inflection of the voice. Yet the greatest cruelties may be just these, trivial though they look, when they are directed at the point of greatest sensitiveness.

It was during the summer after they first joined forces that one of these persecutions occurred. Carew, wishing to see what the boy would do, sent him forth to sell an old tweed suit. Chass, being young, was humiliated by the burden across his arm. But it was the bargaining involved that especially made him writhe. That he could have refused the commission did not occur to him. The agony of the ordeal was remembered for years.

A little later Carew repeated his experiment, and it is noteworthy that though he had keen eyes for a weakness, his imagination was of such starchy quality that he performed it again with clothes. They were playing in Denver, and Chass' part of the act had drawn too much applause. The next night Carew professed to discover that someone had stolen the boy's Tuxedo suit. He made a great to-do about its loss, but it was too late to hope to replace the garments, and as the act had to go on, Chass was obliged to appear in ordinary dress. To anybody but Chass the playing in makeshift costume would have been a lark. Chass, however, was overwhelmed with shame. He would not have felt more humiliated had he been obliged to walk down a crowded street clad in pyjamas. This humiliation Carew increased by his grating pleasantries and heavy laughter, all of which were like salt rubbed upon a burn. The missing garments were found next day—they had merely been misplaced. But Chass caught Carew's wink at a stage hand, and understood.

Another time Carew arranged a more elaborate jest at Chass' expense. The act immediately following theirs was a seventeen-minute sketch for three people, two of whom were the beautiful Garrison Sisters. On their last night in that theater Carew appeared with a bouquet of red chrysanthemums, about which he was pointedly mysterious. After he had roused sufficient curiosity he asked Chass to present the flowers with his card to young Lucette Garrison as she was leaving the stage.

"I'd give them myself, but I want to do it swell."

Chass agreed to deliver the chrysanthemums, whereupon Carew quietly passed the word to the other acts on the bill to be on hand for the presentation. He had previously spoken to Lucette about his shy partner. She knew about Chass and knew about the chrysanthemums.

The Garrison act came to a close. Lucette tripped into the wings. Chass advanced and offered her the flowers, along with Carew's card, mumbling at the same time Carew's name. Lucette took the flowers, and then before he could protect himself she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. He made his escape, humiliated beyond speech. For he had seen the spectators and heard the laughter. He writhed for months at the mere recollection, and his resentment against Carew was increased to such a point that he could not speak to him for days.

Carew's rough jests and sneers had continued from that time to the present. He had been careful not to press them too far—he knew when to stop. But Chass had had no peace during their entire period of partnership. The effect

had been to rouse in the boy a deep-seated feeling of resentment, and at the same time a distrust of his own value.

His latest bit of nagging had fallen upon the preceding Tuesday. It was unpremeditated, but no one except a Carew could have planned it better. As Chass entered the gymnasium Carew was talking to a trap worker named Peterson. He was waiting for Chass, but he affected not to hear the sound of the latch.

"Better join me, Pete," he said, raising his voice. "Me and you would make them sit up straight in their seats. We'd hit them right in the eye. I've got a good idea for an act already, if I had a good catcher."

"What's the matter with your own catcher?"

"He's a good catcher. All Chass lacks is class. He's slow upstairs."

"No more of this show business for mine."

"You can't quit it."

"Why can't I?"

"You can get another job—if that's what you mean. But you'll be back. They all come back."

"Not me! Never again!"

Carew repeated his judgment that he and Peterson would hit them full in the eye.

"I think I ought to make a change anyhow. We'd pull together fine. Think it over. Chass is all right, but his head is solid bone. I'm getting afraid to work with him."

Chass waited his sentence for days. Had he known where to turn he would have looked for another act. But Carew had been his father's partner, and he was the only man he knew well. For Chass even now had a boy's feeling of economic dependence on those above him. He knew nothing about his own value. Moreover he was thin-skinned and shrank from encountering the unknown world. He could have fared no worse with the world than with Carew—probably he would have fared much better.

Carew, however, said nothing to him about making a change, and he did not himself refer to it. He had his mother's fear of the unfamiliar.

II

CHASS might have gone on forever under Carew's persecutions, but there was a girl. He first saw her at a cafeteria. The hour was a quarter of eight—the breakfast hour of the last of the half-past-eight people and the first of those who go down to the sea at nine. The morning was bright. Spring was in the air. If you felt like sleeping the sunlight made you sleepier; if not, more eager to rise. He had risen a half hour earlier than usual.

Chass joined the line of tray bearers on the road that leads past bread and butter, and then on past fried eggs, French toast, cereals, bacon, prunes and waffles, to the coffee counter. The girl came in immediately behind him. But instead of standing patiently in line as he was doing she saw a break at the cereals in the column ahead and squeezed into it before her turn.

"She has a nerve," thought Chass. "What does she think we are?"

She hadn't thought they were anything; she had hardly seen the fried-eggs people at all. What she was thinking of was the lateness of the hour, and whether the surface cars would be so full they would not stop at her corner, and whether she would have to work after six again that night.

"You're Making More in a Week With Me Than They Paid You in a Month"

The next morning he did not see her—he had risen too late. But the morning after he rose nearly an hour earlier, instead of half an hour, and found that there was no line of patrons before him to hold him back. The girl again followed him in, but this time she waited her turn. She had donned a different dress, and her hat was different, so that she was very pretty to look at. He wondered who she was and what kind of work she did. He hoped she was not a clerk in a dry-goods store. There was no way of telling, to be sure, unless he were to follow her, which did not occur to him as practicable.

He met her two weeks later through the accident of Peterson. The day had been very warm, so that though every window stood wide, the gymnasium was almost unendurable. After their afternoon workout Chass and Carew dined in a little restaurant across the street from the hotel. But not even the six-inch glass of iced tea was able to make the heat endurable. They rounded off their tasteless meal with ice cream, after which Carew suggested that they don bathing suits and go to the beach for a plunge in the lake. The beach at the end of Oak Street was at no great distance.

The beach itself proved to be crowded, but there was plenty of room in the water, and both were good swimmers. They swam out toward farthest Michigan beyond the end of the breakwater. After a while they felt so much refreshed that they returned to land.

It was as they waded ashore that they ran across Peterson. Peterson gave a shout when he saw them. He then explained that Weems and Morley were in the crowd, and he thought that Gailey was still round. He proposed that the five of them—or six, counting Gailey—give an impromptu show on the sand. Weems was the best understander in the business. Morley and Gailey were first-class top-mounters.

"I'm a good top-mounter myself. How about you two?"

"All there!" said Carew.

"We can show them some good four-high pyramid stuff, with falls and somersaults and handstands. What say?"

(Continued on Page 78)

"Money Isn't Everything. You are in a Place Where You Can Grow. If I Were a Man I Shouldn't Give Too Much Attention to the Money Part. I'd Look Ahead"

AS I REMEMBER

By JEFFERSON WINTER

THE materials for a life of William Winter, my father, which I have already collected, though they are still far from complete, are immense in quantity. I am uncertain as to the time within which they can be arranged, edited and published. Meantime I have repeatedly been asked to prepare reminiscent articles about him for use in the periodical press, and I have thought that some discursive sketches giving glimpses of my father in his habits, as he lived, would surely be welcome in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, wherein much of his most important and popular later work first appeared and among the multitudinous readers of which—as I have abundant reason to know—he possessed many admiring and even affectionate friends.

Winter's mother died when he was four years old. After that, his father being much of the time at sea, he, with his brother Charles, ran wild.

"We were farmed out," he writes, "wherever they would take us, and never long in one place. Eliza Greenleaf, a fisherman's wife and our mother's friend, was good to us. She gave me the only thing my poor mother had to leave to me—a little china image of a ram intended as a table ornament. I have it yet. The Widow Tarr took care of me for a while—I don't remember who had Charlie then—and also my Aunt Polly, my mother's elder sister. Polly lived to be more than ninety, and she always regarded me as a very Benjamin—a marvel and priceless paragon. She was a strange old girl.

"I remember that while I was with her the sexton of the church which she attended had the misfortune to offend her. One of his duties was to ring the church bell, which was large and heavy. He used to leap into the air and seize the bell rope as high up as he could and let his falling weight ring the bell. Old Polly, to vent her wrath, smeared the pull rope with—well, let us say, soft soap—with the result that when the sexton next tried to ring the bell he leaped into the air, and unable to hold to the rope came down so hard he nearly killed himself."

From the time when he was four years old, 1840, until he was twenty-three, 1859, my father lived an unsettled life in Gloucester, Boston and Cambridgeport, occasionally traveling down into Maine for short visits.

Young William's Step-Mother

"IT SEEMS strange," he wrote to me, "that I did not turn out to be a highwayman or a pirate instead of a writer. My childhood associates were mostly riffraff—boys of the streets, sailors, roustabouts—the vicious, often drunken, frequenters of the Boston and Charlestown waterfronts. Horrible profanity was, as early as I can remember, a commonplace of my hearing, and wrangling and fighting were familiar incidents around me. But, somehow, it all passed me by—perhaps because I was so fixedly intent on my own cogitations and deep-revolving purposes—and notwithstanding bad associates and the worst of example, I did not get into any serious trouble, my misdoings having been confined to the theft of small supplies of sugar cane from the shipping warehouses for my personal and very appreciative consumption, and the picking up of all such unconsidered trifles in the way of old metal as I chanced on and could bear away and sell for a few pennies—with which I used to purchase lumps of molasses taffy. Divine confection! Would that I had some now!

"My chief delight in those childhood days was to lie alone in the sun at the end of some silent old pier and watch the green waters swirl by and the great ships coming and going and dream the time away in my own odd manner. Truly 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts!' It was a rough, neglected life, that of my boyhood, but I was happy. I had perfect health and the digestion of an ostrich. Most of the sailors I came in contact with had a sort of awe of me, because, though I was not much more than knee high to them, yet I could read and write; and sometimes I addressed them in the language of Shakspere's Ulysses—Troilus and Cressida being the first of The Bard's plays which I read, when I was about six years old—and Ulysses was always a favorite character with me."

William Winter, in 1850, From a Daguerreotype. Above—John Burroughs and William Winter

About 1842–43 Capt. Charles Winter married for the third time, his bride being a Miss Thyraza Gale, from Maine, and a principal part of his matrimonial purpose being—as he afterward stated—to provide a mother's care for his sons. The step-mother, however, greatly disliked them both and proved most unkind. My father writes:

"And I do not wonder thereat, nor blame her, poor creature, for the captain was incessantly telling her what wonderful boys we were and how much superior to their children. He was not what you would call a tactful man, the dear old captain! Their marriage occurred at a minister's house in Purchase Street. I perfectly remember the occasion. It was on a night of wild storm. I was taken to the wedding in a closed carriage—the first time that ever I rode in such a vehicle, and therefore an occasion always to be remembered. There was a row of persons standing at one end of a room, and there the ceremony was performed. I did not of course understand what was going on, but I profoundly disapproved of it nevertheless. Afterward I was put into the carriage again with several other persons and driven to a house somewhere on old Fort Hill—long since leveled and built over. Never shall I forget the desolate wildness of the wind and the rain and hail beating on the carriage roof and rattling against its windows, nor the strange and awful sense of accomplished calamity in my child heart!

"The captain had rented part of a house—half, I think—from an old man named Hay. There the nuptials were celebrated, and there the happy pair lived in peace for—I should say—about three weeks. The first row which I remember occurred at breakfast. I have no notion what it was about. The first I observed of trouble was a sudden, terrific explosion of profanity from the captain, who seized a dishful of biscuits and hurled them through a window, carrying out every light of glass in it. He followed immediately by way of the door and did not return for several days."

A House Divided

"HE AND his spouse were continually quarreling and making up. I remember one bitter night in midwinter when there came a tremendous disturbance in their room soon after they had amicably retired to bed. In a few moments the captain, half clad, darted out and descended into the yard, where he procured a wide plank partly covered with ice, which he conveyed into the connubial chamber and set up on edge between them in the bed. They were indeed a beatific couple, and the atmosphere of our home was truly a sweet and gentle one for young children to dwell in."

During the period of that residence on Fort Hill, which curiously was also the name of the place near New York where my father lived for nigh fifty years, the lads ran almost wild. William, through a part of it, attended a public school presided over by a man named Thomas Baker. There he consorted with unfortunate children of the roughest and often of the worst possible character; and there he, like them, was treated with extraordinary harshness by Baker. He was a burly, cross-eyed person, and the boys in his charge were unable to perceive at whom he was—or was not—gazing. He customarily opened school with the Lord's Prayer, and frequently his devout supplication was concluded thus: "'For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen'—Billy Winter, come up here, sir, and hold out your right hand, and I'll thrash the whole school if necessary to find out who threw that spit ball!"

The whole school often was thrashed, whether or not it was necessary. Billy's chiefest offense, however, seems to have been the particularly heinous one of chewing pitch, for which crime he was frequently flogged on the hands a dozen times or more a day—"but managed to cool them against an iron pillar that stood before my seat and was mighty convenient for that purpose."

Winter's education was obtained in desultory fashion in that school of Baker's, and in other schools in Gloucester, Cambridge and Boston. While still a youth he entered

the Dane Law School, of Harvard College, and worked his way through it—with a little assistance from his father. Most of the money to pay for that legal education he earned, between times, as he put it, working as a collector for a tugboat plying in Boston Harbor. He was graduated from the law school in the spring of 1857, and for a while he was employed in the law offices of Lyman Mason and of Aurelius D. Parker. It had been arranged that he should read and study under the once famous old statesman, Robert Rantoul, but Rantoul died before Winter was through the law school. Parker, an eccentric bachelor, was a fine scholar and a devotee of the Latin poets. He took a great liking to my father, and they read together and subsequently discussed many of the classics, to which fortunate indulgence my father owed much of his profound knowledge of the ancients.

Choate and Webster

MR. E. C. STEDMAN, in the biographical sketch of Winter appended to his monumental American Anthology, says that he worked in the office of Rufus Choate, but that is an error. He often watched and closely studied that great lawyer and orator, however, as he did also Daniel Webster, in the Massachusetts courts. Webster he profoundly revered, though, as he more than once told me, he sometimes attacked him in political speeches "with an airy nonchalance that it abashes me to remember."

There is no more enthusiastic and informing description of Webster's method as a speaker than that by Winter in his superb oration on George William Curtis. But Choate—"whose voice sounded every note from a low, piercing whisper to a shrill, sonorous scream; whose eloquence was the passionate enchantment of the actor and the poet"—was, as lawyer and orator, his special idol, and one of the most brilliant and scathing of his early writings is a reply published in the New York Saturday Press to the Rev. Moncure D. Conway's vituperative assault on Choate's character and reputation, immediately after his death, which appeared in The Dial, of Cincinnati—an assault which he has designated as "one of the bitterest attacks ever made upon genius and virtue" by intolerance and detraction.

My father was regularly admitted to the Suffolk, Massachusetts, bar in 1857, but he never really practiced law. The first client that came to him after he hung out his shingle was a woman seeking divorce.

"I listened to her statement of facts," my father told me, "and having heard it, my sympathy went out so strongly to the unfortunate husband that I referred her to a legal acquaintance of mine for advice, and—to the immense disgust of my old teacher, Theophilus Parsons, who believed that I should kindle into a legal light and, as he said, 'take a seat upon the highest bench'—I took in my sign and abandoned law for literature."

Mr. Winter's Residence at New Brighton, Staten Island, New York

My father's law training was, however, invaluable to him. It fully and early developed one of his strongest natural traits—namely, the judicial quality of mind. It taught him in criticism—which, he frequently said, is judgment, not censure—to go to essentials and to base his conclusions wholly on justice and the facts. It is notable that, though for sixty years he wrote the truth as he saw it about all sorts of subjects and persons—always with clarity and vigor, sometimes with scathing explicitness and pungency—he never precipitated a libel suit, though there were many persons in the public life of his time who would gladly have spent thousands of dollars to shackle his judgment by suppressing his criticism.

"The reason," he used to say to me when I talked with him on this subject, "is that I never wrote even one word about anybody with malicious intent, and because I always have been and am prepared to stand by and prove every essential statement I ever made."

Longfellow's Kindness

LONG before he had become a lawyer Winter published—in December, 1854—his first volume of verse, entitled Poems: by William Winter. He had been writing poetry from early childhood, and he brought out his first book by the advice of his loved and revered friend, the great representative poet, Longfellow, to whom, by permission, it was dedicated. In a copy of that book now before me my father has written:

Dear Willy: I write my name in this book—the first of my publications—because you ask me to do so. But I do believe that this is the most absurd collection of verses ever put into print! Epes Sargent—without seeing the trash—advised me not to publish. Longfellow, on the contrary, accepted the dedication and encouraged me to have the book published. He was all kindness—a good friend—one of the best I ever had—and he thought it best to cheer me at the start. I wish he had exercised a sterner judgment. However, I did write this stuff, between the ages of nine and seventeen, and I did publish it—and I cannot escape from it. I should be pleased if you were to drop this copy into the fire. I have destroyed every copy I could obtain. The book was published in December, 1854, but for trade reasons the publisher put 1855 on the title page.

It is rubbish! It is dreadful! WILLIAM WINTER.

The contents of that first book, though not important, are by no means so dreadful as its author, in age, came to believe. Longfellow, after all, was no bad judge, and his advice to publish was as sensible as it was kind. The old poet wrote about this book as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, April 16, 1854.

Dear Sir: I shall be very happy to receive the dedication of your Poems, which you so kindly offer me, and to have a visit from you when it may be convenient for you to favor me with one. I am generally at home in the evening, and will certainly be so to-morrow evening—Thursday at half past eight. If you have no engagement, come then.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The friendship between Winter and Longfellow, begun in that far-off time, was interrupted only by death, which came to the elder poet in 1882—March 24. Of him Winter has written: ". . . I loved him, and I rejoice to remember that he honored me with his friendship. He knew my love for him, and he trusted it. I saw him as he was; and within my observation and knowledge of men, which have been exceptionally wide, a man more noble, gentle, lovable and true never lived."

(Continued on Page 71)

William Winter at His Work Table. The Table Was the Editorial Counsel Table of the New York Tribune in the Days of Horace Greeley

ROWENA PULLS THE WHEEZE!

By Grace Lovell Bryan

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"The Amounts Were All in Her Own Handwriting. She Owed This Man —— It Was Unbelievable!"

PANSY IMOGENE HIGGINS, cherubic, black-eyed variant of the genus squab, gazed with admiration on Gwendolyn Clarice Montmort as that regal personage in delft-blue tricotine, green velvet toque, French slippers and a huge corsage of imitation orchids, sank by languid degrees into the rocker of her friend's third-floor front room, depositing en transit a natty but dripping umbrella in an empty milk bottle sitting on the floor. After which she adjusted a hairpin in her spun-gold hair, examined her lovely countenance without enthusiasm in her pocket mirror, then glared with exceeding fierceness toward the lace-curtained window, against which a drizzling rain was beating.

"Well, Little Sunshine, welcome to our city," remarked Pansy Imogene cheerfully, as she contemplated her friend. "You're the living image of a close-up of Lady Macbeth when puncturing King Duncan with a knife."

"Though I ain't read the papers lately to know what's been going on among them crowned heads," returned Gwendolyn Clarice gloomily, "well might I be that identical dame, if feelings is a hyperion. Season after season, Pansy," she went on aggrievedly, "as well you know, have I been touring the road, though Broadway is my sphere, being told it by a guy I met down at that Russian tea on Bleecker Street when they ast me to sing Oh, Dry Those Tears and I done it; and yet, when at four-thirty this P. M. I had a appointment to see about Lady Godiva in a New York show where face and figure was going to get their chance—rain has took every dent outa my marcel, and the part calls for it natural curly and worn flowing down my back!"

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," soothed Pansy Imogene, reaching for a box of marshmallows on the bureau; "but take off your hat, you're among friends. And remember, though it looks like rain and it feels like rain, every cloud has a pink silk lining, and things ain't always what they seem." She laid the marshmallows within easy reach of both parties and propped her small person on the bed. "There's Rowena Armour, née Jones"

"Rowena?" sniffed Gwendolyn Clarice Montmort bitterly, having placed the green velvet toque affectionately on a chair. "She should worry about rain—copping Vincent Armour, the plutocrat of the nation, for a husband, and her only a cigar-counter girl at the Giltmore when she done it; and me in a front row for six seasons and never ——"

"It certainly looked like what more could any woman want ——" Pansy Imogene stared dreamily at the wash-bowl on a marble-topped stand. "And yet there's a fly in every ointment, whether imported or otherwise."

"Don't tell me that something's happened between she and Vincent?"

Pansy Imogene nodded. "As Bluebeard remarked when he killed his six wives one by one and hung 'em in the closet: 'The course of true love never did run smooth.'"

"Well, I hope he gets what he deserves!" cried Gwendolyn in horror. "Honest, the way them Bolsheviki ravage our fair land and not half of 'em deported it's a wonder we ain't all murdered in our beds!"

"Who?"

"That Bluebeard! My Lord, when I think of six poor women! Pansy, if I ain't working and they hold it here," she cried excitedly, "I'm going to be present at his trial!"

Pansy Imogene placed her small hands exasperatedly on her hips.

"Do you want to hear about Rowena or do you not?"

"Certainly," replied her friend, astonished at the question; "especially if she's had trouble. But what I want to know is," she explained, creasing her lovely brow, "what are they going to do with ——"

"Genevieve Bridget Dorgan," interrupted Pansy Imogene with considerable vigor, "if you're going to eat those marshmallows begin your work. And listen!"

Speechless, Gwendolyn Clarice Montmort—on the programs—obeyed.

"I have already breathed into your shell-like ear," began Pansy Imogene as she leaned back against the pillows, "how when Vincent took his blushing bride from the honeymoon at Palm Beach to the domicile of his mother, Mrs. Vincent Armour Sr. gazed haughty over her lorgnette and said calm but firm they'd better shut the door when they went out; and so for fourteen dreary months his loving wife, who, though born a Jones had injured no one in her brief career, except maybe a masher hanging round her counter at the Giltmore wooing the Goddess Nicotine, but having no effect on Rowena, sat all alone in her gorgeous home on Madison with naught but jewels and chaise longues; for Mrs. Armour Sr. ruled society, which same spelled Vincent's friends. And then at last the thing happened which poured coals of fire on the old dame's coiffure and made her grab her daughter to her long frigid breast. And give her credit, she did it brown.

"She held a grand reception to introduce Rowena to the four hundred at her famous red-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, of which you've read in the papers, Gwendolyn, as filled with elegant porcelains and tapestries and paintings costing a half million each, to say nothing of the frames. Well!

"Say, did you ever notice how all at once something will happen—and you wake up and find a chorus girl playing the prima-donna rôle that should 'a' been doing it all the time? And when the customers out in front start registering fond approval by giving her six bows and the rest of the cast stands off stage looking pale with joy—have you lamped the other woman who thought she'd oughta been the party to do the leading part? So when—but wait.

"Having enjoyed but little social embonpoint since the wedding, beyond that contributed by the butler Perkins and her maid Celeste, Rowena, all dolled up in silver lace trimmed with ermine and the family emeralds, stood beside her mother-in-law at the head of the grand stairway leading to the ballroom where the guests was being received, hoping if they made a lunge the old lady'd shout 'Touch not a single bough!' and feeling like Julius Cæsar wher he first began trifling with the Ides of March. Compared to the four hundred a first-night audience is as mild and friendly as a bunch of lambs; and though commanded by Mrs. Armour Sr.—well the poor girl knew that being born with the golden spoon was no sign of not being good and handy with the knife and fork, especially when turning their opera glasses full on the party who was nothing but a mésalliance. On the other side of her stood Eleanor Travers.

"Remember Eleanor, of the Travers family? Say, she was some peach, if you like the type, tall and slim and ultra, with shiny black hair and slanting eyes that looked like they'd seen everything; and being Vincent's childhood chum she had fondly calculated on raising that ante, until Rowena showed up in the offing to worry the family archives with a foreign name. She had snubbed Rowena with considerable pleasure, besides being half a head taller, which didn't make the poor girl feel any better, and now she stood smiling, her gold-and-purple creation sweeping the marble floor something terrible in the back, while looking like the Queen of Sheba when pausing for Sir Walter Raleigh to spread the cloak, or however the story goes. She had an air like she was waiting for something, I don't know what. Rowena, her blue eyes big and her red hair warming the glittering emerald tiara like a sun's rays on the sea, bowed and murmured 'Charmed!' wishing she was back in her little room in the Bronx where there was naught of battle in the air save when the alarm clock went off, and the Subway conflict of the morn and dewy eve. And then ——

"Though little and cute and sweet, there was a kind of dignity about Rowena now that added to the *tout ensemble* of everything else, like turning a spotlight on a diamond. And something more—maybe it was that 'To thine own self be true' line which her maternal ancestor said firmly was the grandest words the Bible ever said, or maybe it was past suffering that helped; though little improvement did I notice in my own éclat the time I did forty-seven weeks of one-night stands and come home with nothing for it but burnt-off lashes and a shattered frame. Whatever it was, the first thing she knew she'd got that bunch of people on her own!

"Well, from then on, balls and dinners and dances and teas whiled away the hours, for Mrs. Vincent Jr. was elected life member of the sacred circle. Benefits for the Portuguese and the Pekingese kept dogging the helpless immigrant, till the lovely apartment on West End, where Vincent had moved her fond parents from the Bronx—little dreaming of what a comfort she was going to be to

'em in their later years—saw her but seldom. In other words, she was as busy as though going eight shows a day on the Pantages circuit.

"And was she proud? And happy? Say! Of course she did wish she could see Vincent occasionally, like she used to when there was nobody ringing the doorbell and weighing down James the footman with invitations, to be delivered to Perkins, who, poor soul, hadda give 'em to Saunders, who handed 'em to Celeste, who took 'em to Rowena. Still a body can't have everything. And Eleanor was her dearest friend. Wherever one went, there was the other. Talk about chummy—It was beautiful, her devotion to Rowena.

"Vincent going into his papa's office began work on the new Armour Transcontinental Air Route, which was to cover the U. S. from Maine to Frisco and cause the railroads far greater suffering than they now endure, by forcing them to hire a man on top of every coach to sweep the banana peels and peanut shells off their roofs. And he tells Rowena one day when they'd had a moment to be alone, her secretary having departed with the list of invitations for the ball to be given the following Monday and the housekeeper had gone off with the menu for the evening meal which Rowena had been too busy until then to look over, having done little that day beyond attending a morning meeting of the Maternity Center and a luncheon for the Lighthouse for the Blind and a lecture on Foreigner, Spare Our Land for the benefit of the visiting scientists of the ouija board—'I love you,' says he, his eyes glowing with earnestness and his black hair shining. 'And I've been getting worse and worse ever since that fatal day when I saw you at the Fashion Show and determined then and there to change your name, whatever it might be.' And was she tickled? What more could any woman want?

"After which she dashes into the electric elevator and down to her limousine to make a short call on her mamma, which was what she now called her ma, not having had a chance to go near her childhood's home for two weeks, nor even her pa's drug store, which was flourishing like a green bay tree and making his last years happy with demands for hair nets and soda water.

"'Rowena,' says her maternal ancestor, darning James' and Johnny's and Willie's socks with triumph, though finding little else, poor soul, to do on account of two maids, to say nothing of a laundress every Tuesday making her life a winter of discontent by beating her to everything, 'last night I tried the ouija board, and it says trouble is coming into your young life!'

"'Oh, mamma!' laughs Rowena.

"'You can laugh,' returns that party with dignity and reaching for the darning cotton, 'but I know implicitly it's true. Your grandpa never told a lie, and neither would his spirit, and it said plain as day: "There's sorrow coming to Rowena." Besides,' her maternal ancestor goes on, laying her hand solemnly on her heart, 'I got a feeling. It's the very same as overtook me the night I come home early from the Friday Night Literary Club, which hitherto I had attended in innocent joy, little dreaming what was going on—and found your father sitting in a barroom on that very night—and right then and there I resigned! Too much gadding,' says she firmly, 'is good for no woman, and especially for her husband. For whom God hath joined together let no man go separate. And with you and Vincent seeing nothing of each other, something's bound to happen. In marriage, my dear, a woman must be like the Virgin in the Blessed Book and keep her lamp trimmed and her candle burning. And so I tell you—watch Vincent!'

"'Oh, mamma,' says Rowena, laughing, 'how lovely this room looks in this shade of brown. And I do think those chairs I sent you simply charming. Well, you silly dear,' she says, looking at her wrist watch, 'I must hurry on. I'm to meet Eleanor. By, by.' And off she goes.

"'Trouble? Why, I'm the happiest woman in the world,' thinks she as she steps outside. 'And I better tell him my great news.' Then she starts blushing, though there's naught to see her save the ivory clock, and that's holding its gold hands before its face; and she wonders whether she'd get a chance to do it that night after the Travers' ball; also whether if it was a girl he'd want it named Rowena or Elizabeth after his mother. With that she leans back against the silk cushions with the perfume of the violets coming toward her from the cut-glass vawse beside her, smiling as heavenly as the time I musta when with the Follies of the Century show before the strike they paid us girls full salary for Holy Week, and they'd only done $6000 in those seven days. Happy? Say!

"Yes, it sure looked as though everything with the Armour Jr. family was going to run on as merry as a marriage bell, which I never yet heard ringing but sounds awful pretty when you say it.

"And then as she starts up the steps of the Plaza and hurries into the lobby, her heart doing a regular fox trot with joyous palpitation, she gives a little gasp, which is what everybody in the vicinity is doing with the exception of a wall-eyed clerk who can't see beyond the register. For with Eleanor, who's coming toward her, is a woman she's never seen before—tall and slim and beautiful, with pale gold hair and odd kind of smoldering green-black eyes, a skin like the cold-cream ads promise faithful but seldom fulfill, and a figure—Venus, Helen of Syracuse, Cleopatra and Lillian Russell in her prime would 'a' been whipped to a frazzle. Eleanor in her lazy tones performs an introduction of the gorgeous beauty as Mrs. Helma Christina Norling, of Stockholm, a very dear friend, and daughter of the Baroness Kronjeldt, arrived to spend the winter.

"Then Eleanor stands looking at Rowena, a queer gleam in her slanting eyes, as Rowena murmurs 'Charmed!'

"'Helma,' says Eleanor in a funny way, 'is an old friend of your husband's.'"

Pansy Imogene paused and reached for a marshmallow. Gwendolyn Clarice gazed fixedly at her friend.

"I'll bet two dollars it's that Swede!" she declared with conviction. "Blondes has got that reputation, and though I say it as shouldn't, nine times outa nine times it's deserved. She's the living image of Vivette Gourmand in the Merry Minnows who, when my gentleman friend, a swell automobile salesman from Cincinnati, sends a bouquet across the footlights to me during the second act when doing Venus de Milo in the dead of winter—didn't she stand off in the wings and holler fire! And yet," she finished perplexedly, "all along I thought it was going to be that Eleanor Travers."

"Rowena smiles cordially up at Mrs. Helma," continued Pansy Imogene, settling back again in her pillows, "as though she's as happy as the larks in June, but right then there comes a sinky feeling under her bronze gown. Mrs. Norling smiles down at her, her eyes like dark pools of

(Continued on Page 56)

"Without Once Casting at Mrs. Norling He Yearns Straight Into Rowena's Eyes, and Murmurs He's Being Wafted Into Celestial Spheres"

IN OFFICE

By JAY E. HOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

THE unusual procedure of my campaign and the somewhat spectacular manner of my election focused the interest of the city and state upon my administration. The contest had attracted attention throughout the Middle West and had been widely commented upon. There was much curiosity as to what I would do and the manner in which I would attempt to accomplish it.

To my circle of intimate acquaintances throughout the city and state I was a plain, plug citizen turning into middle age, sufficiently agreeable socially, who played mediocre golf, danced passably well, picked the correct table utensil from the array of silver, and never shamed my hostess either by the flamboyancy or the negligibility of my sartorial investiture. It was conceded that neither my check nor my word had ever gone to protest.

But to the great majority of my fellow citizens I presented the aspect of the unknown and the unusual. As a newspaper man I had purposely clouded my personality with a certain reticence of speech and manner. And so to the greater number I was a mysterious personality indelibly fixed in the consciousness of the community, about whom there were mixed tales, good and bad. Naturally they observed my initial manifestations in the position of public trust to which they had elevated me keenly and with interest. On the other hand those to whom my name had been a hissing and a byword paced back and forth watching intently for the first overt act, the first revelation of iniquity. I fear I shall never again attain the position I held in the public eye during those first few months.

The town had the commission form of government. It functioned through a mayor and four commissioners, all elected by the people. The attitude of curiosity in which the town held me was reflected by my fellow members on the commission. I think they rather dreaded me. With one exception I had known none of them until we met during the campaign. I knew him only casually. I suspect none of them was for me. They knew the other candidate better. He was more nearly the type of public man to which they had been accustomed and there was nothing mysterious about him. Engrossed in their own campaigns, they, of course, maintained an attitude of neutrality as to the candidates for mayor, but I think they looked forward to two years of association with me with no great pleasure.

An Alliance With Handy

THE speculation that challenged the interest of the politicians and otherwise citizens in the interim between the election and the seating of the administration hinged upon the question as to whether Horace Handy or I would dominate it.

Handy was the strong man of the commission. He had been long in the public service and knew the routine of city business better than any other man. Between two probable dominant figures of the commission they expected a bitter fight for the mastery and the possible relegation of the mayor to a position of unimportance. My friends warned me of the possibility. They said Handy was shrewd, forceful and dominating. I was disposed to regard the contingency as a joke.

"Don't worry," I told them; "if Handy is as good as you say he is I'll join him."

Handy was all they claimed for him. He was much more. He was scrupulously honest, entirely fearless, clean in mind and method and possessed of an unusual fund of plain common sense. He had no gift of words and could not project himself, but he was one of the most capable public officials I have ever known. During the first few days we got together on various matters of routine business. No friction developed; the personal contact between us was pleasant and agreeable. At the end of the second week he came one afternoon into my office.

"I don't know whether you knew it or not," he said, "but I was not for you in the election. I knew Beaky and voted for him. I just wanted to say I am for you now."

When a Man Is Elected to Office He Is Chiefly Concerned With His Own Glory

It was scant speech, but coming from Handy it was enough. We worked together four years on that commission. We never had a disagreement. We almost never had a difference of opinion. What had been forecast as a bitter struggle for the mastery developed into what was possibly the closest personal alliance ever melded in the politics of that municipality.

In the course of a week or two, and as soon as I had developed a sufficient fellowship with the other members of the commission to justify a familiar word to them, I asked them one afternoon to meet in my office informally.

"I have just one suggestion to make to this commission," I said. "I have asked you here that I may offer it. This is our administration—yours and mine. Any glory which it achieves will reflect on all of us. For anything to its discredit we shall all share the blame. I suggest that we do our fighting in private. Doubtless we shall disagree in many things. Let's do our clawing behind closed doors, instead of taking it into the presence of the newspapers and the general public. When a majority of this commission decides in council that a thing shall be done, let's swing the unanimous vote of the commission behind the proposition."

It was at this meeting that Handy expressed the idea that became the unwritten shibboleth of the administration.

"I think we'll find," he said, "that good business for the city is good politics for us."

I had the same thought in mind, but being more or less adept in the art of word twisting I probably should have projected it less succinctly and more vaingloriously. At any rate, for four years the business of the city was predicated on that idea.

The commission fell in with my suggestion that we do our fighting in private. There were a few times when we went round and round, but we gave no public exhibitions in dissension. Only two or three roll calls taken in four years disclosed divergent groups. The personnel was unchanged during that time. Every member won a reëlection. Handy, Horton and I voted as a unit on every roll call taken during the life of the commission. That was a machine I shall always hold in fond remembrance. It stood the strain of four years and many battles without disclosing a fissure.

With the governmental machine under way and functioning smoothly I tried my first experiment. It had to do with the policy of the administration toward the public and involved the newspapers. One afternoon I called the city-hall reporters into my office and said to them:

A Policy of Frankness

"THIS administration will have no secret processes, no subterranean ramifications. Its cards are on the table, face up. That which goes on here is public business. The public is entitled to know all about it. I am anxious that it should know. If there is anything you want to know about the city's business, however obscure or remote it may be, I'll tell you if I can. If I don't know I'll find out. I'll not only tell you what we have done and what we are going to do but I'll tell you why we did it. I'll tell you whether the motive behind the action was inspired by zeal for the public welfare or by personal or political considerations. All you have to do is ask me."

I should like to be able to say here that the experiment was an unqualified success. As a matter of fact, it did not work so well as I had hoped. I still believe, however, that it constitutes a public official's best weapon of offense and defense against a public that is always critical and usually suspicious and distrustful of its, so to speak, servants.

The afternoon newspaper treated me fairly and considerately. It did not subject me to the ordeal of being kissed in public; it did not bedeck me with rhetorical laurel. But it did what I wanted it to do—it printed the news of that which went on at the city hall truthfully and accurately. It was enabled to do so because I gave it the low down on everything that happened. In the end it became one of my most ardent and powerful supporters.

I had no such luck with my own newspaper, though I continued in its employ during the entire period of my public service. Apparently it never forgave me for whipping it in the campaign. On two or three occasions it commended me editorially, but its news columns reeked with innuendo and insinuation, and with calculated misrepresentation obviously intended to discredit me with the public.

I never protested or asked the reason. Probably it wished to discipline me by forcing me to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee in an effort to secure fair treatment. I don't know. I figured that inasmuch as I had been a featured member of its staff for fifteen years I was entitled to fair treatment without being compelled to ask for it. If I had to ask for it I didn't want it.

After a time I retaliated. The method of my retaliation was to scoop my own newspaper on every piece of important news that broke at the city hall. I did not abrogate my policy of frank and open discussion of affairs with its reporters. I merely so contrived and shaped events that everything important happened on the afternoon paper's time. For more than two years about all the morning newspaper gleaned from the city administration was what is technically known as follow stories. I did not permit it to score a single beat.

I leave the discussion of the ethics of that performance to newspaper men who may read this plain unmanicured tale. I have no concern as to its ethical side. It had been my lifelong habit to accommodate those who sought

trouble. I made no attempt to smother that tendency during the period of my sentence to the public service.

And then I fired Mrs. Harp.

Mrs. Harp was police matron and a noted good woman. Save for one brief interregnum she had been police matron for many years. She was hooked up with all the various societies dedicated to civic reform and social purity, and carried their indorsement. Her title to the position she held was, by many, considered sacrosanct. I have no desire to reflect upon her character or her qualities. In many respects both were excellent. Nor do I wish to conceal the fact that she had been one of the most frantic of my detractors.

The papers carried the news of Mrs. Harp's dismissal under slug heads. There was some screaming and much indignation when it reached the public. The reporters came over to see about it, perhaps to test my policy of frank and open confession.

"Why have you dismissed Mrs. Harp?" they asked.

"Well," I said, "there are several reasons which preclude her retention in the service, but I fired her because she guessed wrong in the election."

I permitted the observation to ride without further explanation, but to the reporters on the following day I amplified the idea it concealed.

"The efficiency and morale of every business," I said to them, "depends upon the loyalty of the subordinate employees to the head of that business. The same general rule will apply in the administration of public affairs. Those who hold subordinate positions under this administration are going to be loyal to me. They are going to take its success to heart. They are going to know the name of their beneficiary. I am starting right now to weed out the men and women who were offensively active against me in the campaign. It may take me quite a while; probably I shall not be able to get them all, but when I get through I'll have a working organization that functions efficiently and is loyal to me."

The lodge of sorrow which gathered round Mrs. Harp dissolved as quickly as it had gathered. The town read my frank statement, laughed at it, and promptly forgot Mrs. Harp and her troubles. The incident was dead and buried within three days of its incipiency. But my frank avowal to the reporters brought me into conflict with the civil-service board and I sustained my first temporary repulse.

The Case of Mrs. Ball

I PROFESS to know nothing as to the manner in which civil service functions in the departments at Washington or in the great cities. I assume, when thus applied, it has some merit. But it is my opinion that in the smaller towns and the suburban communities it is the most fatuous of all the panaceas prescribed in behalf of better and more effective government. The civil-service boards with which I have been familiar were made up of impractical and visionary gentlemen and ladies whose chief concern was to hamper those upon whom the responsibility for the effective administration of public affairs rested.

Under the civil-service rules prescribed and laid down for me by the statesmen who wrote the city charter I could appoint a city attorney, a city treasurer, a city clerk, a police chief, a fire chief or the head of any other department of significance or importance at will. But I could not pick a stenographer for the fire chief or a scrub lady for the second floor of the city hall without the aid and consent of the civil-service board. And, once the employees were selected, I had no control over them. Their jobs came through the board. It was nothing to them whether their services were satisfactory to the one responsible for the conduct of the city's business.

The first and only acute clash with the civil-service board came over the appointment of a clerk at police headquarters. The requirements of the place were that the appointee should be able to write a good legible hand, have ordinary common sense and stick to her knitting eight hours a day. I had, for two reasons, appointed a Mrs. Ball to the place. One was that she was entirely competent to fill it, and the other that she needed the job.

The civil-service board functioned slowly and Mrs. Ball had filled the position satisfactorily for two months before the board decided she must take its examination. The law was very clear on the subject and the board was insistent. At the moment I saw no convenient hole through which I could creep. So I ordered Mrs. Ball to take the examination. There was a fine field of candidates for the place, but only one or two of them were competent to fill any position requiring work or sense. Mrs. Ball had been longer out of school than most of them, and she was marked fourth in the elementary examination which the board gave. She had forgotten her fractions and could no longer locate Singapore. I had the option of appointing either of the two marked highest in the competition. Did I do it? I did not.

Very early in my administration, and for the first time in the history of the town, I had devised a plan for the city-welfare work lodged in the hands of a corps of women workers. In the ordinance providing for the plan I had purposely created more places than I immediately intended to fill. I had an ace or two in the hole. The welfare worker was a new bird in the city's ornithological collection and was not covered in the civil-service section of the city's charter. I introduced an ordinance abolishing the place of police-headquarters' clerk, had it passed, and then appointed Mrs. Ball an assistant welfare worker, assigned to duty at police headquarters, where she remained four years.

But I had surmounted only one insignificant barrier. The trick would not carry through the entire personnel of city employees. The board was thoroughly roused and it had me in a pocket. And then luck turned for me. The term of one member of the board of three expired, and another moved to a distant city. I had the situation in hand. As a matter of friendship to me a leading attorney and a high-class business man accepted the vacant places. The new members were practical men and we came easily to an understanding. The civil-service rules and regulations ceased at once to gall.

I left civil service in that town battered, bruised and recumbent. If it rises to annoy and hamper another mayor, that will be his fault. The board I appointed still functions.

There was for the moment a considerable flutter in the public mind, the newspapers having published all the details of the Ball incident, including my own open acknowledgment of my shameful part in it. The usual charge to the effect that I was attempting to build up a personal machine aimed at the complete subjugation of the city was made. The reporters wanted to know what I had to say to that.

"I am not," I said, "trying to build up a personal machine. I have one. It was good enough to whip the newspapers, a good deal of the active church membership, all the various civic organizations, and the best offensive his supporters were able to build round my opponent. So far as I can see it hasn't lost a component part or jumped a cog. If I become a candidate for reëlection I am relying on it to put me over just as it stands."

The Colored Brother's Admiration

AND then the town forgot civil service as it forgot Mrs. Harp's wrongs. I have no desire to argue the point as to whether I did right or wrong in hamstringing it. I have no wish to pat my own back; I should scorn any attempt to soften a merited blow. As a reporter I am engaged in writing a veracious chronicle of an undramatic experience on the small-time circuit.

There are two points of contact in my experience which I wish to stress: One is the value of perfect frankness in dealing with the public; the other is the effectiveness, in politics and out of it, of the gesture described as taking the bull by the horns. I learned anew the value of frankness and the effectiveness of the gesture in talking to many persons across a flat-topped desk, and I tie two experiences together in an effort to lend color to my contention.

The town had come to have a considerable population of badly assorted and carelessly selected Mexicans who were the source of much disorder, which the police, by reason of unfamiliarity with their language and easy social customs, were unable to quell. I thought we needed a Mexican plain-clothes policeman and announced that one Alda, who had a good record as a citizen and peace officer, would be appointed to the place.

One of my colored constituents was selected as a delegate from his political club to protest the appointment. He was ushered into the presence and began to file his demurrer.

"Mayeh House," he began, "we-all is heard you is going to 'point this Alda on the police force. Now these heah Mexicans don't vote and we-all thought a colored man ——"

"I don't care," I said as I cut in on his train of language and pointed my interjection with my favorite expletive, "whether the Mexicans vote or not. This town needs a Mexican policeman and I am going to put Alda on the pay roll to-day."

The transmogrification of my visitor's countenance was a study in contrasting moods. He clouded up and a storm appeared to impend. Suddenly his face expanded in a luminous smile and he reached across the desk to take my hand.

"I bin in this town thirty years, Mayeh House," he said, "and you is the first white man that evah talked straight to me.

"I wants to shake hands with you, and Ise with you now and f'm now on. I cert'nly does admiah the way you says 'damn.'"

(Continued on Page 146)

"Let's Do Our Clawing Behind Closed Doors, Instead of Taking It Into the Presence of the Newspapers and the General Public"

IT PAYS TO SMILE

VII

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AT THIS point in my narrative I call to mind the fact that my dear father ever laid the greatest stress upon the importance of the effect which the pursuit of reading has upon the human mind and upon the minds of juveniles in particular. He was convinced that if Euclid were read to a point of thorough familiarity at the age of twelve years by every male American the result would be a marked effect upon the political life of the nation, I remember; and he recommended that girls from the age of nine to nineteen be made thoroughly conversant with Saint Paul. In his famous treatise on the subject, entitled The Education of Freedom Talbot, he dwells at length upon the supreme importance of young people having access to books of the best quality without "let or hindrance," and devotes three chapters to the influence upon the later life of the individual of those books which are perused during the preadolescent and adolescent periods.

And unquestionably his deductions in this matter, as in all others, were sound. For in looking back upon my conduct from the time of my leaving Euphemia, my home, and the carefully regulated routine of my existence in Boston, I perceive that my course was unquestionably influenced by a volume of which I obtained possession at the age of eleven, though I have greatly feared since—indeed I was, in point of fact, greatly in fear at the time when I perused its fascinating intricacies—that it was not a book which my paternal parent would have selected as suitable for the sprouting of the young idea—especially for a sprout of the feminine gender. The title of this dubious but well-remembered literary production was Daisy Dashforth, the Girl Detective, and was the fruit of the pen of some lesser literary light whom Fame has allowed to sink into oblivion.

But there was in it some quality of keenness, of wit, of relish for adventure, of sharpness of observation, which remained with me, and which I refuse to dismiss as of no importance. Indeed it is quite possible that without the subconscious influence upon my mind of this book, which had remained in abeyance through the years until occasion called it forth—it is quite possible, I say, that without it I should never have had courage to take the initial step which pried me loose from the home of my ancestors and set me forth upon a career at a time of life when most females are drawing such careers as God has appointed for them to a close. Of course I had the incentive of keeping the ancestral roof over Euphemia's head to drive me forth from under it; but that was no doubt reënforced by the memory of Daisy. Moreover, the book had sharpened my taste for mystery and my instinct for seeing beneath the surface of things, which faculty, in more commonplace surroundings, would in all probability have been turned to the viler uses of village gossip.

So it was from a combined motive of scientific research into a situation which to me at least had begun to savor of mystery, and a sense of duty to my employer, that I went to visit with Abby. Nobody could suspect me of the desire for gossip. It was simply my plain duty to discover what I could about this handsome young duke before my charge became hopelessly involved in his toils—in other words to find out if they were really toils, or merely addresses. And incidentally I wished to pursue the matter of where Abby got her corsets, achieving that youthful effect.

So packing up my knitting I put on a pair of Alicia's high-heeled shoes for practice, strapping them on with elastic bands; without, however, mentioning the circumstance to her for fear that she would ridicule my enterprise; and requesting of Richard, the chauffeur, that he convey me to San Remo, we set forth in company. Alicia was nowhere about when I left, but there was no doubt in my mind as to who was with her, wherever she was. Apparently there existed no doubt in the mind of Talbot, either. I was seated beside him so as to be nearer help in case of an accident, and as we bowled along over the perfect road with its enchanting vistas of sea and fascinating walled gardens I could not fail to note the grave look upon his clean, if somewhat rough profile. His long nose was particularly expressive. I was not surprised when he broke the silence with his customary freedom.

"Say, Cousin Mary," he began, using the absurd form of address of which I had been quite unable to break him—"say, Cousin Mary, lookit here. What do you think of this he-duke of Peaches'? Do you think she likes him pretty well?"

"It is a trifle dangerous to surmise what a young woman may think about a young man until a definite announcement is made," I replied.

We rode a little farther in silence and then he broke out again.

"He's a foreigner!" he said with all the distrust that a good American is capable of imparting to the term. "A foreigner! I can't see how he came to be such a bucko! But he is, all right, all right, and she's crazy over him! Damn it, I might have known I couldn't hold her!"

"Talbot!" I exclaimed. "Don't swear! And you must remember that democracy is for the poor. Upon becoming so rich it was but—but American for Peaches to acquire a proper sense of her social superiority and to confirm it by marrying a title. Though in her case I believe we can feel sure that her affections would come first. If she marries this young man it will be simply and solely because she loves him. We can depend on that."

Then I caught sight of his face and wished I had not spoken.

"I guess he's a fine chap," he said slowly. "And he can give her a fancy handle to her name. Judas Priest! What can I give her? I'm—I'm a servant, I am. I've learned a lot since I came over here. Let's go back to California!"

"I know, Richard;" I replied soothingly. "California, where there are no servants! I'm really sorry, dear boy, but remember we don't know anything definite yet. And we don't know anything against the duke, either."

"Do you know about his older brother?" asked Richard, the chauffeur, abruptly.

"No! What about him?" I answered quickly.

"He disappeared very mysteriously about ten years ago," said Richard. "Two guys that was on the boat coming over from England was talking to me about it. They are here now. I met them in a wop saloon and they told me a little something."

"Repeat it all, Richard!" I commanded. "What did they say?"

"Well, it seems this brother was the duke," elucidated my informant. "He was last seen in Africa on a hunting expedition with our duke And then the both of them disappeared for a while. When the duke come back he had the title. There seems to be some doubt about his having a honest claim to it."

"What nonsense!" I said. "Talbot, you no sooner convince me that you are not a servant than you begin to talk like one. My cousin receives him, which is enough! You should not listen to such wild stories!"

By this time we had reached the Villa Bordeaux, and taking my workbag I descended. Richard, the chauffeur, parked the car and settled back in it, presumably to dwell upon the unhappy course of his love while he waited for me; and I entered the villa, much disturbed by what he had just told me, and determined to find out the whole truth at once.

I found Cousin Abby immersed in newspapers and a most attractive negligee.

Though I could never endure to see a woman lounging round the house in a wrapper I confess she looked very charming.

At my entrance she glanced up without rising.

"Hello, Free!" she greeted me over the top of the newspaper that she was perusing. "Hello, old thing! Sit down. I've been reading about this beastly war we are going to have. Won't it be a bore?"

The Villagers Proved as Dumb as the Authorities

"Do you really think England and Germany will break?" I said. It was what everyone said in those days, a sort of formula of greeting like "Good morning" or "How do you do" without meaning it too seriously, don't you know? And then more vital matters would be taken up.

"Oh, I don't really suppose so!" she said. "I'm glad to see you, my dear. Did that charming Mr. Pegg enjoy my little party?"

"I am sure he did!" I replied, stiffening a little. Her tone was altogether too intimate. "So did I, and so did Alicia. It is about her that I have come principally, Abby."

"You mean about the duke?" inquired Abby, with surprising astuteness. "I noticed they were pretty thick."

"I assume you would not have invited the young man unless you knew him to be desirable?" I said earnestly.

"I didn't invite him!" said my sprightly relative. "He called me up in the afternoon and insisted upon coming! I would never have dared to take the responsibility of inviting Sandro to meet any woman—but he simply said that he knew them and knew they were coming, and so was he."

"But my dear!" I exclaimed. "He is simply a chance—a very chance acquaintance with us. You must know him well to call him by his first name. Tell me all about him!"

"I do know him well!" she admitted, laying aside her paper as I started a new row on my sock. "Everybody who is anybody knows Sandro. He plays about with the very best people. I've known him for ten years. But I know absolutely nothing about him. He has a good figure and a charming smile and never borrows money, though he gambles heavily at periods. And that's all I can say."

"But my dear!" I protested. "Who are his family? Surely you know that?"

"That's simple enough!" said Abby. "His mother was a Miss Winton, as you know—the daughter of the American consul here at San Remo. His father was the holder of one of our very oldest titles. There was a brother who was killed in Africa in a game accident—an older twin, I believe. Really, my dear, I don't think there is the faintest mystery about Sandy, as we call him. No money—land-poor with an old rat's nest of a castle back in the hills, and not fit, they say, for human habitation; a Harvard education, expensive tastes and an aptitude for recouping at the tables here—a clever amateur of the arts and a dear fellow. And that's all. Why, what more is there to know about any unattached young male?"

"Poverty would be no crime in this case," I observed. "Though I think that if he is so hard up he ought to go to work."

"He's not hard up, except for a duke!" laughed Abby. "At least he always seems to have enough to get by with. There's no talk of debts, he doesn't keep a car, and lives extremely modestly."

"And you have never heard anything peculiar about him?" I persisted.

"Well, I wouldn't go quite as far as to say that," said Abby, "for it was very vague. About a year ago I heard that the secret service was supposed to be shadowing him. We were staying at the same country house, the Welch-Finleys, and he left utterly without warning, and it gave rise to some talk. People remembered about his brother, and, of course, no one has ever understood quite how he died. They were devoted, however—mad about each other; I know it for a fact. And Sandy often speaks of him most affectionately."

"Still it isn't usual for the secret service to shadow people—the best people, is it?" I protested.

"Oh, quite!" said Abby. "At least in Europe it is. Nowadays everybody is suspected of being a Prussian or an Englishman or a Frenchman or an Italian, according as they proclaim themselves to be the other. You see, everybody is in the secret service of at least one nation, or says they are, and to be overlooked by the police would be rather a slight. So don't worry about the smiling duke, because he is quite all right as far as we know, and that is a long way in this wicked, sophisticated old world. And now do tell me more about dear Mr. Pegg! He has promised to drive me out to Cannes to-morrow. And tell me all about lemons!"

"I'd rather you'd tell me who makes your stays, my dear!" I replied. "They are so youthful!"

Well, that was all I could learn from Abby—I mean about the duke. Upon the secondary subject she was most generously full of information. And I came away reassured to a certain extent.

On the other hand I did not like Abby's calling Mr. Pegg by his intimate name of Pinto, which she did once or twice during the remainder of our talk. Because I could not bring myself to the belief that Abby would be the proper stepmother for Peaches. Their tastes were too much alike. And though I had very little against Abby except her clothes, I was as yet unconvinced that clothes would make a man happy.

And while I worked on the socks I was making for Mr. Pegg as I sat up late that night waiting for Peaches to return from a moonlit walk with the duke, I wondered again and again how a woman of Abby's age could think so much of such things.

When Peaches came in at last and I had helped her out of the dress of light gray satin which she had worn, I could not but think that the girl was daily giving greater justification to her pet name. Her skin was as smooth and soft as the satin from which it emerged, and as gleaming. The garment itself was like a piece of the silver night outside, and her eyes were deep soft pools, her head like a golden star. It hardly seemed right that any woman should be so beautiful. She had taken some softening quality from the Italian skies as if this corner of the globe which was so like and yet so unlike her native heath had rubbed off the crudities left by the sharper climate, and done so the more readily because the country was all so familiar to her—far more so than to Boston-bred me—and she was ripe for impressions, whereas I was merely ready for comparisons. She was unusually silent, though her glowing face was as easily read as a printed page. I helped her into a soft white negligee.

"Sandy!" she said, going to the window and looking down at the dimly twinkling town and the black, moon-cut shape of the sweeping coast line. "I am going to call him Sandy! I can put my head on his shoulder without leaning down, Free!"

"Eh?" I said sharply.

But the wretched child wouldn't tell me another thing. Not that it needed much telling. When they were together, which was practically all the time, one could have cut the atmosphere with a piece of wedding silver it was so thick and soft. When their eyes met suddenly it made my heart jump and I wanted to cry. It was lovely, lovely! And she said so little about it that I knew it must be serious.

One day in the garden at San Remo, where we now spent much of our time, she asked him to pick her a rose which was growing just out of her reach, but not out of his. It delighted her to confirm his superior height, and she did it at every conceivable opportunity. He reached the rose easily and she gave him her little gold penknife, which she had been using to gather a bouquet, to cut the stem with. It was a beautiful knife, with her name on it in diamonds, a most characteristic gift from her father.

"By Jove, what a jolly one!" said the duke.

"Keep it, Sandy," said Peaches.

And while he smiled his protest she fastened it to his watch chain by the little ring through the end.

"Oh, don't do that!" I cried, getting to my feet. "Don't give a knife! I am not in the least addicted to superstitions, but really you must not give him a knife!"

"I'll give her a penny for it, Miss Talbot," said he. "That makes it quite all right, you know."

And laughingly she took the coin and slipped it inside her girdle. I found it there

(Continued on Page 137)

"Oh, Don't Do That!" I Cried. "I am Not in the Least Addicted to Superstitions, But Really You Must Not Give Him a Knife!"

The Wonders of Washington

Or the Peak of the Load—By George Kibbe Turner

The Entrance to the Arlington Amphitheater

ALONG about the first of June I was headed down to Washington again, and two or three days before I started I was in talking to my banker, and I got to discussing this Federal tax business once more with him.

"I tell you what you do, Burnham," he said to me, "when you go down there this time: There's one man in Washington who knows more about that situation than any six other men in the United States. He's what you might call a financial secret-service agent for one of the biggest banks—one of the real big banks of the country—who sits down there watching. Not lobbying—just watching the financial situation."

"I understand," I said.

"Those people have to know—the managements of the real big institutions—what the financial situation really is, way down underneath. And this man watches it in secret in Washington for them. I don't suppose there's half a dozen men, inside of Congress or out, that know him for what he is. It might spoil his usefulness if they did."

"I see," I said. "He keeps out of sight and out of politics."

"Absolutely," my banker said to me. "But I happen to know him, and I'll get you to him right, so he'll talk to you about this thing, if you want."

"That'll be fine," I said, and thanked him and went out.

So four or five days after that I was taking lunch with this fellow down there in Washington, a long dark quiet man, who sat and made marks with a sharp pencil on his menu card, and let you talk. I won't give you his name, for obvious reasons. After lunch I started telling him what I'd run across already—the tendency for the Government to pile up and keep going war costs in its appropriations following the war.

Liquidating the War

"OVER eighty-five per cent of our Federal taxes," I said, "will go to war costs—for wars past and present—when they get their financial layout completed for the government year starting next July first."

He nodded assent but he didn't say anything, just sat marking on his card with his sharp pencil.

"And meanwhile," I said, "the Federal taxes have mounted up to six and seven times what they were before wartime. I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Government costs always grow like that after a war," he said; and stopped again, looking at the marks he'd made with his lead pencil.

"It's natural, in a way, I can see," I said.

"You take the Civil War," he said, studying, looking sidewise at the clean sharp mark he'd just made on his menu. "Government expenditures jumped up just about the same way as now."

"Yes, I know," I said. "That's the way they go."

"Yes," he said; "larger figures, that's all. They jumped from the tens of millions to the hundreds of millions."

"And we from the hundreds of millions into the billions!"

"Precisely," he said, making a very fine dot with his sharp pencil. "But in a larger country—with greater resources. No," he said then, "the question of taxes is a big one. They're going to make a main campaign issue of it, and from now on you'll hear the orators shouting and the newspapers hammering on that line. But the great big question is something different from our immediate tax rate, something vastly bigger."

"Something bigger?" I said after him.

"They won't cut down your Federal tax rate this year—as you know. You can't have lower Federal taxes now for three years, in my opinion, unless some great accident happens. Later they can cut down if they manage right. There are great items in your tax bill that may and should be temporary—totaling probably as much as $1,500,000,000 a year. But whether this works out properly depends on the other thing—this really great main question I was talking about."

"What might that be?" I asked him. "There must be some size to it—whatever it is!"

"There is."

"What is it?"

"It's the credit of the whole country," he said, and stopped, his pencil motionless now, dug deep into a hole in his menu card. "The place where it is going to sum up. The peak of the load, you might call it."

I waited for him.

"I don't mean merely the Government's credit now," he said. "I mean the credit of the whole country—yours and mine and everybody's in business!" And he stopped.

"Go on," I said finally, "if you will."

"You know what we're doing now, don't you?" he asked me, looking up with a slow abstracted look after a while. "All of us—in the Government and out? We're liquidating—or we're trying to liquidate a war."

I nodded at him.

"That is, if we can."

"Before it liquidates us!" I answered.

"Yes," he said, and stopped to think again. "But the Government," he went on after a while, "as our agent, of course, got us into the war, and carried it on financially as well as otherwise; and now it has to start getting us out again."

"Yes," I said.

"Now the main thing," he was going on, with his sharp pencil poised in the air, "or the first thing to be decided in this country, hangs right here: Will this Government be competent to liquidate this war or not? You're willing to accept that as a general proposition, are you?"

"I certainly am," I said, thinking of what I had learned about the expenditures in the current Government year.

"The whole thing hangs there," he said. "If we liquidate this war properly we can come down, in my opinion, to a fairly reasonable basis of taxation and general business credit within four or five years."

"And if we don't—if we don't liquidate it?" I asked.

"We won't talk about that," he said. "It isn't a pleasant subject. But now," he went on digging in with his pencil again, "you're a business man, Mr. Burnham. Let's look at this thing now as a business proposition—as a proposition in liquidation. Let's put it over into terms of business. What have you got, say, in the line of organization to do business with—if we consider ourselves for the minute on the basis of modern terms—on the basis of a corporation?"

I watched him while he stopped.

"You've got a corporation of 110,000,000 stockholders, we'll say."

"Yes."

"And who's their agent who's got to clean up this matter? Who's the board of directors, let's say?"

"The Government," I said, making a stab at it.

"Congress—in the last analysis, isn't it?" he asked me. "The way it works now?"

"I suppose it is."

"So you've got quite a cumbersome arrangement to start with—in organization. You've got over 100,000,000 stockholders and some 500 directors."

"Mostly lawyers," I said, getting his idea.

Our Outstanding Liabilities

"MOST anything but business men—or financiers," he said. "That's something of a handicap to start with, in this particular line we're talking about."

"You might think so."

"But let that go," he said, "for the present. Let's look for a minute now at the proposition itself. "We had," he said then, "up to a year and a half ago, this going business on our hands—a going war. We'd put $37,500,000,000 into it."

"Ten billion of it loaned to other countries—other corporations," I said.

"Yes. But it was our obligation just the same, and is now, and will be at best for some years to come."

"All right," I said, letting him go.

"Of this $37,500,000,000," he said, writing it out on his menu, "we paid off something like one-third from current receipts from taxes, leaving, let's say, for rough calculation, $24,000,000,000 out on credit."

"Yes," I said, watching him.

"With between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 creditors—in bonds and loans and other credits."

"Some credit operation," I said.

"The war stopped," he went on, "like a pistol shot. From a going proposition we had a bankrupt war on our hands."

"To close out."

"With some billions of assets," he said, "so we thought, to help liquidate it with. And that's what we're doing—or we're trying to do to-day to liquidate these assets as far as possible, so as to start liquidating the war. If we can only do it," he said, and stopped again, evidently thinking.

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

"I should call it," he said, "preferred creditors."

"Preferred creditors?" I said after him.

The Preferred Creditors

"YES," he told me. "If you don't mind I'll take them up in order. When this war closed," he went on, "in November, 1918, we had of course billions of dollars tied up in special assets—in machinery for making war. A great part of these we knew we never could hope to liquidate. It was specialized machinery, made for very specialized business. But there were other assets, too. On the whole, what would you have said offhand was the most promising single asset we had to liquidate?"

"I haven't one idea," I said.

"Well," he said, "call it the new merchant marine. At least I should have, offhand, theoretically. The ships of the world were half gone. We had ships—and ships building. And the prices were three times what they had been. We had about $1,400,000,000 invested there, in this supposedly valuable asset, on the date of the armistice.

"You know in general, I presume," he went on, "about the United States Shipping Board and its Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was one of those special institutions we created during and for the war—like nothing outside of war in the known world. We gave it government money; it spent it for the particular war purpose of creating a fleet. It wasn't really a part of the Government. We threw it out—in eruption, you might say—just as the earth threw out the moon. It was responsible to nobody but Congress. Until Congress acted it could go on revolving, in its own orbit, of its own motion, as long as its motion was not stopped by special action or in some financial way."

"By Congress," I said.

"Yes. Exactly. Now then," he went on, looking up with a sudden kind of unexpected smile, "there was a variety of criticisms concerning the operations of this organization and the spending of that first $1,400,000,000. You may remember a few! I will not refresh your memory, at any rate, excepting on those which bear strictly on our particular subject—the credit situation in the country in general, and of the Government in particular."

"The cost-plus shipyards and ship contracts!" I chipped in.

"And the special wage awards!"

Looking from the Colonnade of the Arlington Amphitheater Over the Seats to the Stage

Cost-Plus Evils

"THERE was nothing in this whole war," I said, heating up, for I was hot on that subject, "that did more to tear up business in this country than that same cost-plus system. It did more to make cheap profiteering millionaires, it did more to get ideas of underproduction into the heads of American laborers, than any six other things that happened in the war."

"It wasn't only in the shipyards, you remember," he said, looking up at me and starting his marking again.

"No," I answered, "but it hit one of the highest spots there. And when you add the wages they paid to anybody and everybody!"

"They weren't exactly reticent," he said to me, "you might admit, in rewarding either capital or labor."

"When you talk about cost inflation—if you know any place where it started from so much as that, I'll ask you for its name!"

He sat marking his menu until I got over my excitement. "I don't," he answered me then.

"There was inflation there in profits and in labor; in habits of underproduction that we haven't got rid of yet, and won't for some little time—years perhaps. But the point I was making is just a little different."

"About the preferred-creditors question?" I guessed.

"Yes. They built up, in this shipping board, a new industry—from nothing practically—for this war. They

(Continued on Page 65)

The Capitol at Night

STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXIII

HOWARD GAGE'S life had become an impossibility. This conviction, a phrase apparently shot into him like an arrow, he was unable to dislodge or ignore. But he was equally unable to see any prospect of change, any escape short of an ending. However, that never for a moment entered his mind. His familiarity with death, though it had blotted out the mere deterrent of sensitory dread, had not reconciled him to such an arbitrary finality. Here, he recognized, was the faint stirring—another aspect—of his obscure questioning, the desire which had interfered with the complete logic of an entire condemnation of being. He wanted something; he was dissatisfied. A great deal that Daniel Gage had said to him, and Dan's flashes of anger at his refusal to enter the Gage Steel and Iron Works, returned to his mind. Daniel had told him that eventually he would require something actual from living.

Very well, he was right, and he, Howard, now made precisely that demand. He gazed about the room, indeterminate in the single light on the stand by his bed—the candles on the dressing table were dark—as though he expected an immediate tangible reply to his admitted need. The admittance alone, he felt, was an act of virtue, an acknowledgment, and should have some attention. None was forthcoming. The night, sensuous and warm and debilitating, flowed darkly in at the windows. The moon was up, but not full, and there was just enough radiance to see the pale blur of the dogwood. Bagatelle, shut in with high hedges from the strident, troubled world, was a verdant paradise.

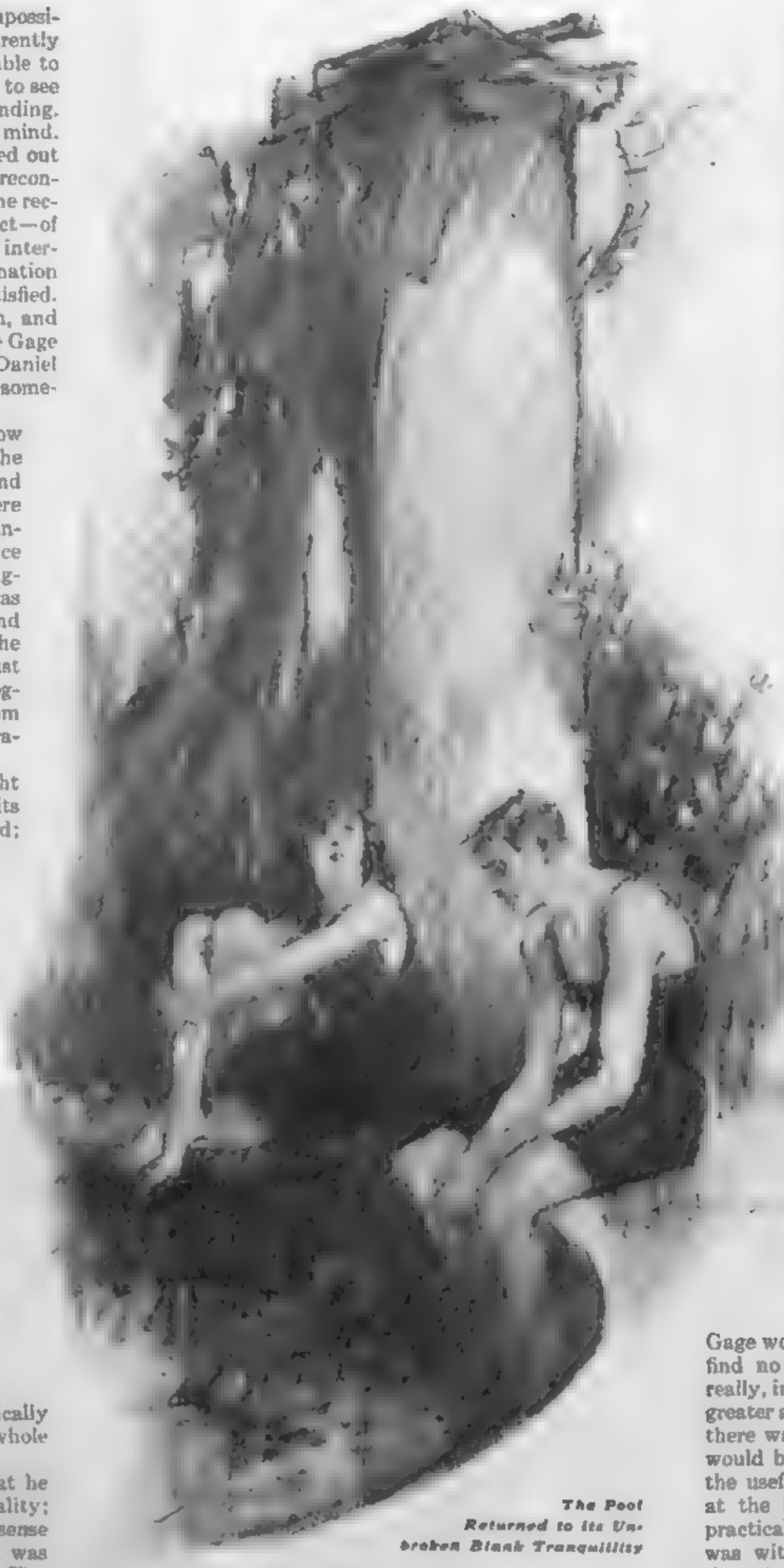
It was even lovelier than when with utter delight he had returned last summer. But suddenly its promise to charm and satisfy him had vanished; Howard stood looking down into the tranquillity with a sensation of antagonism, almost of anger, as though a cunning ambush had been laid for him among the privet. He distrusted it all—the garden, the birds and the influence of spring. Already they had betrayed him into an inexplicably stupid error. A little more and he would have been hopelessly involved in what he held to be a catastrophe.

The effects of the war, Howard recognized, clung to him disturbingly; though he had lost his first sheer revulsion—that, indeed, had disappeared while he was yet in action—he was still victimized by the confusion that had driven him from the dining room. This state, different from a tangible wound, offered no comfortable possibility of assistance, nothing he could grasp; it would go or ultimately be his ruin, as obscurely as it lurked within him. It was really a shrinking that developed into a positive fear; and, recalling his involuntary dread under fire, the possibility struck him that the artillery had found and relentlessly exposed a hidden weakness. This consideration grew into a depressed question of his fitness for a sphere so tyrannically dependent, for happiness or success, on the whole body of society and opinion.

His unavoidable difficulty lay in the fact that he couldn't summon to his aid the least sentimentality; his pessimism hadn't abated by a jot; and what sense of exterior obligation he might once have had was more thoroughly destroyed than anything else. The duties that were largely regarded as inevitable, sacred, to men and to their country, left him untouched, cold. The enthusiasms, the scramble about him, seemed hardly more than laughable, not worth the turning of a hand. It was all lies and delusions and pettiness. And it was this because almost no one cared for the truth or feared it; sick, perhaps, with disappointment.

Here his isolation was closed about him perpetually—he had only to express a conviction, become serious, to meet with opposition, the dislike of the men about him. This began as a rule with the admission of his detestation of war. A mild, uneasy acquiescence met him, followed by silence and the trite opinion that fighting was inborn in man.

But if, further, he explained why war was abhorrent to him, if he made plain, as far as he knew it, the ugly net of circumstances behind the heroism of battle fronts—the opposition grew into a determined hostility and the conviction that he was lacking in proper feeling. If he even hinted that men were wasted by incompetence, by politics masked as patriotism, his loyalty was challenged. In everything else practically it was the same—no one wanted honesty, but preferred fantastic dreams; no one wanted actuality, but clung fanatically to a tinsel pretense.



The Pool Returned to its Unbroken Blank Tranquillity

It was as though, long ago, a masquerade had been proposed which had taken the place of reality; and people, now powerless to escape from the deceit, made over and over their false gestures and speech. Pleasure, if possible, was drearier.

He remembered the fall races of the Welch Hunt—the pink coats of the riders, lost mostly in the landscape, the raw insistent voices of the bookmakers and the cheap excitement of the spectators drawn cheaply from the dullness of their lives. The mechanical dances, the stolid or drunken dinners, were no better—Sophie whispering in disturbed snatches to Moreland; jealousy, tears, weariness, complaint. The young, he admitted, were happy, gay for a moment; but how quickly they hardened, lost their freshness, readjusted themselves to a world where gayety was a term of reproach. At the dinners he heard, echoing sharply through the obvious compliments, the constant dissatisfaction with the gin, with dresses, with the rouging of a cheek. The dishes, like the clothes, were either more elaborate than necessary or meager.

Dreariness and animosity.

Here even more than in its solemnity the world he was considering failed; it offered him nothing. For a time, like so many others, he had veiled the emptiness of such existence with obliterating drinks; but now he had lost the sense of that relief. It had, against the pressure of his summoned memories, his supreme discontent, failed him. He felt incontestably the uselessness of temporary measures.

What, in the name of God, was it that he wanted? Where could he find peace, the peace for which, more than anything else, he longed? If it wasn't here at Bagatelle on a night like this—and it was as remote as it had been on the banks of the Vesle—where could he hope to find it? How, even, could he look for a condition without a name, banished, it seemed to Howard, from the earth? He remembered, out of his childhood, sentences in the Bible about, principally, a rich man who, searching like himself for release, was advised to give away all that he had. But Howard disagreed violently with this; it wouldn't help him, he was sure, to lose what material security he had.

The absolute quiet round him, the garden fading at the setting of the fragmentary moon into nothingness, increasingly oppressed him. Suddenly he thought that sound, a noise, an uproar, would be infinitely better. There was actuality in the crash of artillery putting down twenty shells to the second. Nothing was here except the insidious presence of an ambush, of treachery. The war, though, or at least for his life, was over, the artillery silent; and he wouldn't at any gain voluntarily return to that. He fell asleep, with his head resting on arms propped on the window ledge; and when he woke the morning was gray.

Nothing had been changed, lessened, by his brief unconsciousness; only the approaching day, already musical with the birds, seemed more unbearable than before; the tranquillity of Bagatelle appalling. He wanted the harshest clamor imaginable, and, in place of flowery sod and opening leaves, ugliness, danger. He wanted the association of rough, coarse voices and facts, the impact of men. In the turmoil of his sensations he remembered the converter shop of the Gage works, the cruel brightness of the pouring steel, the blackened walls and stacks; he saw the molders and pattern makers and grimy helpers; he heard the maddening burr of the fettling hammers, and he was seized with the conviction that there, for an hour, he might be reprieved.

XXIV

WALKING over the unpaved footway of the avenue that led to the Gage works, however, Howard told himself that he would find no possibility of permanent interest, of salvation really, in the manufacturing of steel and iron. He had no greater attachment now than before to the family industry; there wasn't a chance, he felt, that a beneficent miracle would bring him, like a prodigal, back to the tradition, the usefulness and good name of the Gages. What lay at the base of his indifference was the fact that the practical aspect, the selling, the interchange of value, was without importance to him. Howard had neither the attachments of sentiment nor economy to the plant. And, in addition, his illogical dislike of the whole thing persisted. This had not only been the result of his earlier annoyance in the office of the purchasing agent; it had come equally from the effort to force him arbitrarily into the foundry, and his general restlessness after the war.

The morning was overcast, not by clouds but filled with an enveloping haze, warm and damp. It gave an air of vagueness and unreality to the solidest objects. The freight cars occupying the middle of the avenue, buildings and trucks and men, seemed unsubstantial and remote. Two negroes were shoveling coal from a car; there was a grinding and rattling fall as they bent slowly and rose, projected, from where Howard stood, against the sky. They were as black as the coal, with shifting muscles that gleamed through ragged shirts, and faces of utter mystery. Laboring in space, they appeared gigantic, as though—belonging to a more heroic age—they could as easily shovel the present into the waiting trucks of oblivion.

Howard turned at the corner of the long wall that bore his name; but in place of entering the office, as before, he continued to the yard entrance, through which he passed by a watchman's house and platform scales. The yard was, if possible, more confused and dreary than when he had last seen it. The piles of lumber had grown; there were careless

heaps of sand; an endless chain-belt with a dull clanking was carrying the pig iron to an upper level; the earth, frozen in winter, was slippery with mud and had collected pools of grimy water. But, at least, now he knew where the converters were, lying at a right angle from the fettling shop, and he mounted the short flight of open broken steps and pulled back the door. He walked round the base of the cupola to the floor and found it nearly deserted.

The light was vague outside, but there was a dimness like settled dusk here, a dusk and a diffused sullen roar, which came, he saw, from a ladle filled, as before, with swirling flame. It cast a hot glow on the face of a man hammering slag from the ends of a sheaf of long stirring rods. Beyond it other obscure laborers grew slowly visible; the shrillness of the escaping air pressure was like the spite of gigantic hornets, and a sudden thumping rose at his back. This, he discovered, came from the violent shaking of a sand-filled mold—or was it a flask?—on a bumper. He asked, for the merest intelligence, the names and purposes of a number of processes and tools about him, and with the instinct he had already recognized he guessed many of others.

Howard watched for a long time the making of a mold. It was for the door of a coke oven, the molder told him, and lay in two halves, the cope and the drag. The wooden pattern had been drawn from the cope, leaving its impression beautifully in the sand; where the edges had been broken the workman, delicately skillful, was making repairs with a small double-ended spoon. The surface of the sand was studded with nail heads, to keep the mold firm, Howard thought first; then he discarded that for the correct solution—the nails had been specially inserted to affect the cooling, the contraction, of the metal.

The molder was young, and, under observation, worked with the mannerism of blended skill and pride; but his helper, stolid in middle age, stood with the air rammer on the unfinished drag, pounding the loose sand, indifferent to any presence, his expression largely screened by a soiled pale mustache. This mold, the former explained, was the biggest they had yet made in that shop of green sand. When it was finished, he continued, it would be skinned. As he spoke a long row of small molds, farther away, burst into open flame; and Howard followed a workman carelessly sprinkling them with gasoline from a watering pot. The fire spread from surface to surface, directly under his hand, as he poured, and when it halted he struck a match.

That, too, Howard finally, slowly grasped; some of the molds, which were called dry, were baked hard overnight in ovens; others, of a sharper different sand, were merely skinned with the gasoline and immediately used. He was watching this—waiting in reality for the flame to envelop the casual laborer—when a short, smooth-faced man stopped beside him.

"I asked," he said, "who you were, walking round the shop, and Mr. Dahl told me to put you out. See—they wanted to get me in bad, have a joke, but when I was closer I knew you right off for Mr. Gage." He had a pleasant, though slightly worried, strained voice, and an eager friendliness of manner, and he was, he told Howard, the shop superintendent. Was there anything he could explain or do? Yes, that was fairly large for a green-sand job; but if Howard would come with him to the other end he'd see some real molds—cores.

The superintendent had been, until his promotion, a core man; and there was nothing, he was confident, in the way of steel castings, that couldn't be best handled that way. As Howard walked on and the superintendent's back turned, the molder shook his head in a very vigorous denial of this, to him, ridiculous assertion. But the other plunged Howard enthusiastically into the technicalities of cores. They were made from still another variety of sand, mixed with oil, and he was assured that but for the prejudices of certain interested parties a general use of them would cut down the overhead by a staggering number of cents.

"Not only that," the superintendent went on, troubled. "I can't get any kind of a fire built in the ovens. I'll stay after time with one of these fellows and show him—a hundred or so of coke first, see, and build it up slow. Then right on top of that they'll fill her up, turn on the oil, and—where's the top molds? Cracked! Dust!

"But mind the cores—they don't take the room, they don't take the men; the flasks are piled like that, and one pour fills 'em."

Howard escaped, at last, from the core room, with its long tables of damp sand and heavy odor, the iron trays that slid into the blistering face of an oven. The apparent confusion round him was assuming a kind of practical order; he saw more men, variously engaged; but their labor moved, task to task, toward the supreme purpose of the converters, the involved process of finishing.

There were two Tropenas converters, like huge boilers terminating doubly in cones, set on trunnions above their pits, with, over them, the wide opening of the stacks Howard had seen towering outside. In one, as in the ladle, was a boiling fire; it swept out of the round opening of the upper cone with a fitful glare. The mercurial flames of the gasoline fluttered down the middle of the immense floor; burning coke in a nest of iron flasks cast up tremulous violet fire; and from the dust-covered glass, high in the roof, wan diagonal rays of sunlight filtered through ascending smoke, and faintly, bluely touched shifting men, glided over the passing chains of the cranes, rested on the curved black surfaces of iron and the flat surfaces of brick. It seemed to Howard that as the morning progressed there was an increased feeling of tension, as though at the approach of an ordeal final and unaccountable; he recognized the sensation—so familiar to him—of potential danger.

This was sharply voiced in the blasting whistle that announced noon. Some laborers, now easily disposed on cold and angular seats, were eating from packages wrapped in

(Continued on Page 89)

"You Used to Complain Because We Weren't Honest, But You Can't Say That of Me, Not Now"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$1.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 31, 1920

The Hard-Boiled

IT WAS evident for months before the Chicago convention that the great bulk of the people, as individuals, felt that their interests as well as the interests of the country would be best served by the nomination of the right sort of business man, but they took it out in feeling. There was no mass action, no concerted movement, no real beginnings of one. Instead, we heard a large amount of loose talk about what was desirable—imperative, indeed—and when it came to action our casual citizenry, being more concerned with how to put the kick into near-beer, and other similar important matters, than with the character and abilities of a President who is to administer this country during its four most crucial years, passed the buck to George. They let George do it.

Hence, George did it; and George, in this instance, was the group of Republican politicians that controls the majority of the United States Senate—a group that has now become an autocracy so far as the Republican Party is concerned.

The campaign that ended in Chicago, on June twelfth, with the nomination of Senator Harding, began on the day, in November, 1916, when it was certain that President Wilson had been reëlected, or some seventy-two hours after Election Day.

What followed was the result of negligence on the part of the people and diligence on the part of the politicians. It was all as obvious as the multiplication table. The politicians assumed control and worked on the theory that their assumption would not be disputed seriously. They were right. The nomination of Harding shows that, and that statement carries no disparagement of Harding, because no partisan Republican can find fault with him.

Nor is this intended to be a post mortem over what happened to those citizens who talked so much about a business man for President and did so little to get one nominated by the Republicans. If they had talked less and organized more six months ago they could have nominated any man of the quality demanded. It was entirely up to them, for the power the politicians assumed was, and is, entirely a delegated power, assumed and used because of the easy and lazy tolerance of the people, who are really the masters but allow themselves to be the mastered.

It may be, though, that at some future time, at some period in our history, the people will exert their power instead of allowing the politicians not only to exert it but to control it for them; it may be that the people will take this matter of nominating a President into their own hands. That is an optimistic statement, of course, but it may come to pass. Hence, a few rays of light let into this immediate and murky political past may serve a purpose. Fundamentally politics and politicians do not change. Policies may change, but not the machinery nor the mechanics. What happened during the preconvention campaign was old stuff, but effective.

If you want a thing done your way you must get men who do things your way to do it. That was the only problem the politicians had. Under the present system a candidate for President is nominated by a convention. A convention is made up of delegates, and these delegates do the nominating. Thus if the right sort of nomination is to be made the right sort of delegates must be in the convention to make it. That may go two ways, both for the people and for the politicians. It so far has gone but one way—for the politicians; because the politicians work at the job and do not talk, and the people talk and do not work.

Vast quantities of guff were exuded about the Chicago convention as an unbossed gathering, all superficially set forth because there was no big outstanding figure sitting behind a table in an inside room directing affairs. That was quite true. The man who is most nearly the big boss of the Republican Party—a senator, by the way—is Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and he was sick in Philadelphia: But the convention was bossed, none the less, and for this reason: The convention was made up largely of sub-bosses and sub-sub-bosses, who sat as delegates, all proficient in the work of running things, all amenable to orders. There were more than five hundred men in that convention, as delegates, out of the total of nine hundred and eighty-four, who had served as delegates in at least one previous convention, and more than three hundred who had served in two or more conventions in the same capacity—tried and true and trusty.

Take the New York delegation, for example. In that delegation were many veterans, and some of them with at least six conventions behind them—sub-bosses of skill and education, and all operating as per program. Analysis of any other delegation would reveal the same state of affairs—a preponderance of hard-boiled politicians, more than a majority, and all working for the desired and political end.

These men looked on Wood with equanimity, on Johnson with amusement, on the others with tolerance. They knew what they wanted and how to get it. They had more than a majority of the convention in delegates, and the condition that confronted them was to secure the nominee politically best suited for their politics. At the proper time they took Harding. They had long ago decided to give Wood and Johnson everything they wanted save the nomination, and there was nothing harsh or abrupt about their methods. Each outsider was given his fling. Then the hard-boiled closed into a compact mass and proceeded to the business at hand.

Had it not been for the Missouri disclosures they would have nominated Lowden. They liked Lowden, who is a strong and capable man, but politics intervened. Their hard-boiled delegates protested in local terms. They have been off the Federal pay rolls for eight years, and they have state and city and county tickets to elect this fall. Hard-boiled politics by hard-boiled politicians.

That is what happened, reduced to its simplest terms. And why it happened may be reduced to terms equally simple. It happened because the people of the United States allowed the politicians to name the delegates with only perfunctory protest or participation. Less than thirty per cent of the total vote was cast at the primaries that selected these delegates, and twenty-five per cent of that thirty per cent of the total vote was cast for political rather than for popular reasons. That's the answer. The people, who might have put up and elected the delegates, allowed the politicians to put up and elect the delegates.

Hoover

FOR a year before the Chicago convention Herbert Hoover was stronger with the people than any man mentioned for President, and weaker with the politicians. The greatest item of that strength with the people was that weakness with the politicians. Hoover and the friends he took into counsel failed to realize this fact, and the result was one of the most melancholy political episodes of our times—nine and a half votes for Hoover out of a total of nine hundred and eighty-four, and those only after the nomination of another was an accomplished fact. Six was Hoover's highest flight in any ballot before the result was determined.

It is conceivable that Hoover did not want to be nominated for President, but he allowed himself to remain as a candidate, receptively at least.

It is difficult to analyze the efforts of the Hoover folks at the Chicago convention, which was a political convention in every aspect, made up of politicians and subject only to political methods and influences. Old observers of conventions never saw an open candidate for a nomination with so many conferees, so many conferences and so few delegates. The Hoover managers seemed to be more concerned with getting tickets for the convention than with getting votes. They staged a pretty flag-waving demonstration in the galleries, entirely overlooking the fact that the spectators have no votes, and that Hoover enthusiasts in the galleries could have waved flags for forty years without changing a single vote on the floor, without any effect on the hard-boiled delegates who sat in bored indifference to it all, waiting for the shouters to tire themselves out and planning to get on with the business in hand as soon as the tumult died, which business was, in the first instance, not to nominate Hoover. Vast numbers of telegrams were poured in on the delegates urging support for Hoover, with exactly the same effect as to results as would have been attained if the telegrams had urged votes for the caliph of Bagdad.

It was a lamentable ending for what should have been a triumphant popular victory. More people wanted Hoover nominated than expressed preference for all the other candidates combined, and Hoover got nine and a half votes at his highest. Why?

The sentiment for Hoover was nonpartisan. It existed in both parties. The politicians on both sides were afraid of Hoover. All he had to do was to keep them afraid, and he would have been a force they would have considered. Instead he declared himself a Republican, and went into the California primaries, where he had no chance in the circumstances.

Once he did those things he was done for, and the people, too, because he eliminated himself from Democratic consideration and tagged himself for the Republican politicians. The Republicans, knowing Hoover's strength with the people, were frightened over the prospect of his nomination by the Democrats. But when Hoover made himself impossible for the Democrats he also made himself the victim of the professional Republicans. Once his status was established, once the Republicans knew that the Democrats could not take him, the work of defeating him at Chicago became merely a matter of routine—merely a matter of instructions to amenable and hand-picked delegates.

If Mr. Hoover's friends had expended an amount of energy six months ago in his behalf equal to that they expended after it was apparent to everybody but themselves that the Chicago convention was framed against him the outcome might have been different, and probably would have been; or if Mr. Hoover, instead of tying a tag on himself, had continued calmly and quietly untagged there might have been another story to tell. The people were satisfied with his political position and with his political ideas. They had faith in him, and needed no declarations.

But Hoover's friends could not see this, and by hastening to become partisanly possible for the Republicans he became popularly impossible.

Politics is a highly specialized business, and will so remain until the people decide to specialize in it themselves, instead of allowing their political affairs to be managed by self-seeking experts. It has been a long time since there was so ripe an opportunity for popular participation and success as was presented by Hoover and his strength among the people.

THE ZERO HOUR

Our Railroads in the Balance

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY J. EASLEY

ON A FAIRLY recent evening eight railroad engineers, members in good standing of their brotherhood, were set upon by a gang of organized thugs—in the picturesque phraseology of the railroaders, a wrecking crew—in the shadows of the great Northwestern terminal in the city of Chicago and so badly beaten up that they had to be sent to the nearest hospitals for treatment. Two or three of them are still under the care of physicians for the injuries that they received that June evening.

Yet the Chicago newspapers of that very morning announced that satisfactory progress was being made with the switchmen's strike. They predicted an early break-up of the entire outlaw walkout, and apparently without a definite knowledge that each ensuing twenty-four hours was seeing the whole outrageous business gain in its vicious strength; yet quite naturally, for that very strength has been almost anything else than apparent. That is a large part of its viciousness.

General Effects of Rail Conditions

UP TO this time we have had about every difficult and disagreeable thing in our railroad crisis except physical violence. Now it seems to have fairly embarked upon this final phase of disordered industrialism. The Chicago imbroglio is not particularly exceptional. Indeed, to-day I should say that it was all too typical. Brotherhood men all over the country—members of the most powerful unions that this land has ever known—literally go to their work nightly in fear and in trembling. In few of our big railroad cities—particularly those of the East—is police protection to-day at its highest point of efficiency, for a variety of reasons which need no particular explanation here and now, which means in turn that rowdyism and thuggism are at high-water marks. When these are organized by brains and financed with plenty of real money they seem to go all but unchecked, and loyal railroaders of every sort suffer the penalty—in the first instance, at least, with the dear old public as usual in the rôle of the great and the final instance.

"It is the most adroit and, consequently, the most dangerous strike that we have ever been compelled to face," said a veteran Eastern railroader to me on the day after the Chicago affray, which was kept carefully secreted from the daily newspapers. "Adroit, in that at no time were all the switchmen pulled out from work in one great mass and our roads left entirely paralyzed and helpless. Such a course would have been grandstand play, and little more. Moreover, it not only would have immediately incensed the general public to a point of quick and nation-wide reprisals, but probably would have brought the Federal Government into the situation with its strong arm of authority, and if necessary the use of martial law and of its soldiers themselves as switchmen to keep the traffic moving.

"Such a step would not have been adroit. An outraged public sentiment would have ended the strike instanter and left the outlaw switchmen completely defeated. Their leaders foresaw that. The coal and the steel strikes were not without their lessons. So they planned their fight differently. They pulled out men here and men there—in a single day men by the hundreds and by the thousands—but never quite all the men. They left great interchange and divisional yards, such as West Albany and Altoona and Brunswick and Collinwood and Elkhart, never entirely paralyzed, but partially so, which was just as bad if not worse for the conduct of the railroads."

The old-time railroader is right. As these lines are being written the paralysis of the railroads is extending slowly from the carriers to American industry in general. Not only are the plans of our roads for the return of after-war service being seriously delayed—in many cases abandoned—but they are far removed from being able to render even their minimum wartime services. Then other industry halts. Any thinking man may quickly see how very dependent it is upon rail service; how extremely sensitive to delays of every sort in that service.

When I was in Minneapolis very early in June there were at least 55,000,000 bushels of wheat in the elevators roundabout that should not have been there at that season of the year; some 125,000,000 bushels more in the elevators of Kansas and of Nebraska. They were waiting box cars for shipment east, and the box cars were not forthcoming. Banks were becoming embarrassed and the great wholesale merchants of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and the Twin Cities were unable to make their normal collections. Business was slowing down. You cannot have a sick railroad system in this nation without a general industry sick in sympathy.

Car Congestion in the East

OTHER industries also were suffering in a greater or a lesser degree. The cantaloupe growers of the Imperial Valley were telling me that they needed 12,000 cars to move their abnormal 1920 crop. But the wise railroaders who serve that newest Valley of the Nile knew that they would be lucky if they received half that quota—which means that close to half of the crop would go to rot and waste.

Yet these same railroaders of the Southwest were to be blamed the least of all. Their own tracks and yards were fairly clear—too clear, in fact. They needed more cars—hundreds and thousands more cars. The trouble lay many, many miles to the east—in the overcongested and paralyzed yards and terminals of its great industrial centers. From that congestion the cars were not coming

(Continued on Page 106)

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

XVIII

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FIRST of all, within the State House, there was burgeoning of the separate lights of the wall brackets, and then the great chandeliers burst into bloom. Electrician Torrey possessed a quick understanding and was in the habit of doing a thorough job whenever he tackled anything. He threw in the switches as rapidly as he could operate them. Story by story the great building was flooded with effulgence that mounted to the upper windows and overflowed into the night with a veritable cascade of brilliancy when the thousand bulbs of the dome's circlet flashed their splendor against the sky. The lamps of the broad front portico and its approaches added the final dazzling touch to the general illumination.

From a sullen gloomy hulk of a building, with its few lights showing like glowering eyes in ambush, the State House was transformed into a temple of glory, thrust into the heavens from the top of Capitol Hill, a torch that signaled comforting candor, a reassuring beacon. The surprise of the happening stilled the uproar. Neither Morrison inside nor the mob outside was bothering with any mental analysis of the psychology of the thing. Something had happened! There was the light! It threw into sharp relief every upturned face in the massed throng. Their voices remained hushed.

Commander Lanigan, standing above them on a marble rail, his figure outlined against a pergola column, did his best to put some of his emotions into speech.

He shouted, "Some night-blooming cereus, I'll tell the world!" The great doors swung open slowly. They remained open. Now curiosity replaced astonishment and held the rioters in their tracks; their mouths were wide, the voices mute.

The mayor of Marion walked into view. The columns of the porte-cochère were supported on a broad base and he climbed up and was elevated in the radiance high above their heads. He smiled hospitably.

"Boys, it's open house, and the house is yours. Hope you like its looks! But what's the big idea of the surprise party?" No one took it on himself to reply. He waited tolerantly. "Well, out with it!" he suggested.

Somebody with a raucous voice ventured, "You probably know what they've been trying to hide away from the people inside there. Suppose you do the talking."

"I'm not here to make a speech."

"Well, answer a question, then!" This was a shrill voice. "What about those soldiers and those machine guns in there?"

"Not a word."

With yells, oaths and catcalls the crowd offered comment on that declaration. His demeanor as a statue of patience was more effective than remonstrance in quieting them.

"Any other gentleman wish to offer more remarks? Get it all out of you!" He utilized the hush. "Boys, I'm going to give you something better than words. Hearing can't always be trusted. But seeing is believing!"

He pulled a police whistle from his pocket and shrilled a signal.

For a time there was no answer or demonstration of any sort.

Then the tramp of marching feet was heard on the pavement of the square.

It was Marion's police force, issuing from some point of mobilization near at hand; it was the force in full strength, led by the chief; he was in dress-parade garb and the radiance of the square was reflected in imposing high lights by his gold braid.

The crowd was shaken by eddies and was convulsed by quickly formed vortices. Morrison was studying that mob with his keen gaze, watching the movements as they sufficed to reveal an expression of emotions. "Hold on, boys! Don't run away!" he counseled. "Wait for the big show! No arrests intended! Only cowards and guilty men will run!"

The light that was shed from the State House was pitilessly revealing; men could not hide their movements. Morrison reiterated his promise and dwelt hard on the coward-and-guilty part of his declaration.

The chief of police waved his hand and the crowd parted obediently and the officers marched up the lane, four abreast.

"Hold open that passage as you stand, fellow citizens!" the mayor commanded. "There's more to this show! You haven't seen all of it! Hold open, I tell you!"

Men whom he recognized as Lanigan's Legion members were jumping in on the side lines as the policemen passed. With arms extended the veterans held back those whom Morrison's commands were not restraining.

"That's good teamwork, Joe," Stewart informed Lanigan when the latter hurried past to take his place as a helper.

The advent of the police had provoked a flurry; their movements after their arrival caused a genuine surprise. They gave no indication of being interested in the crowd that was packed into Capitol Square. The ears of the mob were out for orders of dispersal. Eyes watched to see the officers post themselves and operate according to the usual routine in such matters. But the policemen marched straight into the State House, preserving their solid formation. The bugle sounded again within. With a promptness that indicated a good understanding of the procedure to be followed the St. Ronan's Rifles came marching out. Captain Sweetsir saluted smartly as he passed the place where the mayor of Marion was perched.

"How about three cheers for the boys?" Morrison shouted. "What's the matter with you down there?"

He led them off as cheer leader. He marked the sullen groups, the voiceless malcontents as best he was able. The Legion boys were vehemently enthusiastic in their acclaim. The guards marched briskly. The machine guns clanged along the pavement, bringing up the rear.

"That's all!" Stewart declared when the soldiers were well on their way.

"Now you don't need any words, do you? I'll merely state that your State House is open to the people."

"Like blazes it is!" bawled somebody.

He pointed to the open doors, his reply to that challenge.

"How about those cops?" demanded somebody else.

"Your State House is open, I tell you. If you want to go in go ahead. It's open for straight business, and it will stay open. There are no dark corners for dirty tricks or lying whispers. It's your property. If there's any whelp mean enough to damage his own property he'll be taken care of by a policeman. That's why they're in there. That's what you're paying taxes for, to have policemen who'll take care of sneaks who can't be made decent in any other way. Some other gentleman like to ask a question?"

Morrison realized that he had not won over the elements that were determined to make trouble. His searching eyes were marking the groups of the rebels. He directed an accusatory finger at one man, a Marion politician.

"Matthewson, what's on your mind? Don't keep it all to yourself and those chaps you're buzzing with!"

Matthewson, thus singled out, was embarrassed and incensed at the same time.

"What have they been trying to put over with that militia, anyway?"

"Put protection over state property, because such mouths as yours have been making threats ever since election. But just as soon as it was realized that good citizens, like the most of these here, were misunderstanding the situation and were likely to be used as tools of gangsters, out went the militia! You saw it go, didn't you?"

"I'd like to know who did all that realizing you're speaking of!"

"It's not in good taste for an errand boy of my caliber to gossip about the business of those for whom he is doing errands. I'll merely say, Matthewson, that the people of this state can always depend on the broad-gauged good sense of United States Senator Corson to suggest a solution of a political difficulty. And you may be sure that the state government will back him up. Go down town and ask the boys of the guard who it was that gave the command for them to leave the State House. After that you'd better go home to bed. That's good advice for all of you."

A shrill voice from the center of the massed throng cut in sharply: "Go home like chickens and wait to have your necks wrung! Go home like sheep and wait for the shearer and the butcher!"

The mayor leaned forward and tried to locate the agitator.

"Hasn't the gentleman anything to say about goats? He's missing an excellent opportunity!" Morrison showed the alert air of a hunter trying to flush game in a covert. The provoking query had its effect.

"Yes, that's what you rulers call us—the goats!"

A brandished fist marked the man's position in the mob.

"Ah, there you are, my friend! What else have you on your mind?"

"I'll tell you what you have on your face. You have the mark of an honest man's hand there! I saw him plant it!"

"And what's the answer?" asked Stewart pleasantly.

"You're a coward! You're not fit to advise real men what to do!"

"I'm afraid you have me sized up all too well!" There was something like wistful apology in Morrison's smile.

Lanigan had forced his way close to the plinth where the mayor was elevated. The

(Continued on Page 30)

"Gentlemen, I Don't Expect to Settle the Problems of the World Here This Morning. I'm Simply Demanding That the Thing be Given a Fair Start on the Right Track"

"Boys you find of many a kind
But the kindest kind to me
Is Campbell's buoy that buoys up boys
In any old kind of sea"

A Regular Buoy

While everybody loves "the good old summer time," no one enjoys cooking hearty meals over a hot stove at this season.

Yet, summer is just the time when appetizing nourishment is especially needed. In this trying situation the conscientious housewife finds a wonderful boon in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

It provides a tempting and wholesome dish which goes a long way toward a satisfying summer luncheon or supper.

It is rich in the sustaining nutriment so necessary to buoy up the energies of those who must keep on steadily through most of the season with the regular daily task.

It is easy to digest, already cooked, ready to serve at three minutes' notice and reduces kitchen heat and labor almost to the vanishing point.

Order a dozen and have it on hand.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

"No Matter! Perhaps I'm Not in the Right Frame of Mind to Enjoy Poetry"

(Continued from Page 28)

commander's head was tipped back, his goggling eyes were full of anguished rebuke and his mouth was wide open. The man in the crowd yelped again, encouraged by his distance and by Morrison's passivity under attack.

"You think you own a mill. Your honest workmen own it. You are a thief!"

"Aw-w, wake up!" Lanigan squawked hoarsely. "Ain't it in you? Ain't a spark of it in you?"

Morrison delivered sharp retort in an undertone:

"Don't you know better than to tangle my lines when I'm playing a fish? Shut up!" He tossed his hand at the individual in the crowd, inviting him to speak further.

"You're a liar too!" responded the disturber.

"That's a tame epithet, my friend, commonly used in debate. I'm afraid you're running out of ammunition. Haven't you anything really important to say, now that I'm giving you the floor?"

Men were beginning to remonstrate and to threaten in behalf of the mayor of the city.

"Hold on, boys!" Morrison entreated. "We must give our friend a minute more if he really has anything to say. Otherwise, we'll adjourn ——"

The bait had been dangled ingratiatingly; a movement had been made to jerk it away—the fish bit, promptly and energetically.

"I'll say it—I'll say what ought to be said—I'll shame the cowards here!"

"Let Brother What's-His-Name come along, boys! Please! Please!" The mayor stretched forth his arms and urged persuasively. "Keep your hands off him! Let him come!"

"They're going over him for a gat, Mister Mayor," called Lanigan. "I've given 'em one lesson in that line this evening already!"

The volunteers who were patting the disturber released him. The patting had not been in the way of encouragement. "Nothing on him! Let him go!" commanded one of the searchers.

The man who came forcing his way through the press, his clenched fists waving over his head, was young, pallid, typically an academic devotee of radicalism, a phrenetic disciple, obsessed by *furor loquendi*. He was calling to the mob, trying to rouse followers.

"You have been standing here, freezing in the night, damning tyrants, boasting what you would do. Why don't you do it? Do you let a smirking ruler bluff all the courage of real men out of you? He's only doing the bidding of those higher up. He admits it! He's a tool too! He's a fool along with you if he tries to excuse tyranny. You have your chance now, and all the provocation that honest men need. The rulers tried to scare you with guns. But you have called the bluff. Their hired soldiers have run away. Now is your time! Take your government into your hands! Down with aristocrats! Smash 'em like we smashed their windows. They hold up an idol and ask you to bow down and be slaves to it; but you're only bowing to the drivers of slaves! They hide behind that idol and work it for all it's worth. They point to it and tell you that you must empty your pockets to add to their wealth, and work your fingers off for their selfish ends."

He halted a short distance from the plinth, declaiming furiously.

Morrison broke in, snapping out his words: "Down to cases, now! What is the idol?"

"A patchwork of red, white and blue rags!"

Morrison whirled, crouched on his hands and knees, set his fingers on the edge of the plinth and slid down the side. He swung for an instant at the end of his arms and dropped the rest of the way to the pavement.

Lanigan had started for the man, but Stewart overtook the commander, seized him by the collar and coat-tail slack and tossed him to one side.

"Here's a case at last where I don't need any help or advice from you, Joe!"

"Punch the face off'n him!" adjured Lanigan, even while he was floundering among the legs of the men against whom he had been thrown.

The mayor plunged through the crowd in the direction of the vilifier. The man did not attempt to escape.

"Strike me! Strike me down. I offer myself for my cause to shame these cowards!"

But Morrison did not use his fists, though Lanigan continued to exhort.

"There are altogether too many of you would-be martyrs round this city to-night. I can't accommodate you all!"

Stewart made the same tackle he had used in the case of Lanigan, and Spanish-walked his captive back toward the porte-cochère. "I reckon I do need your help, after all, Joe!" confessed Morrison, noting that Lanigan was on his feet again. "Give me your back and a boost!"

Then the captor suddenly tripped the captive and laid him sprawling at Lanigan's feet; before the fallen man was up Morrison, using the commander's sturdy shoulders and the thrust of the willing arms of his helper, had swung himself back to the top of the plinth. He knelt and reached down his hands. "Up with him Joe! Toss!"

Lanigan was helped by a comrade in making the toss. Morrison grasped the man, and yanked him upright and held him in a firm clutch. The mayor was receiving plenty of advice from the crowd by that time. The gist of the counsel followed Lanigan's suggestion about punching off the fellow's face. But the mob was by no means unanimous. Men were daring to voice threats against Morrison.

As it had availed before that evening, Morrison's imperturbable silence secured quiet.

"The opinion of the meeting seems to be divided," he said. He had recovered his poise along with his breath. "But no matter! I shall not adopt the advice of either side. I shall not let this fellow go until I have finished my business with him. I shall not punch his face off him. I'll not flatter him to that extent. A good American reserves his fists for a man fight with a real man." He shook the captive, holding him at arm's length. "Here's a young fool who has been throwing stones at windows. Here's a fresh rowdy who has been sticking out his tongue at authority. I know exactly what he needs!"

"He insulted the flag of this country! Turn him over to the police!" somebody insisted, and a roar of indorsement hailed the demand.

"Citizens, that would be like giving a mongrel cur a court trial for sheep killing! This perverted infant simply needs—dingbats!"

He shouted the last word. He twisted the radical off his feet, stooped and laid the victim across a knee that was as solid as a tree trunk, and with the flat of a broad hand began to whale the culprit with all his might.

The onlookers were silent for a few moments. Then there was a chorus of jeering approbation. When the shamed, humiliated, agonized radical—thus made a mark for gibes instead of a martyr for the cause—began to wail and plead, the men who were nearest the scene of flagellation started to laugh. The laughter spread like a fire through dry brambles. It ran crackling from side to side of the great square. It mounted into higher bursts of merriment. It became hilarity that was expended by a swelling roar that split wide the night silence and came beating back in riotous echoes from the façade of the State House. That amazing method of handling anarchy had snapped the tense strain of a situation that had been holding men's emotions in leash for hours. The ludicrousness of the

(Continued on Page 123)

"I Don't Want Any Apologies. They'd Make Me Feel Like a Fool—More of a Fool Than I Have Been"

The biq name in clothes

Medium prices — always

Men have drawn the line against inferior clothes at any price.

They are drawing the line against quality clothes at excessive prices.

All this works to the advantage of Styleplus Clothes—always known for their exceptional values at medium prices.

Buy Styleplus, the clothes whose label assures *style, all-wool quality,* and *absolute satisfaction*—at *medium prices* marked on the sleeve ticket by *us.*

When you read alluring claims about great clothing values, remember that Styleplus Clothes stand out the nation over for style and quality at prices that challenge competition everywhere.

Let the Styleplus label be your guide to sure economy in clothes.

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

Trade Mark Reg

ADMIRAL KOLCHAK

By Rear Admiral M. I. Smirnoff

Formerly Chief of Staff of the Russian Black Sea Fleet and Secretary of the Navy of the Omsk Government

Admiral Kolchak Visiting the Omsk Hospital of the American Red Cross

THE Russian national movement of 1919–1920 is closely linked with the name of Kolchak. It was Kolchak who proved to be that best man whom destiny saw fit to exalt to the high post of Russia's supreme ruler. For one year and a half Kolchak labored over the regeneration of his country. The several territorial governments of Russia acknowledged him the head of the Russian state. The Allied Governments, though they did not actually recognize the admiral as the head of the state, still consulted his opinion in all matters relating to Russia.

The Russian diplomatic representatives abroad recognized Kolchak as the head of the state, and carried out all his instructions. During the first period of Kolchak's activity the reconstruction of the national Russian state progressed entirely successfully, but later on, in the summer of 1919, there came reverses which finally resulted in a military débâcle. The armies of the local governments suffered defeat, and these governments themselves ceased to exist one after another. On the fifteenth of January Admiral Kolchak was captured by the revolutionaries at Irkutsk and lodged in prison, and on the seventh of February he was shot by the Bolsheviki.

The author of the present article was closely associated with Admiral Kolchak from early youth to his very death, having been with him at the Naval Cadets' Academy in Petrograd, in the general staff of the navy after the Russo-Japanese War, and having commanded during the World War a destroyer in the Russian Baltic Fleet. After Kolchak's appointment to the post of commander of the Black Sea Fleet he was made by him chief of the bureau of operations of the staff of the Black Sea Fleet. At the outbreak of the revolution he was appointed chief of staff of that fleet. Then he was recalled, together with Kolchak, from the Black Sea and sent to the United States on a special naval mission. Later, when Admiral Kolchak became supreme ruler of Russia, he was appointed Secretary of the Navy of the Russian Government.

The Admiral's Steady Rise

IN THIS way most of the service of the author of this article passed in closest collaboration with and under the direction of Admiral Kolchak. Their lifelong association resulted in mutual friendship.

Admiral Kolchak was a patriot, a man of great sincerity and honesty. He possessed a strong character and deep thoughtfulness. He never took a step without first studying the case thoroughly. The admiral was fond of the naval service, to which he had devoted himself ever since childhood, and he was an excellent, practical seaman. He did not confine himself merely to learning the special branches of the sea service, but was fond of exploring Nature and studying general science. His favorite reading was general history, and particularly the history of wars.

Notwithstanding the irascibility of his temperament, he enjoyed the love of the entire navy, on the part of officers as well as men. There were certain traits in his character which produced a most agreeable impression upon all who had any dealings with him. The admiral did not belong to any of the political parties, and was not a partisan of the old régime, blaming it for neglecting to take proper measures for the development of popular education and for stifling political thought in Russia. He was in sympathy with the Constitutional Democratic Party, at whose head stood Professor Milukov.

Kolchak was educated at the Naval Cadets' Academy in Petrograd, and made a sublieutenant in 1894. While still a cadet at the academy he enjoyed general respect and already showed the qualities of a leader. When I was in the youngest class of the academy Kolchak was in the oldest, holding the rank of a sergeant in my class. We—boys of thirteen—loved and esteemed Kolchak. Whenever the youthful cadets were indulging in mischief and noise it would be sufficient for Kolchak to appear on the scene. Then everything was hushed and the boys made to obey. He wielded greater authority than the officers who were our instructors.

In 1901–1902 Kolchak became interested in the exploration of the polar regions, and took part in the polar expedition of the schooner Zaria to the Arctic, the Kara Sea and the islands round Nova Zembla. This expedition was organized by the well-known Arctic explorer, Baron Toll. Before he started out upon this expedition Kolchak learned all that was necessary for it in Norway, under the direct guidance of Nansen, with whom he afterward maintained friendly relations.

In the polar regions Kolchak spent two years. Baron Toll left the schooner Zaria and went with a small sloop and by sledge to Bennett Island, where he perished. Kolchak, together with the other members of the expedition, returned to Petrograd. Then the Academy of Sciences—the highest scientific institution in Russia—fitted out an expedition to find the place where Baron Toll had perished, and to find the collections he had gathered.

Kolchak was appointed chief of this expedition, and in company with five other men he crossed Siberia to the Arctic coast and arrived aboard a small rowboat in the dead of the polar night at Bennett Island. He found the last spot visited by Baron Toll, ascertained that he had perished in his sloop while returning from Bennett Island, discovered the collections buried by Toll in the ground, explored the island and started back. Having crossed Siberia for about six hundred versts—about four hundred miles—partly by dog sleigh, partly on foot, Kolchak arrived in the beginning of 1904 at Irkutsk, where he learned that war had broken out between Russia and Japan.

Being a soldier and fond of his calling, Kolchak decided to go to the Front, and telegraphed to the naval authorities for permission to proceed to Port Arthur, for an appointment to the Pacific Fleet. At the same time he telegraphed to his fiancée in Petrograd to come to Irkutsk. In Irkutsk Kolchak was married. The next day he departed for Port Arthur and his young wife returned home.

The narrative of his voyage to Bennett Island and the collections he had brought with him he sent to the Academy of Sciences. The data gathered by Kolchak, as well as his work, represented a high scientific value. He was given for it the highest scientific award that could be made by the Academy of Sciences—the Golden Medal.

In Port Arthur, Kolchak, who held at this time the rank of lieutenant, was appointed commander of a destroyer, which he handled finely, and he enjoyed the reputation of a brave and resourceful officer. His destroyer perished, having been blown up by a Japanese mine. Kolchak was saved and appointed commander of the sector of the fortifications where the naval guns had been placed in position.

After the capitulation of the fortress of Port Arthur Kolchak was freed from captivity by the Japanese, as he was suffering severely with rheumatism, contracted in Port Arthur, and proceeded to Petrograd. For the heroism he had displayed while in Port Arthur he was awarded the high military distinction, the Sword of St. George.

After the loss of the Russian Navy and the conclusion of peace with Japan grave shortcomings were found to exist in the organization of the navy. Among the younger naval officers there appeared a desire for reform in the navy. One of the leaders of this movement was Lieutenant Kolchak. As a result of this movement a naval general staff was created in 1906, and its chief authorized to select twelve of the best naval officers for service in the new organization. Among those selected was, of course, Kolchak. The object of this staff was the preparation of the navy for war. Kolchak was one of the best workers in the new organization, and thanks to his labors there were worked out principles of a reorganization of the navy and a shipbuilding program.

Great Achievements and High Honors

THE outbreak of the war with Germany found Kolchak in the rank of captain and at the post of chief of the bureau of operations of the staff of the Baltic Fleet. The commander of this fleet was the well-known Admiral Essen, and Kolchak became his right-hand man in problems of preparedness for war. All the plans for the defense of the Baltic were worked out by Kolchak personally, and fully vindicated, as the Baltic Fleet—weak in point of number but strong in spirit—through its skillful mine defense and good training, not only kept the German Navy away from the coasts of Russia, but even inflicted heavy losses upon it. Kolchak participated in all serious engagements of the Baltic Fleet, and more than once took personal command of squadrons of mine layers in the laying of mine barriers before German ports. One night he laid mines in the Bay of Dantzig itself, and at the approaches to Kiel.

In 1915 Kolchak was appointed chief of the destroyer force of the Baltic Fleet, and distinguished himself by brilliant actions in the Gulf of Riga, where he contributed to the defense of Riga by his bombardment of the coast positions of the Germans during an offensive of the enemy. For his splendid work he was decorated with the highest military distinction, the Order of St. George, and promoted to the rank of rear admiral.

For the spring of 1916 the Russian High Command was preparing an offensive against Turkey in Transcaucasia, and against Austria. Rumania was expected to take part, together with the Allies. General headquarters considered it necessary to commence preparatory operations for the capture of the Bosporus. Thus the southern Front acquired primary importance. The Black Sea Fleet was to play an essential part in the contemplated operations. This fleet was commanded by an old admiral who was not considered capable of active service. Headquarters found it necessary to replace him by a younger and more energetic man. The choice fell on Kolchak, who was regarded as the best naval officer in Russia.

In June, 1916, Kolchak was appointed commander in chief of the Black Sea Fleet and promoted to the rank of vice admiral. Before leaving for the Black Sea he found it

(Continued on Page 34)

The Vital Phase In Cadillac Goodness

Any motor car manufacturer who cares to do so can duplicate, after a period of years, the physical equipment of the Cadillac plant.

Any motor car manufacturer can, if he chooses, dedicate himself to the same scrupulously close measurements.

And any motor car manufacturer can slowly and patiently develop the same splendidly smooth shop-practice.

Any motor car manufacturer can duplicate Cadillac design, if he pleases, and strive to conform to the principles upon which that design is based.

Standardization and perfect alignment of parts, the constant use of Johannsen gauges, and the development of a high order of craftsmanship in the very slightest detail—all of these are ideals to which any organization may aspire.

But the stubborn and significant fact remains that after seventeen years, there is still but one Cadillac, and one Cadillac organization.

It is not merely the possession of all of these physical and other advantages which have made the Cadillac what it is.

It is not merely the possession of the engineering genius, the splendidly smooth shop-practice, and the physical equipment, which have made the Cadillac possible.

It is the working together of all of the essential elements over a long, long, painstaking period, that has taken all the troubles out of the Cadillac and put into it those carefree, comfort-giving qualities which render it unique among motor cars the world over today.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CADILLAC

CADILLAC STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 32)

necessary to select one of the officers of the Baltic Fleet for the post of chief of the bureau of operations of the Black Sea Fleet, who is the chief assistant to the commander in chief in carrying out the operations of war. It is indispensable for the success of the operations that the commander of a fleet and the person who plans and prepares the operations of the fleet have similar military ideas. Kolchak offered me the post. I was glad to accept it, and we departed for the Black Sea.

At that time the Russian Army had just taken the Turkish fortress of Erzerum and the port of Trebizond. The right flank of our army was based on the Black Sea, and the transport of munitions and food for the army took place by way of the Black Sea, on ships. In the same way the transport of grain for the southern army of Brussilov, which was operating against the Austrians, also took place by way of the Black Sea. After the expected joining of Rumania the supplying of the Russian Army operating in the Dobrudja by the sea route was to be of great importance. Thus the security of sea traffic was of tremendous importance for the success of the army operations.

At the same time German submarines were very active in the Black Sea and frequently sunk our vessels. The German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, capable of a much higher speed than our own vessels, were raiding our ports, bombarding our cities and sinking our ships. The plan of operations of the previous commander in chief of the fleet consisted in defending the approaches to our shores by mine barriers, but in view of the great length of our coast line it was of course impossible to scatter mines all along the coast approaches. The German cruisers had their base in the Bosporus and their submarines in two ports—the Bosporus and Varna.

After he had studied the situation, Kolchak decided that it would be far more rational not to defend our shores, but to engage in active operations against the enemy harbors, so he intrusted me with the elaboration of a plan for the laying of mines at the approaches to the Bosporus and Varna.

The plan was duly worked out. Its idea was to keep on continuously scattering mines in the Bosporus and at Varna faster than the enemy could sweep them out. We were laying our mines in such a manner that no matter at what depth the submarine might travel it was bound to strike a mine. This plan was carried out energetically, so that three months after its inauguration not a single enemy submarine was seen in the waters of the Black Sea, and shipping became absolutely safe, just as in times of peace. On no other naval seat of war throughout the world was the struggle against submarines carried on so successfully as here. Not once did the cruiser Goeben, during the entire period of Admiral Kolchak's command of the Black Sea Fleet, put out to sea, and the Breslau put out only once—on the day of Kolchak's arrival. But she was chased by our vessels, and thanks to her superior speed she escaped to the Bosporus.

The winter of 1916–1917 passed in preparation for a landing on the Bosporus which was contemplated for the summer of 1917. But destiny saw fit to withhold victory from our arms, for on the twelfth of March broke out the Russian Revolution which was to lead to Russia's withdrawal from the war, the betrayal of the Allied cause and the ignominious peace of Brest-Litovsk.

The Outbreak of the Revolution

IN THE beginning of March, 1917, Admiral Kolchak went aboard a destroyer from Sebastopol to Batum to see the commander in chief of the Caucasian Army, Grand Duke Nicholas. The object of this trip was to formulate a plan of action for the coöperation of the fleet with the Caucasian Army on the shores of the Black Sea. I accompanied the admiral. On the thirteenth of March, while making the port of Batum, the admiral received a code message from Petrograd sent by the chief of the general staff of the navy reading as follows:

In Petrograd has occurred a revolutionary outbreak of the working people. Troops have gone over to their side. Petrograd is in the power of rebels.

Having discussed the situation with me, the admiral decided not to give out this message to the fleet until receipt of more detailed news elucidating the situation. For this reason he dispatched a telegram ordering the temporary closing of postal and telegraphic communications between the Crimean Peninsula and the rest of Russia, passing only those telegrams which were addressed to him personally or to his staff. The talk with the grand duke showed that he had received no news whatever concerning the happenings at Petrograd.

Having settled with the grand duke the plan of common action, the admiral put back for Sebastopol aboard his destroyer. Arriving there, we learned that a telegram had been received from the president of the state Duma, Mr. Rodzianko, in which he stated that disorders had occurred in Petrograd, that the ministers had been arrested by the revolutionaries, and that the movement was of a patriotic nature, under the slogan of bending all our efforts toward a successful consummation of the war. For the establishment of temporary law and order in Petrograd the members of the state Duma had organized a committee which had assumed the duties of the government authority in Petrograd.

After he had discussed the contents of this telegram with the senior commanding officers, Admiral Kolchak resolved to act in complete harmony with the crews of the fleet and to conceal no news whatsoever from them, after previous verification. All official news received was therefore immediately printed and proclaimed to the crews of the fleet, and also posted all over the city for the information of the populace and workingmen. This established at once relations of full confidence on the part of the fleet, the port and the Sebastopol fortress toward the commander in chief of the fleet.

Admiral Kolchak

From the very first days of the revolution the exclusive esteem and confidence which the sailors, soldiers and workers entertained for Admiral Kolchak was apparent. Wherever he appeared he was met with hurrahs and ovations. The frame of mind among the sailors as well as workmen was patriotic.

Admiral Kolchak did not gain the affections of his subordinates by any demagogic artifices, nor by fawning. On the contrary he was always strict and exacting. He demanded that the higher officers look after the welfare of their subordinates. For irregularities in some unit the admiral would demand satisfaction, not of the lower ranks but of the commanding officer, rightfully reasoning that the latter should be responsible for the condition of his unit. The admiral personally participated in all risky and perilous operations of the fleet, keeping up the proper spirit among his subordinates by personal example. These were the qualities of his character which gained him the love and admiration of his subordinates.

The patriotic movement among the crews of the Black Sea Fleet and among the workmen of the port of Sebastopol, in contrast with the riots followed by the murder of the officers in the Baltic Fleet, showed that in the Black Sea there was no pacifist propaganda prepared by the Germans before the revolution.

In the beginning of the revolution the commander in chief of the Baltic Fleet, the prominent Admiral Nepenin, was killed, together with many of the best officers of the fleet. This shows that in the Baltic Fleet there had existed a German organization which prepared the revolution.

The Baltic Fleet had its base in Finland, where the struggle against German propaganda was difficult, and—as was proved subsequently—the murder of the officers took place at the incitement of German agents and according to lists which they had prepared.

Four days after the beginning of the revolution newspapers began to arrive at Sebastopol from Petrograd giving the details of the revolution. Many newspapers of socialistic tendencies in which an open propaganda against the war with Germany was inaugurated began to appear. This led to the breaking up of discipline among the troops. Then the order of the Petrograd soviet abolishing the saluting of officers by the lower ranks appeared, and in the army as well as in the navy the system of electing officers by their subordinates was inaugurated.

All these papers immediately began to exert their destructive influence in the Black Sea Fleet. The crews began to hold meetings and to discuss questions of politics and war. Admiral Kolchak then decided to take the movement in the Black Sea Fleet into his hands. For this purpose he proposed that all the crews of the fleet, the garrison of the fortress and the workingmen of the port of Sebastopol elect deputies at the rate of one deputy from each military unit, and that these meet in the naval barracks. To this meeting the admiral himself came and delivered a speech in which he reviewed the general situation, pointed out the necessity for most energetic prosecution of the war with Germany, appealed to the crews to remain patriotic and requested them not to occupy themselves with questions of politics, leaving these to the provisional government, which was enjoying the confidence of the nation. The admiral pointed out that our business, the business of military men, was to fight and not to discuss politics. If we were going to occupy ourselves with politics we should lose the war. His speech was acclaimed enthusiastically by the audience and had a visibly calming effect.

A Critical Situation

THE chief of staff of the Black Sea Fleet was at that time Rear Admiral Poguliaieff, of the imperial suite, an excellent and energetic officer. At the outbreak of the revolution the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gutchkov, requested that another chief of staff be selected, as Poguliaieff belonged to the imperial suite and his occupancy of a responsible post was liable to lead to undesirable complications. Kolchak then offered me the post of chief of staff of the Black Sea Fleet.

This appointment greatly complicated my position, as up to that time I had been chief of the bureau of operations and had had charge only of purely military questions limited to operations on the sea, and for that reason had stood outside of politics. Now, however, as chief of staff I was compelled to handle political questions. I requested Kolchak to consider my appointment as dependent upon his remaining at the post of commander in chief of the Black Sea Fleet, and in case of his retirement to retire me also. The admiral fully agreed with me.

Kolchak then reported to the provisional government that he considered it possible to bear the responsibility for the actions of the fleet and to command it only so long as one of the following three things should not occur: First, the refusal of even one ship to execute an operative order or to put out to sea; second, the changing of even one flag officer without the consent of the commander of the fleet; third, the arrest of an officer by his subordinates without permission from the commander in chief of the fleet. If one of these conditions should be violated Kolchak would immediately turn over the command of the fleet to his next ranking officer and leave.

Thereupon Kolchak assembled in the Sebastopol Officers' Club all of the officers of the fleet and of the garrison of the fortress and delivered a speech in which he pointed out that as a result of the revolution the discipline in the navy and army had been shattered, that the officers were virtually deprived of disciplinary power, and that for this reason some other method of influencing their subordinates ought to be devised. For this purpose he, the commander in chief of the fleet, appealed to the officers to get into as close touch as possible with their crews; to talk frequently to the men; to explain to them the events now happening and to try to gain influence over them; not to meddle in politics and to explain to their crews that the future of our country depended upon a successful consummation of the war. The admiral delivered his speech with great fervor and eloquence, and it was enthusiastically applauded by the officers.

At this same meeting it was decided to elect deputies from the officers at the rate of one from each unit, and to propose to the crews to elect their own representatives, in order to discuss the situation with the officers and to devise

(Continued on Page 36)

PATHÉ~SUPREME

SUPREME in Tone, supreme in Rhythm, supreme in the sheer vitality of frankly frivolous music, Pathé dance music carries a tumultuous punch—and it's always music. That is the artistry of it.

Pathé

PHONOGRAPH

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.

EUGENE·A·WIDMANN, *President*

BROOKLYN, N·Y TORONTO, CANADA LONDON, ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 34)

some sort of organization through which it would be possible to have influence upon the crews. The elections were held right there. On the platform appeared a sailor, a soldier and a workingman, asking to be heard. They declared that they had been elected representatives of their various units and had come to greet the officers.

After the conclusion of the meeting a tremendous crowd of manifestants assembled in the street before the naval club and gave an ovation to Admiral Kolchak and the officers. It seemed that in spite of the shattered discipline it was still possible to create some kind of organization which would enable us to continue the war.

On that same evening the elected delegates of the officers met the delegates from the crews, soldiers and workingmen and worked out a plan of organization. It was planned to create a council of delegates of the navy, army and workingmen, in which there would participate officers, sailors, soldiers and workingmen elected by each unit in proportion to its number. The duties of the council consisted in: First, the taking of measures for the maintenance of discipline and obedience to officers; second, the propaganda of the necessity for a vigorous prosecution of the war; and third, the consideration of questions concerning improvements in the life and self-development of the crews. No decision of the council of delegates was to become effective without the approval of the commander in chief of the fleet.

In all units of the garrison and on each vessel it was contemplated to create a committee for the consideration of corresponding questions concerning these units, and these decisions were not to be effective without the confirmation of the commanding officer of that unit. The plan worked out by the council of delegates was approved by Admiral Kolchak. Previous to its confirmation I had a lengthy talk with the admiral on this subject. The admiral expressed the belief that such an organization could not exist very long, and operate successfully, since in military affairs it is inadmissible that the crews should discuss such questions, and it was indispensable that the orders of individual commanders be executed unhesitatingly.

German Propaganda at Sebastopol

THE creation of a council of delegates, even though it does not occupy itself with the problems of military operations, is a sort of military parliament inadmissible in warfare. For this reason the admiral regarded the inauguration of these councils as a temporary innovation, and he thought that if it should be impossible later on to abolish them and to turn over again individual authority to the officers the war could not be won. Nevertheless, the admiral deemed it necessary to confirm the plans in order to establish at least temporary agreement between officers and crews and to prevent cases of violence against officers. I was in perfect accord with the admiral's views, and stated it to him. At the very first meeting of the council of delegates Kolchak delivered a patriotic speech which evoked the enthusiasm of his hearers.

At the end of March Kolchak was called to Petrograd by the provisional government to discuss problems connected with the prosecution of the war. In Pskof there took place a conference of the several commanders of the armies under the chairmanship of the supreme commander in chief, General Alexieff. At this conference Admiral Kolchak and several ministers were present. General Alexieff and the commanders in chief of the armies gave their views on the condition of the armies at the Front, from which it was clear that the destructive propaganda of the Bolsheviki among the troops was so intensive that the army could no longer be considered fit for war. The Baltic Fleet was also in a very sad condition.

After his return to Sebastopol the admiral decided to share with his officers and the crews of the fleet and with the garrison of the fortress the impressions he had gathered at the conference. The admiral assembled the council of delegates and in a strong patriotic speech portrayed the sad condition of the troops at the Front. The speech produced a tremendous impression upon the hearers.

The crews of the fleet and the garrison decided to select from their midst five hundred of the best men and to send them to the Front to persuade the soldiers to fight. The deputation left, and all along the route in various cities, at Kharkoff, Moscow and other cities, these sailors delivered speeches urging the continuation of the war, and they enjoyed marked success everywhere. They also had great influence at the Front. The morale of the troops rose so high that it was decided to start an offensive in Galicia. In this offensive, which started quite successfully but ended most disastrously, the Black Sea delegates participated, many of them being killed in battle.

The trip of the delegates bore good fruits for the army, but the absence of five hundred of the best, most patriotic men weakened the morale of the Black Sea Fleet. The Bolsheviki, who had taken root in the Baltic Fleet, saw a peril in the patriotic frame of mind among the crews of the Black Sea Fleet, and turned their destructive propaganda against us. Sailors from the Baltic Fleet bearing official credentials as representatives of that fleet began to deliver harangues in Sebastopol.

These sailors were engaged in active propaganda, saying: "Men of the Black Sea, everywhere among you the old régime is still evident. You obey your officers, you have the same commander in chief of the fleet that you had before. What have you done for the revolution? Here are we, sailors of the Baltic! We have served the revolution much better. We have killed the commander in chief of our fleet and many of the officers."

This kind of propaganda had its effect on the simple minds of the poorly developed average Russian sailors, and met with success. Toward the end of May the sailors arrested the general in charge of the supply department of the port of Sebastopol without consulting the commander in chief. Kolchak demanded of the sailors the immediate release of the general, but they refused. Thereupon Kolchak dispatched a telegram to the president of the provisional government, Prince Lvov, in which he asked to be retired immediately from the post of commander in chief. In reply to this telegram there came an order from the government direct to the sailors to set free the general at once. The actions of the sailors were called in this telegram counter-revolutionary, and they were told that Kerensky was on his way to Sebastopol.

The general was set free and the sailors once more became obedient. We felt that if the government had at this moment displayed real firmness it might have been possible to reëstablish discipline and to do away with the committees. Admiral Kolchak was of the same opinion, and when Kerensky arrived the admiral insisted upon strict measures, punishment for those guilty of the arbitrary arrest and the limitation of the functions of the committees.

Kerensky did not agree with this view, and in a speech which he made at the meeting of delegates he praised them for obeying the order of the government and liberating the arrested general, but did not point out to them that such an arbitrary arrest was a crime. Kerensky delivered many speeches in Sebastopol. The words gushed from his mouth like water from a faucet, but there was little sense in those speeches.

Undoubtedly Kerensky's speeches, with their nice phrases, affected his hearers, but only for about fifteen minutes. After this, after the hearer had had a chance to reflect upon the meaning of his speech he would ask himself: "But what, after all, did he say?" But he would find no answer! Upon officers and the generally better educated people Kerensky made the impression of an idle babbler, but by no means of a man of action. After Kerensky's departure order was established for a time, but Kolchak frequently stated in his conversations with me that he felt that matters were drifting toward the end, and that the fleet was losing its fighting ability.

In the beginning of June there arrived at Sebastopol some delegates from the sailors of the Baltic Fleet. Though they were supplied with credentials bearing proper signatures and seals, they looked very suspicious and seemed to be German agents. They stopped at the best hotel in Sebastopol and had plenty of money. Many of them wore smoked glasses. These Baltic delegates began to call meetings and to make speeches, urging the sailors not to submit to their officers, agitating against the war, and so on. To arrest them was an impossible thing as we had no reliable force at our command which would carry out an order of arrest.

The Growth of the Mutiny

AT FIRST the speeches of the Baltic delegates had no success, as the council of delegates of the Black Sea Fleet used to send to those meetings its best speakers, who would successfully refute the arguments of the Baltic delegates. But after a while the latter began to call meetings in various parts of the port without previous notification of our delegates. In this manner they soon succeeded in rousing the mob.

It is interesting to quote some examples of their propaganda. The Baltic sailors would say: "The people want peace without annexations, but your commander in chief sends ships to the shores of Turkey in order to grab those shores. Hence he is acting against the will of the people and against the revolution."

Such talk had its effect upon the uneducated average sailor, and he commenced to believe that the commander in chief of the fleet was in favor of annexations. There were a great many such instances.

On the evening of June 8, 1917, under the influence of the speeches of the Baltic delegates inciting their hearers against Kolchak, a huge meeting of sailors and soldiers assembled in Sebastopol, and soon became unruly and commenced to make arrests among the officers on shore. On the following morning the sailors and soldiers aboard vessels and on shore began to take away from the officers their swords and revolvers. Then a meeting was again called, at which speeches were made against the commander in chief and against me. It was said that Kolchak and the officers desired a massacre of the sailors; that Kolchak was acting against the will of the people; that he was in favor of annexations; and more such stuff and nonsense.

At the same time the council of delegates assembled and attempted to calm the mob, but without any success. The speakers at the meeting demanded that myself and Kolchak be arrested. The ringleaders of this meeting sent a general radiogram in which they proposed to all the committees aboard the vessels to confiscate from the officers their arms. To resist this was impossible, as well as senseless, since there were only twenty to twenty-five officers aboard ship against five to six hundred sailors. Resistance aboard any one ship might have resulted in the murder of officers. That might have led to a general massacre of all officers. For this reason Kolchak decided to order the officers to abstain from resistance and to hand over their arms.

A radiogram was dispatched reading approximately as follows: "The mutinous crews demand surrender of arms by officers. I consider such a demand an insult to the officers, these faithful sons of our fatherland, who have fought against its enemies for its welfare. Having no possibility of resistance, and in order to avoid bloodshed, it is suggested that the officers surrender their arms."

The members of the committee on the battleship Georgi Pobiedonesetz, aboard which Admiral Kolchak had his flag, came to his cabin to demand that he surrender his arms. But he refused to give them up and drove the committee away. Then he ordered the crews of his flagship lined up and delivered

(Continued on Page 114)

Captain Smirnoff and Admiral Kolchak at the Outset of the Revolution

Owners will tell you that the first high expectations aroused by the distinct difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives are borne out in every phase of its performance forever after.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

LAST DAYS AND DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY

(Continued from Page 7)

amongst the men I reported it to Korniloff. Korniloff called for Kotsebue, forbade him to enter the palace, and ordered me temporarily to fulfill the duties of the commandant of the palace.

I was not on my new job more than a week when Paul Alexandrovitch Korovitchenko was appointed to be commandant of the palace. Korovitchenko was a colonel in one of the regiments which was stationed in Finland. He was graduated from the Military Law Academy, after which he stayed some time on active service. He was called back into active service at the beginning of the war. He had some private connection with Kerensky, who at this period succeeded Prince Lvoff, leaving his position of Minister of Justice to Pereverseff. Korovitchenko was also on good terms with the latter.

Kerensky came to Czarskoe-Selo several times. The first time he arrived when Korovitchenko was already there. I could not tell anything about his behavior toward the Emperor, as I was never present at their conversation. I could not tell anything about it from Korovitchenko's words, either. As far as I can remember, Tegleva told me that Kerensky always behaved with the Emperor in a very correct manner.

During one of the visits of Kerensky Viroubova was arrested. This took place while I was present. Together with Korovitchenko we entered her room. Korovitchenko announced to her that she had to be taken to Petrograd. She dressed for the occasion and asked permission to say good-by to the Empress. This was granted. We were both present at their parting, watching it from a certain distance. They both spoke English and cried. Madame Den was taken to Petrograd together with Viroubova.

The Czar's Sensitiveness

Korovitchenko was once present at a conversation between Kerensky and the Emperor. Kerensky declared to the Emperor that he must confiscate some of his private papers and that he had detailed Korovitchenko for doing it. I was also told to be present, and distinctly remember the scene. It all turned out very unpleasantly. The private papers of the Emperor were kept in a special, very large case. There was a large number of papers and they were placed in bundles in very good order. While indicating the papers the Emperor took a letter from the case, saying: "This letter is of a private character." The Emperor by no means wanted to keep the letter from being confiscated, but simply took it as it was lying separately from the others and intended to put it back in the case. At the same time Korovitchenko abruptly grabbed the letter from the other side and one moment it seemed that the Emperor was holding one side of the letter and Korovitchenko was pulling the other. The Emperor looked vexed. He let go his end of the letter with the words: "Well, it looks as if I am not needed any longer. I would better go and have a walk." Saying this he departed.

Korovitchenko took all the papers he considered interesting and delivered them to Kerensky. Later he told me Kerensky and Pereverseff expected to find in them something that could indicate the treachery of the Emperor or Empress in favor of the Germans, especially as at this time it was insinuated by all the newspapers. They found nothing that could compromise the Emperor or Empress. At last they got hold of a telegram that was sent in code from the Emperor to the Empress. After some hard work in deciphering it they made out a sentence: "Feeling well; kisses."

The family did not like Korovitchenko, but personally I can state that Korovitchenko exerted his best efforts to please the imperial family. For example, he obtained for them permission to work in the garden and row on pulling boats. But the best disposed toward the imperial family were some soldiers and officers of the First Regiment.

Following the old custom the officer of the day in the palace used to be given at Easter time a pint of wine. This custom was not changed, and after the soldiers learned about it they started fussing, and only fifty bottles of vodka cooled them down.

Once the soldiers accused Ensign Zeleny that he had kissed the Empress' hand. This last-mentioned incident and the story about the wine made a lot of trouble, and an investigation had to take place.

The morale of the soldiers grew worse and worse. They were quite intoxicated by their peculiar understanding of freedom and they began to invent all sorts of crazy demands. The worst in this respect were the Second Regiment, where not only the soldiers behaved badly but also the officers.

On one occasion an officer of the Second Regiment declared: "We must see them ourselves. As they are under guard they have to be seen." It is obvious that only vulgar curiosity or a desire to inflict useless mental sufferings prompted the officer to make such a demand. My efforts to oppose their desires were fruitless, and my argument that the parents would never escape from their sick children had no effect whatever. Fearing that they would be able to accomplish their purpose without my authority I reported this matter to General Polovtseff, who at that time occupied General Korniloff's position.

It was decided to do everything in the following manner: When the new captain of the guards should come for the relief of the old one they were both to be taken to the Emperor, where the Empress would be present also. To avoid unnecessary embarrassment we decided to conduct the formality just before lunch—the time when the family was always gathered together. It was decided that the old captain of the guard was to take his leave from the Emperor and the new one was to greet the Emperor.

After all this had been decided upon and carried out for a certain while, a very disagreeable incident took place. When the guards of the First Regiment were being relieved by the guards of the Second, as usual, both captains went to see the Emperor. The Emperor wished good-by to the captain of the departing guard and shook hands with him. When the Emperor stretched out his hand to the new captain of the guard his hand remained stretched out in the air, as the officer stepped backward. Being terribly impressed by this the Emperor went toward the officer, put his hands on his shoulder and with tears in his eyes asked him: "Why did you do that?" The officer once more drew backward and answered: "I was born amongst common people, and when they stretched out their hand you did not take it, so now I will not shake hands with you." I relate this story as I heard it from the officer of the First Regiment who witnessed this revolting incident.

As the Revolution proceeded the agitation grew deeper amongst the soldiers. Having no opportunities to find anything wrong in the life of the arrested, they tried to find new ways of inflicting suffering upon the imperial family. On one occasion they saw the Czarevitch carrying a small rifle. This rifle was a model of the standard infantry rifle and was presented to the Czarevitch by some munition works. It was absolutely harmless, as special cartridges had to be used for it and none of those cartridges were available. Of course the trouble was started by the soldiers of the Second Regiment. All the efforts of the officer—I do not remember his name—to persuade the men that their demand was ridiculous had no results. In order to avoid violence he took the rifle from the Czarevitch. After this thing occurred I came to the palace, where Jilliar and Tegleva told me the story and added that the Czarevitch was crying. I ordered the rifle to be given to me. I took it apart, and in this way smuggled it back to the Czarevitch.

Finally the soldiers, and through them the Soviet of Czarskoe-Selo, ceased entirely to comply with my orders and appointed Ensign Domodziantz, an Armenian, to execute the duties of my assistant. He was a tough man and made the utmost efforts to get into the palace, where I tried my best to prevent him from going. After that he began always to pass his time in the park, especially when the family was walking there. Once as the Emperor was walking by, and held out his hand to him, he refused to shake hands with the Emperor, saying he had no right to do it, being an assistant commandant.

After this incident was related to Kerensky he came to the palace at Czarskoe-Selo and called for the chairman of the local soviet—he did not come in regard to this incident, but on some other business. The chairman of the soviet said to Kerensky: "I want to let you know, minister, that we elected Ensign Domodziantz to be assistant commandant of the palace." Kerensky answered: "Yes, I know it, but was it so necessary to elect him? Couldn't you have elected somebody else?" Anyhow no changes were made, as Kerensky himself had no power.

It was Domodziantz who told the soldiers not to answer the Emperor's greeting. Of course the soldiers followed his advice; and of course it was the soldiers of the Second Regiment. I had to ask the Emperor not to greet the soldiers, as I was losing control over the men, so the Emperor refrained from further greetings to them.

At the same time I must state that it was not only the soldiers who were unfair in their attitude toward the imperial family.

People began to get frightened to show their feelings toward the imperial family. The Grand Duchess Olga was very much liked by Margaret Hitrovo. Often she came to me and asked me to deliver letters to Olga Nicholaevna. She always used to sign her letters, "Margaret Hitrovo." In the same way, all the letters that were brought to me by Olga Kolsakova bore also her full signature. But there were some letters brought to me to be delivered that were signed merely: "Lily" (Den); or "Titi" (Velitchkovskaya). Once I told Miss Hitrovo: "You always sign your letters with your full name, the same as is done by Olga Kolsakova, but there are others who hide their names. This is not fair. Supposing the mail should be seen by somebody and I should be asked who are the authors of those letters? My position would be extremely embarrassing. Please inform the authors of those letters that I desire them to call on me. I must know who they are." After that I ceased to receive letters from "Lily" or "Titi."

Kerensky at Czarskoe-Selo

Count Apraksin very shortly after the arrest made a request to be allowed to resign, as all his business in the palace was finished and his family resided in Petrograd. By order of the Minister of Justice—the order was given to me through Korniloff—he was allowed to leave the palace.

Now I have related everything that I remember about the state of the imperial family in Czarskoe-Selo.

I can only add that the imperial family received all the newspapers that appeared at this time, as well as English and French magazines. Out of the Russian newspapers I can name: Russkoe-Slovo, Russkaia-Volia, Retch, Novoe-Vremia, Petrogradsky Listok, and Petrogradskaia-Gaseta.

Now I am going to tell you how the imperial family was moved to Tobolsk. This was preceded by the following events:

About a week before the departure of the imperial family Kerensky arrived at Czarskoe-Selo. He called me up, as well as the chairman of the soviet and the chairman of the military section of the Czarskoe-Selo garrison, Ensign Efimoff—Efimoff was an officer of the Second Regiment. Kerensky said to us: "Before speaking to you I take your word that everything I say will be kept secret." We gave our word to Kerensky. Then he told us that according to the resolution of the Council of Ministers the imperial family were to be taken out of Czarskoe-Selo, but that the government did not consider it secret from the democratic organizations. He said also that I had to go with the imperial family. After that I retired but Kerensky continued a conversation with the chairman of the soviet and Efimoff.

In about an hour I met Kerensky and asked him where we were going, adding that I must give notice to the family so that they could prepare themselves for the trip. Kerensky responded that he would do it personally, and proceeded to the palace. In the palace he had a personal talk with the Emperor, but he did not give any answer to my question as to when and where we were going.

Later I saw Kerensky about two or three times, and always asked him where we were going and what things had to be taken

The House at Yekaterinburg

(Continued on Page 40)

the devoted patience of an etcher at his masterpiece

THEIR only thought to design the finest axles, Eaton engineers go about their work with the devoted patience of an etcher at his masterpiece. Fabricated in this country's most modern axle-building plant, with none of the compromises imposed by prematurely standardized tools and methods, Eaton Axles possess the qualities which make for faultless service.

THE EATON AXLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
THE AXLE DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY

OTHER DIVISIONS ARE: THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY, THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

by the imperial family. Kerensky did not answer my questions but only replied: "Tell them that they must take plenty of warm things."

About two days before our departure Kerensky called me up and ordered me to form a detachment of men out of the First, Second and Fourth Regiments that would perform guard duty, and said that I was to appoint officers in the companies. The word "appointment" at this time had quite a special meaning. The agitation in the army was so great that we could not make appointments. A commander of a regiment had no influence whatever, his power being in the hands of the Soldiers' Committee.

Being afraid that in this way it might happen that amongst the officers selected there would be some unreliable ones, I asked Kerensky for permission to make my own choice of five officers for each company, out of which two—this number of officers had to be in each company, according to military regulations—could be selected by the men. Kerensky agreed to that.

The evening of the same day I called for the commander of the regiments and chairmen of the regimental committees. I told them: "A very secret and important mission is going to take place. I want every commander of a regiment to choose a company of ninety-six men and two officers." At the same time I forwarded them a list of officers that I named, out of which the selection had to be made. In answer to my words the commanders of the regiments and the chairmen of the committees of the First and Fourth Regiments answered: "Very well, sir." But the chairman of the Second Regiment committee, of course a soldier—whose name I don't remember—answered me: "We made our choice already. I know what sort of mission is going to take place." "Where do you know it from, when I don't know anything about it myself?" I asked. He replied: "Some people told me about it and we elected Ensign Dekonsky." Previous to that this elected ensign was dismissed from the Fourth Regiment by their own officers and men, but was taken into the Second Regiment. Even at this time Ensign Dekonsky was undoubtedly a Bolshevik. When I heard about him being elected I told the chairman of the committee that Dekonsky should not go under any circumstances. The chairman answered: "Yes, he shall." I had to go to Kerensky and tell him that if Dekonsky was to go with the mission I would refuse to go, and that Kerensky being Minister of War could easily make things straight.

Kerensky Gets Excited

Kerensky came to Czarskoe-Selo, called for the chairman of the committee, and some desperate arguing took place. Kerensky insisted on his demands but the chairman kept on answering, "Dekonsky shall go." Finally Kerensky got excited and said in a very loud voice: "Such are my orders!" The chairman submitted and departed. When the soldiers that were appointed to the departing detachment learned that Dekonsky was not going they also refused to go. And due to that the company of the Second Regiment was composed of the worst elements.

On July twenty-ninth I called on Kerensky and met there the assistant commissar of the Ministry of the Court, Paul Michaelevitch Makaroff, an engineer by profession. Out of their conversation for the first time I understood that the imperial family was being transferred to Tobolsk. The same day Makaroff ordered Engineer Ertel, who formerly used to accompany the Dowager Empress on her trips, to prepare a train for two A. M. on August first.

On July thirtieth I was asked by the members of the imperial family to bring to the palace the Znamensky holy image of the Virgin from the Znamensky Church, as they wanted to hold a divine service on the birthday of Alexis Nicholaevitch. I remember that during this day as well as the following I had an enormous amount of trouble on account of the state of mind of the soldiers. I had personally to fulfill all the demands of the imperial family. When the question about the holy image was settled, and, I think, even after the divine service, I was visited by the commander of the district forces at that time Ensign Kousmin—a colonel and some man in plain clothes. The latter, stretching me his hand, said: "May I introduce myself? I was also in prison in the Kresty." Up to this time I still remember his dirty paw.

As if for the inspection of the guards Kousmin and the colonel hid themselves in a room that had a door leading into the corridor, and waited a full hour for the end of the service, on purpose to watch the imperial family walking back from church. The same evening, after the departure of Kousmin and his gang, Makaroff and Eliah Leonidovitch Tatischeff came to see me. Tatischeff told me that the Emperor proposed to him, through Kerensky and Makaroff, to participate in the fate of the family. He told me: "I was rather surprised, as I am not a member of the court, but if it is the desire of the Emperor I will not hesitate for a moment, as my duty is to fulfill the desire of my Emperor." I must note that Tatischeff was invited by the Emperor instead of Benckendorf. It was obvious that Benckendorf could not go. He was very old, and he had a wife who was also very old and very ill. Benckendorf was married to the Princess Dolgoruky, mother of Vasily Alexandrovitch Dolgoruky, so it turned out that the stepson had to take the stepfather's position. It was for similar reasons that Madame Narijhkina, a lady of honor to the Empress, could not go with the imperial family, as she was extremely old and had inflammation of the lungs.

Removal to Tobolsk

The same day Margaret Hitrovo called on me and made a terrible row, accusing me that I was concealing from her the fate of the imperial family and stating that she heard that the imperial family was going to be imprisoned in a fortress.

In the evening Kerensky telephoned to me that he would come to Czarskoe-Selo at midnight of August first and would say a few words to the detachment of soldiers before its departure.

All the day of July thirty-first I spent in preparation for the departure. As far as I remember nothing important occurred. Kerensky arrived at midnight. The detachment was ready and we went to the First Battalion. Kerensky said a few words to the soldiers, the substance of which was: "You kept the guard of the imperial family in Czarskoe-Selo, and you must do the same thing in Tobolsk, to where the imperial family is being moved, according to the resolution of the Council of Ministers. Remember, don't strike a man when he is down. Don't behave like ruffians, be polite. You will receive allowances as for the Petrograd District, as well as tobacco and soap. You will also receive a daily allowance." The same was told by Kerensky to the Fourth Battalion, but he did not visit the Second Battalion at all. I must draw your attention to the fact that the soldiers of the First and Fourth Regiments were in quite different conditions than the soldiers of the Second Regiment. The former were dressed very smartly and had a large stock of clothes. The soldiers of the Second Regiment had altogether a low morale, were dirty, and had a smaller supply of clothes. This difference, as you will see, had very important results.

After Kerensky had said farewell to the soldiers he said to me, "Well, now go and get Michael Alexandrovitch. He is at present at the Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch's." I went to get him on a motor car in the place indicated, and met Boris Vladimirovitch, an unknown lady and Michael Alexandrovitch with his wife and Mr. Johnson, an English secretary. The three of us, Michael Alexandrovitch, Johnson and myself, proceeded to the Alexandrovsky Palace. Johnson remained in the motor car and Michael Alexandrovitch went to the waiting room, where were Kerensky and the officer of the day. All three of them went to see the Emperor in his room. I remained in the waiting room. Suddenly Alexis Nicholaevitch ran toward me and asked: "Is that Uncle Mimi who has arrived?" I answered that it was he, and Alexis Nicholaevitch asked my permission to hide himself behind the door. "I want to see him when he goes out," said the Czarevitch. He hid himself behind the door and looked through the slot at Michael Alexandrovitch, laughing like a child at his ingenuity. Michael Alexandrovitch spoke with the Emperor for about ten minutes and then left.

The imperial family left for the station at five o'clock in the morning. Two trains were prepared. The imperial family, the people with them, some servants and a company of the First Regiment, took the first train; the remaining servants and companies, the second train. The luggage was distributed in both trains. In the first train also took a place Vershinin, a member of the Duma, Engineer Makaroff, and the chairman of the military section, Ensign Efimoff, who was sent according to the desire of Kerensky, for the purpose that after his return from Tobolsk he might report to the soviet the arrival of the imperial family at Tobolsk.

The places in the trains were distributed in the following manner: In the first very comfortable car—of the International Company of sleeping cars—went the Emperor in one compartment, the Empress in another, the grand duchesses in the third, Alexis Nicholaevitch and Nagorny in the fourth, Demidova, Tegleva and Ersberg in the fifth, Tchemodroff and Volkoff in the sixth. In another car the places were taken by Tatischeff and Dolgoruky in one compartment, Botkin in a small compartment, Sneider with her maids, Katia and Masha, in one compartment; Jilliar in one compartment; Hendrikova with her maid, Mejanz, in a compartment. In the third car places were taken by: Vershinin, Makaroff, myself, my A. D. C., Lieut. Nicholas Alexandrovitch Moundel, the commander of the first company, Ensign Ivan Trofimovitch Zima, Ensign Vladimir Alexandrovitch—I am not very sure of his name—Mesiankin; and in a separate little compartment, Ensign Efimoff took his place, as nobody desired to travel in his company. The fourth car was a dining car, in which the imperial family used to have their meals, except the Empress and Alexis Nicholaevitch, who had their meals together in the Empress' compartment. The soldiers were placed in three third-class cars. Several baggage cars were attached to the train.

Nothing particular happened until we arrived at Perm. Just before the arrival at Perm our train was stopped and a man looking like a minor railroad official, with a big white beard, boarded the car I was in. He introduced himself as the chairman of the railroad workmen and announced that the railroad workmen—"Tovaristchy," comrades—wanted to know who was in the train and would not allow the train to proceed until their curiosity was gratified. Vershinin and Makaroff showed him the papers with Kerensky's signature on it. The train continued on its journey.

We arrived at Tumen approximately the fourth or fifth of August, of the Old Style. We arrived at Tumen in the evening and on the same day took our places aboard two steamers. The imperial family, the persons with them, and the company of the First Regiment took their places on the steamer Rous; a part of the servants and the companies of the Second and Fourth Regiments, on the steamer Kormilets. The ships were good and comfortable. The Kormilets was inferior to the Rous. We arrived at Tobolsk, as far as I can remember, during the evening of August sixth, about five or six P. M. The house where the imperial family was to live was not ready, so we spent a few days on the ships.

In Our New Quarters

When we traveled on the train the train did not stop at big stations, but only at the intermediate stations. The Emperor and other passengers frequently left the train and proceeded ahead of it, and the train slowly moved after them. When we lived on the steamer sometimes we put them alongside the bank, at a distance of about ten versts from the town, where the family could have a walk.

During the time when the family lived on the steamers Engineer Makaroff was putting the house in order. The same was done also by Tatischeff, Hendrikova, Sneider, Toutelberg, Ersberg, Tegleva and Demidova, who arranged the furniture. When the house was ready the family moved into it, for which purpose a good-looking carriage was assigned to the Empress. She went in this car with Tatiana Nicholaevna. All the others walked.

Two houses were assigned for the residence of the imperial family, their suite and servants. One was the governor's house, the other was opposite to the governor's and belonged to Mr. Korniloff.

Not any of the furniture was taken from Czarskoe-Selo. So the furniture of the governor's house was used, but some of the things had to be ordered and bought.

The only things that were taken from Czarskoe-Selo for the imperial family were camping beds. Later a number of things were sent from Czarskoe-Selo after the necessity for them was discovered in the presence of Makaroff.

The arrangements of the rooms in the governor's house were as follows: The first floor led to the lobby; from this lobby there led a corridor that divided the house into two parts. The first room near this lobby on the right-hand side was occupied by the officer of the day. Next to it was the room occupied by Demidova. In this room she had her meals, as well as Tegleva, Toutelberg and Ersberg. The room next to it was occupied by Jilliar, who used to give lessons to Alexis Nicholaevitch, Maria Nicholaevna, and Anastasia Nicholaevna. Next to that was the dining room of the imperial family. On the left side of the corridor, opposite the room of the officer of the day, was a room occupied by Tchemodroff; next to it the pantry; next to the pantry a room occupied by Tegleva and Ersberg; next to that a room occupied by Toutelberg. A staircase above Tchemodroff's room led to the upper story into the working room of the Emperor, next to the working room was a hall; there was also another staircase leading from the hall to the lobby. A corridor leading from the hall divided the upper story into two halves. The first room on the right was a drawing-room; next to it was the Emperor and Empress' bedroom; next to the bedroom was the bedroom of the grand duchesses. Opposite the drawing-room was the room occupied by Alexis Nicholaevitch; next to that was the lavatory; and next to the lavatory was the bathroom.

All the other people of the suite were located in Korniloff's house.

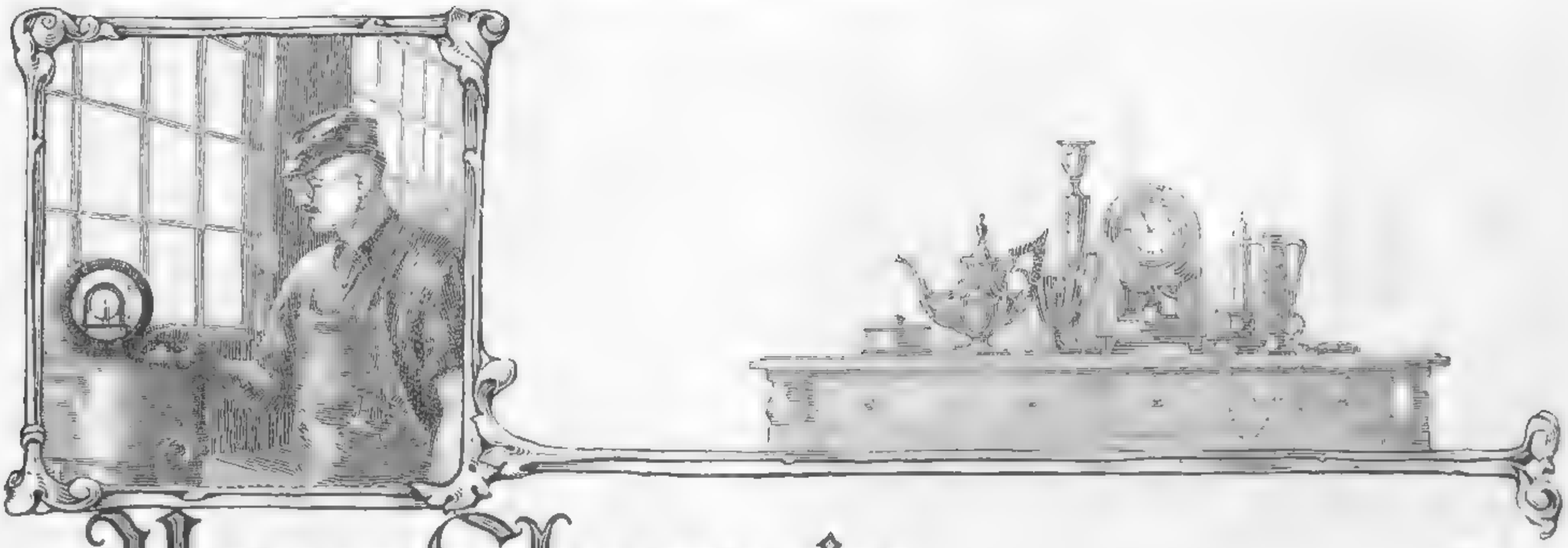
Personnel of the Household

The following persons arrived with the imperial family at Tobolsk: Eliah Leonidovitch Tatischeff, general aide-de-camp to the Emperor; Prince Alexander Vasilievitch Dolgoruky; Eugene Sergeevitch Botkin, physician; Countess Anastasia Vasilievna Hendrikova, personal maid of honor to the Empress; Baroness Sophie Carlovna Buxhoewden, personal maid of honor to the Empress, Katherine Adolfovna Sneider, court lectures; Peter Andreevitch Jilliar; Alexandra Alexandrovna Tegleva, nurse; Elizabeth Nicholaevna Ersberg, waiting maid to the grand duchesses; Maria Goustavovna Toutelberg, waiting maid of the Empress; Anna Stephanovna Demidova, another waiting maid of the Empress; Victorina Vladimorovna Nikolaeva, a guardian child of Hendrikova; Pauline Mejanz, Hendrikova's maid; Katia and Masha—I do not know their surnames—maids of Miss Sneider; Terenty Ivanovitch Tchemodroff, waiting man of the Emperor; Stephan Makaroff, assistant to Tchemodroff; Alexis Andreevitch Volkoff, waiting man of the Empress; Ivan Dimitrievitch Sedneff, waiting man of the grand duchesses; Michael Karpoff, grand duchesses' footman; Klementy Gregoryvitch Nagorny, Czarevitch's footman; Sergius Ivanoff, Jilliar's waiter; Tioutin, the waiter of Tatischeff and Dolgoruky; Francis Jouravsky, waiter; Alexis Troupp, footman; Gregory Solodouhin, footman; Dormidontov, footman; Kisseleff, footman; Ermolay Gouseff, footman; Ivan Michaelovitch Haritoneff, cook; Kokitcheff, cook; Ivan—I think—Vereschagin, cook; Leonid Sedneff, assistant cook, Sergius Michailoff, assistant cook; Francis Purkovsky, assistant cook; Terchin, assistant cook; Alexander Kirpitchnikoff, clerk, performing in Tobolsk the duties of janitor; Alexis Nicholaevitch Dimitrieff, barber; Rojkoff, in charge of the wine cellars; after our arrival in Tobolsk we were joined by Vladimir Nicholaevitch Derevenko, physician; Mr. Sidney Ivanovitch Gibbs.

Our life in Tobolsk went on peacefully. The restrictions were the same as in Czarskoe-Selo.

The officer of the day was in his room and nobody interfered with the internal life of the imperial family. Everybody got up early, except the Empress, as I told you when I was describing the life in Czarskoe-Selo. In the morning after breakfast the Emperor usually took a walk and always had some physical exercise. The children also had their walk. All did what they wanted to do. In the morning the Emperor used to read and write his diary. The children took lessons. The Empress read and embroidered or painted. Lunch was served at eleven o'clock. After lunch the family

(Continued on Page 42)



Your Share in The Growth of American Craftsmanship

CONTEMPORARY works of American art and craftsmanship would be rare indeed were it not for the sense of discrimination among our countrymen which, by demanding such things, provides a stimulus and an answer to creative instinct.

American craftsmanship, almost exclusively New England-born and bred, has lived for nearly three hundred years as the result of this demand for "useful things individually created in a beautiful way."

Today New England craftsmen are making hand-wrought silverware, furniture, pottery, clocks and other things requiring beautiful materials and workmanship, in greater quantities than ever before. They are building more and more Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars to fill the steadily increasing demand for a true craftsman's car.

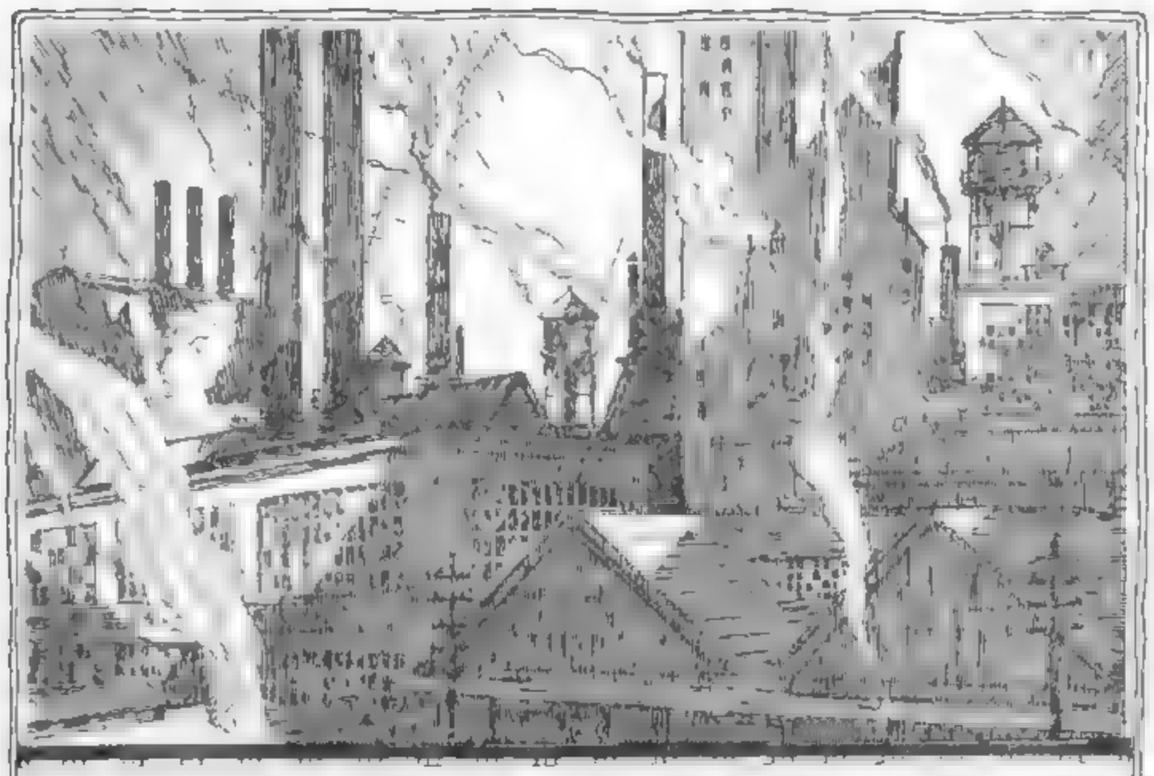
Thus you who appreciate the finest things of life have made American craftsmanship a commercial success—and established a foundation for its future expansion.

This is something to be proud of. And we ourselves are proud to be able to coöperate with you and our craftsmen here to help bring this expansion about.

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars will continue to be built as only New England craftsmen can build them, of such materials as only New England craftsmen require, and at a cost representing the soundest value, which, apportioned over the unusually long period of the car's life, proves in the end a final economy.

STEVENS-DURYEA, Inc., *Chicopee Falls,* MASSACHUSETTS

Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars 30th Year



ECONOMY
renewable FUSES

Double Protection
for Electrically Driven Machinery

THE "Und. Lab. Inspected" label on Economy Fuses and the symbol on Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Links mean double protection for all industries using electrical energy.

Factory inspection is backed by constant rigid tests in the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Economy Fuses are accurately rated. They give maximum safety and efficiency at minimum cost—cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% as compared with the use of "one-time" fuses.

Fibre cartridge, sturdy end-caps and the winged washers which securely lock the fuses are virtually indestructible.

All that is discarded in a blown Economy Fuse is the inexpensive strip of fused metal, which is replaced in a few moments by a new Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Link.

Knife-blade type

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers

Ferrule type

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Fuses were the first line using an inexpensive bare link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be approved in all capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

(Continued from Page 40)

usually had a walk. Frequently the Emperor used to saw logs with Dolgoruky, Tatischeff or Jilliar; sometimes the grand duchesses took a part in this exercise. Tea was served at four o'clock, and during this time everybody usually was at the window watching the outside life of the town. Six o'clock was dinner time. After dinner came Tatischeff, Dolgoruky, Botkin and Derevenko. Sometimes they played cards. Out of the family the only card players were the Emperor and the Grand Duchess Olga. Sometimes in the evening the Emperor used to read aloud while everybody listened. Sometimes some plays were staged, usually French or English. Tea was served at eight o'clock, and a conversation always took place up till about eleven but never as late as twelve o'clock. After that everybody retired. The Czarevitch retired at nine o'clock, or at a time very close to it.

The Empress always dined upstairs and sometimes the Czarevitch dined with her. The rest of the family dined in the dining room.

All the members of the suite and the servants could go out of the house when and where they wanted to. They were not under any restrictions in this way. The movements of the imperial family were of course limited, the same as in Czarskoe-Selo. They could only go to church. The divine service was conducted in the following manner: If it was a late service it took place in the house and there was performed by the clergy of Blagoveschensky Church. The priest, Father Vasilieff, assisted. The imperial family went to church only for the early service. For the purpose of going to church they had to go through the garden and across the street. Sentries were placed all the way leading to the church, and there was no admittance to church for strangers.

Kerensky's Consideration

As far as you could judge, even from the list of the servants attached to the imperial family, the government tried to conserve the conditions of life that were appropriate to the position of the imperial family. When we left Czarskoe-Selo I was told by Kerensky: "Don't forget that this is the former Emperor, and neither he nor his family must be in need of anything." The guard of the house was under my command. After the family arrived at Tobolsk I think they got used to me, and as far as I understand they could not have any feeling against me. I can state that, because before our departure I was received by the Empress, who gave me a holy picture, with which she blessed me. This peaceful and quiet life did not continue very long.

I see some resemblance between the first periods of life in Czarskoe-Selo and Tobolsk. The relatively easy conditions of life in Czarskoe-Selo at the beginning gradually got worse. At that time the government was gradually losing ground from under its feet. At the same time agitation grew among the soldiers, whose state of mind got worse and worse. Finally, seeing the necessity of fighting for power and at the same time wishing well toward the family, the Kerensky government made up its mind to transfer the imperial family from the center of the political struggle to a quiet and peaceful place. This turned out to be absolutely right. The population of Tobolsk was very well disposed toward the imperial family. When we were closing Tobolsk all the inhabitants turned out to the piers, and when the family was proceeding toward the house it was felt that the population had good feelings toward them. In this period of time the people were afraid to show their sympathies openly, so they tried to show their feelings in a secret way. Many donations were made to the imperial family, mostly food and sweets, though I must say that the imperial family received very little of it, as most of it was eaten by servants.

Superseded by Pankratoff

Soon the general agitation struck Tobolsk, as special attention was given to this town by all sorts of politicians, solely because of the reason that it was the residence of the imperial family.

I had the control over my men only till September. In September there came a commissar of the government by the name of Vasily Semenovitch Pankratoff. This man brought a letter signed by Kerensky which stated that from now on I would have to be subordinate to Pankratoff and therefore obey all his orders. As Pankratoff told me himself, when aged eighteen, defending a woman, he killed a gendarme in Kiev. For that he was court-martialed and imprisoned in Schlesselburg Fortress, where he was placed in solitary confinement for fifteen years; after that he was exiled in the Yakout district, where he lived for twenty-seven years.

His assistant was Ensign Alexander Vladimovitch Nikolsky, who was also exiled in the Yakout district for being a member of the S. R. Party. During this time he got friendly with Pankratoff. When Pankratoff was appointed commissar to the imperial family he asked Nikolsky to be his assistant.

Pankratoff was a clever man with a well-developed mind and extraordinarily soft character. Nikolsky was tough, he was graduated from a seminary and had hardly any manners, he was as obstinate as a bull, and the moment he decided something he went toward his object, breaking everything in his way. After they had arrived and seen how things were getting along, Nikolsky immediately announced to me his

(Continued on Page 45)

Children's Icons

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

You don't carry it; you wear it—like a watch.

MADE WITH A VEST POCKET KODAK AND KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

ENLARGEMENT FROM A VEST POCKET KODAK NEGATIVE

ACTUAL SIZE

The vest pocket camera that will really go in the vest pocket.

With a Vest Pocket Kodak you're always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen. Your larger camera you carry when you *plan* to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size, but the negatives are of such quality that enlargements can be made without difficulty. The price of the Kodak is $9.49. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Kodak Portrait Attachment, 75 cents.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

The Brain of the Giant

THE leg of this giant unloader, taken alone, weighs 45 tons. It has the weight and power to strike a terrific blow. Power which, if improperly controlled, might mean a loss of many hundred thousand dollars to the owners through the destruction of the boat and unloader.

But hidden away in the little cab is an electric brain that surely and positively controls its every action. A throw of a lever brings into play a multitude of electric switches located a hundred feet away on the controller board. Automatically they start this monster into action. Cautiously as though a human brain were really acting, they speed it up and then slow it down as the giant arm reaches for its seventeen-ton load in the hold of the vessel.

Then, in response to the push of a lever, other switches come into play, the huge jaws of the bucket close on their 22-foot bite of ore, the load is lifted and hurried away to its destination.

Every action—and the safety of the men, machinery and vessel—depends upon the certainty of this electrical brain known to engineers as the Cutler-Hammer Control.

This accuracy of control is one of the many reasons for its extensive use by manufacturers of practically every type of coal and ore handling machinery. You will also find Cutler-Hammer Controllers and Motor Starters in use with motors of every type and size from the smallest to the largest—in every industry and most manufacturing plants; in fact, wherever electric motors are used.

For your convenience, 250 engineers—men of experience—are located at our main and branch offices throughout the United States. They will gladly aid you in the selection of the proper controller, as well as the style and type of motor needed to most economically serve your purpose.

THE CUTLER-HAMMER MFG. CO.
WORKS: MILWAUKEE AND NEW YORK

Branch Offices: New York Hudson Terminal Bldg. 50 Church St.; and Times Bldg., Chicago 325 North Michigan Ave. Pittsburgh Farmers Bank Bldg.; Boston 77 Franklin St., Cleveland Guardian Bldg. Philadelphia Commonwealth Bldg. Cincinnati Gwynne Bldg., Detroit 905 Kresge Bldg.; San Francisco 584 Howard St., Los Angeles 200 So. San Pedro St., Seattle 552 First Ave., South Birmingham Alan Gerard Machinery Co., Denver, Colorado H. L. Voorhees First National Bank Bldg.; Salt Lake City, Utah I. Beckenberger Walker Bank Bldg.; Dominion of Canada: Northern Electric Company, Ltd.

C-H

CUTLER-HAMMER
ELECTRIC CONTROLLER DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page 42)

surprise about the way that "Everybody is so freely coming and going"—the suite and servants. "It can't be done in such a way. This way they can let in an outsider. Photos have to be taken of everybody." I started to persuade him not to do it, as the sentries knew very well everybody's appearance. Nikolsky responded: "And we were ordered to have our pictures taken in front view and profile, so their pictures should be taken." He ran to the photographer, and pictures were taken of a number of people, and suitable inscriptions were placed on each photo. Alexis Nicholaevitch, being a very sporty and mischievous boy, on one occasion peeped through the fence. After this was learned by Nikolsky he came and made a huge fuss about it. He reprimanded the soldier who was on duty and spoke in a very sharp tone to the Czarevitch. The boy got offended and pleaded to me that Nikolsky was shouting at him. The same day I asked Pankratoff to cool down Nikolsky's zeal.

As I stated before, Pankratoff personally would not do any harm to the imperial family, but nevertheless it turned out that they both, being politicians, were the cause of a lot of trouble. Not understanding life, and being true members of the S. R. Party, they insisted upon everybody joining the party, and began to convert the soldiers into their own faith. They started a school where they taught soldiers literature and all sorts of useful knowledge, but after every lesson they spoke politics to their pupils, telling them the program of the S. R. Party. The soldiers listened and understood it in their own way. The results of those lectures were that the soldiers were converted to Bolshevism.

There was a man by the name of Pisarevsky who lived during this period in Tobolsk. He was a wild social democrat and therefore an enemy to the S. R.'s. This Pisarevsky started his campaign on the soldiers against Pankratoff and Nikolsky. Pisarevsky was publishing a Bolshevik newspaper called Rabotchaya-Gazeta—Workmen's Newspaper. Seeing that Pankratoff had a certain influence among the soldiers, Pisarevsky began to invite the soldiers to his home and demoralize them. Shortly after the arrival of Pankratoff and Nikolsky our detachment was divided into two groups the Pankratoff Party and the Party of Pisarevsky, in other words, Bolshevist. This Bolshevist Party was composed of the soldiers of the Second Regiment, who were the poorest and had a very low morale. A very small number of men formed a third group.

Broken Promises

The results of these political campaigns was the demoralization of the soldiers, who began to act like hooligans. Frequently even they did not want to make anything disagreeable for the imperial family. They did not know what else they should demand for themselves, they followed only their own interests, but the result of it was always that either a member of the imperial family or some of the persons attached to them had to suffer. At first the soldiers came to me under the influence of the political struggle and began to say: "We have to sleep in bunks, our food is bad, but 'Nicholashka'"—a slang name for the Emperor that was popular during the Revolution—"who is arrested, has such an amount of food that his cooks throw it in the waste bucket." At this time life in Tobolsk was not expensive. Though Kerensky had not fulfilled his promise and we received Omsk allowances and not those of the Petrograd district, the allowances were large enough to obtain very good food for the men. For the purpose of avoiding new declarations from the soldiers it was necessary to take up the money matters with Pignatti, the district commissar, and increase the allowance for one thousand rubles, substituting the good food of the soldiers with the unnecessary and luxurious.

As I said before, Kerensky promised the soldiers some additional pay to their previous daily allowances. The month of November came and no additional money was forwarded to us. Again the soldiers came to me and began to say: "They only promise us everything and give us nothing. We are going to procure for ourselves the daily pay. We intend to demolish the shops and to obtain daily pay in this manner." Once more I had to visit Pignatti and borrow from him fifteen thousand rubles. In this way I distributed to the soldiers the daily pay in the amount of fifty kopecks, and shut their mouths for a time. At the same time the soldiers made up their mind to send delegates to Moscow and Petrograd for settling down this question of daily pay. They chose for their mission Matveeff and Loupin. After some time they both returned. Matveeff returned as an officer. They said that the money was promised to be forwarded. Again I had to go to Pignatti and beg him once more for fifteen thousand rubles, as the soldiers did not believe any more in promises, and being out of my control could create an innumerable amount of troubles.

After the soldiers learned from the newspapers that the men called to the colors in 1906–07 were demobilized they demanded their demobilization also. After I got on my side the soldiers who were not to be demobilized the latter were persuaded to stay.

Then came the Bolshevik Revolution. The wild movement that spread throughout Russia caused us many sufferings.

The following incident took place: Father Vasilieff, the clergyman who performed the divine service, was not a man of broad tact. Though he was very well disposed toward the imperial family he rendered them very poor service by his behavior. On October twenty-fourth—before the Bolshevik Revolution—the day of the anniversary of the ascension of the Emperor to the throne, the imperial family was having its communion. The day before, during the night service held in the house, the imperial family made confession. Nobody took any particular notice of the divine service on this day, but Father Vasilieff permitted himself to do the following thing: When the imperial family left the church, the church bells rang continuously up till the time the family entered the house.

Prayers for the Czar

At Christmas, on December twenty-fifth, the imperial family was present in church during the early service. As it was the custom, after the service a thanksgiving prayer took place. On account of the cold weather I relieved the sentries from their post before the end of the service, leaving only a small number on duty by the church. So it was in this matter. Sometimes some of the remaining soldiers entered the church, the older ones, to pray, but the majority to warm themselves. Usually the total number of soldiers in the church at any one time was very small. On entering the church on this day I noticed that there were more soldiers present than usual. I could not explain how it happened. Maybe the reason was that Christmas was considered a big holiday. When the thanksgiving service was coming to an end I left the church and ordered a soldier to call the guard. After that I did not enter the church and I did not hear the end of the service. When the imperial family left the church Pankratoff, who was there too, said to me: "Do you know what the clergyman has done? The deacon made a prayer for the prolongation of the life of the Emperor, the Empress and the whole family, mentioning their names in the prayer. After the soldiers heard it they started grumbling."

This useless demonstration of Father Vasilieff resulted in a big row. The soldiers started an uprising and made up their minds to kill, or at least to arrest the clergyman. It was very difficult to persuade them not to take any aggressive steps and await the decision of an investigating committee. The bishop, Hermogen, immediately transferred Father Vasilieff to Abalaksky Monastery for the time the situation was so strained. I went to the bishop personally and asked him that another clergyman be appointed. After that Father Hlynoff had to perform the services for the imperial family.

The result of these troubles with the clergyman was that the soldiers lost all faith in my word. Their words were: "So, when the service takes place in their home, probably always a prayer for the prolongation of the life of the imperial family is made." So the men decided not to allow the imperial family to go to church, allowing them to pray only in the presence of a soldier. The only thing I could obtain for them was the permission for the imperial family to visit church on the Dvounadesiaty-Prasdniky—very important Holy Days in the Orthodox Church. I had to submit to

How do *Your* Trousers Hang?

It matters little how trimly your trousers may be cut—if you haven't a belt that is right, the art of your tailor or clothier may be largely brought to naught.

In order to have just the proper hang your trousers must be supported by a belt that is shaped to your body. This is a merit of the Braxton—it is specially molded; it keeps your trousers up without bunching them at the waist.

Just *try on* a Braxton—get the *feel* of it.

Then get a good "close up"—you'll find the Braxton made of the finest and most wearable leathers, trim in every line, and fitted with snaps for interchangeable buckles—a belt for the man who has learned that the only true economy in dress is to wear the best.

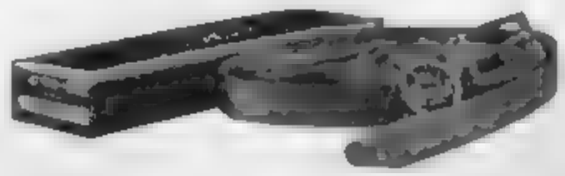
When you've examined and tried a Braxton you won't wait for your present belt to fail of old age—you'll buckle on a Braxton immediately. On sale at all the better shops.

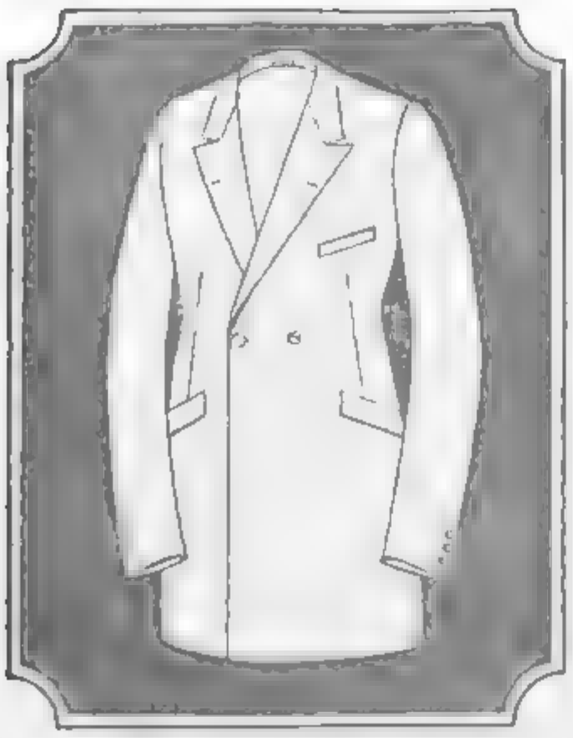
The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

PATENTED

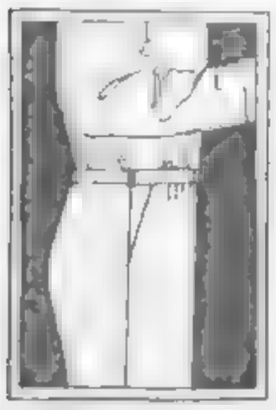




A Fifth Avenue Idea — The New Shoulder

My train, which had left Albany a few minutes late, pulled into Grand Central Station, New York, a whole minute ahead of time.

A good omen—and a pleasant ending to a trip that had taken me to the very corners of the country. I had been gone over five weeks, yet in one sense I had hardly been off Fifth Avenue at any time.



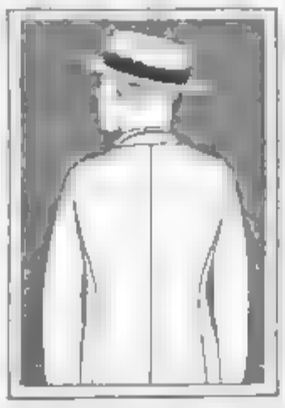
A Cortley idea known as "Smoothfit" shapes the trousers to the figure.

I had felt as much at home in Los Angeles, California, as I ever did in New York, and all because of a style idea that seemed to have spread over the country in a single month.

Young men everywhere liked the "Milstande" shoulder at first sight and they adopted it promptly as soon as the new Cortley models for summer were shown. And so a Fifth Avenue idea in clothes designing had reached out across the continent and the smartest style feature of many a year brought New York to me wherever I went.

Square, athletic, well groomed looking, no finer interpretation of American briskness than the "Milstande" shoulder has ever been developed in clothing.

It is a shoulder that enhances the erectness and set-up of the youthful figure by its clean, energetic, parade-ground contour.



Showing the brisk, energetic effect of the "Milstande" shoulder from the rear.

Most young men seem to have found out that Cortley Clothes can be had in their own town wherever it may be and at such moderate prices that it is no extravagance to have more than one business suit each season. And they have chosen Cortley more for its "Milstande" shoulder, I believe, than for any other one reason.

—*H. L.*

Ask For This Book of New York

A fascinating place—this biggest city of them all. New York with its millions of people and its billions of dollars is, perhaps, the most interesting spot in the world

"'Round About New York," the Cortley booklet of metropolitan scenes and styles, is being sent to men everywhere at their request. Give the name of the best clothier in your town and one of these books will go forward to you at once free.

Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

LOOK FOR THE CORTLEY LINEN LABEL IN THE INSIDE POCKET

their decision that a soldier should be present at the divine service at home. In this way the tactlessness of Father Vasilieff was the reason that the soldiers were permitted to enter the house, which prior to that time they were not allowed to do.

Another incident happened a little later. A soldier by the name of Ribakoff was present at divine service and heard the clergyman during his prayer using the name of Queen Alexandra—a saint. A new fuss was started. I had to call up Ribakoff, find a calendar, and explain to him that during the prayers they did not speak of the Empress Alexandra, but only of a saint by the name of Queen Alexandra.

When the demobilization of the army took place my sharpshooters began to take their discharge. Instead of the old soldiers who were departing, some young ones were sent from the reserves of Czarskoe-Selo. And those soldiers who came, having previously been located in the center of the political struggle, were vicious and corrupt.

The Pisarevsky group started to increase in number and strengthen by new Bolsheviks arriving. Finally Pankratoff, due to the propaganda of Pisarevsky, was declared to be counter-revolutionary and was fired by the soldiers. He and Nikolsky left.

The soldiers sent a telegram requesting the presence of a Bolshevik commissar in Tobolsk, but for some reason the commissar did not arrive.

Not knowing what other objections could be made, the soldiers decided to forbid the persons of the suite to leave the house. I began to explain how ridiculous this demand was. They changed their minds and decided to let them go out, but only in the company of a sentry. Finally they got sick of that and changed their minds so as to let everybody out of the house twice a week, and each time for not longer than two hours, but without the company of a sentry.

On one occasion, wishing to say good-by to a large number of departing soldiers, the Emperor and Empress ascended a small hill which was built out of ice for the amusement of the children. The remaining soldiers, feeling very angry about it, leveled the little hill to the ground, explaining this act by saying that it might happen that somebody could shoot at the imperial family when they were on the top of the hill, and they would be responsible for it.

One day the Emperor dressed himself in a *tcherkeska*—uniform of a tribe—and wore a dagger on his belt. Tumult started amongst the soldiers. "They must be searched; they carry weapons." I made great efforts to persuade the gang not to make the search. Personally I went to see the Emperor and, explaining the situation, asked him to give me the dagger. Later it was taken by Rodionoff. Dolgoruky and Jilliar handed me their swords, and those things were all hung on my office wall.

Living on Credit

I quoted you the words of Kerensky which were said by him before our departure from Czarskoe-Selo. The imperial family was in no need of anything in Tobolsk, but money vanished and no more arrived. We began to live on credit. I wrote about that to Lieutenant General Anitchkoff, who was charged with the intendancy of the court, but no results were achieved. Finally Haritonoff, the cook, began to say to me that no longer he was believed; that it looked as if they wouldn't give him anything more on credit. I went to the director of the Tobolsk branch of the national bank and he advised me to speak about this question with a merchant, X, who was a monarchist, and had some money free in the bank. By virtue of a letter of exchange indorsed by Tatischeff, Dolgoruky and myself, the merchant gave me twenty thousand rubles. Of course I asked Tatischeff and Dolgoruky to remain silent about this loan and by no means to mention it to the Emperor or any one of the imperial family.

All those events acted badly on me. This was hell and not life. My nerves were strained up to the limit of their endurance. It was very hard for me to look for and beg money for the maintenance of the imperial family, so one day when the soldiers made a resolution that the officers should take off their shoulder straps I could stand no more. I understood that I absolutely lost all control of the men and realized my impotence. I went to the house and asked Tegleva to report to the Emperor that I begged to be received by him. The Emperor received me in Tegleva's room and I said to him: "Your Majesty, authority is slipping out of my hands. They took off our shoulder straps; I can't be useful to you any more. I wish to resign, if you will not object to it. My nerves are strained, I am exhausted." The Emperor put his arm over my shoulder, his eyes were filled with tears. He said to me: "I beg of you to remain, Evgenii Stepanovitch, for my sake, for the sake of my wife and for the sake of my children. You must stand for it. You see that all of us are suffering."

Then he embraced me and we kissed each other. I resolved to remain.

It happened once that a soldier of the Fourth Regiment—the appearance of the detachment changed completely—came and told me that at a meeting of the soldiers' committee it was decided that the Emperor must take off his shoulder straps and he was charged to go with me and take them off from the Emperor. I tried to persuade Dorofeef not to do it. He behaved himself aggressively, calling the Emperor "Nicolashka," and was extremely angry during the conversation. I pointed out to him that it would be very embarrassing if the Emperor were to refuse to do it. The soldier answered: "If he refuses to do it I will tear them off myself." Then I said: "But suppose he will punch you in the face?" He replied: "Then I will strike him also." What more could I do? I started again to persuade him, saying that things are not always as easy as they look and telling him that the Emperor is a cousin of the King of England, and that very serious complications might follow. I advised the soldiers to ask instructions from Moscow. I caught them on that point—they left me and wired to Moscow. Then I went to see Tatischeff, asking him to beg the Emperor to refrain from wearing shoulder straps in the presence of the soldiers. After that the Emperor wore a fur Romanoff overcoat that bore no shoulder straps.

Cutting the Royal Rations

Swings were made for the children. The grand duchesses used them. The soldiers of the Second Regiment being on sentry duty carved out on the board of the swings with their bayonets the most indecent words. The Emperor saw them and the board was removed. This was done when Sergeant Shikunoff was the captain of the guard. He was a Bolshevik.

I do not remember what day it was when I received a telegram from Karelin, a commissar in charge of the former ministry of the imperial court. It stated in the telegram that the nation had no more means to maintain the Czar's family, that they ought to support themselves, and the soviets would give them only a soldier's ration, quarters and heat.

This was one of the biggest restraints inflicted by the Bolsheviki on the imperial family. It was also said in the telegram that the family could not spend more than six hundred rubles monthly per person. Naturally, after this order, the quality of the food served to the family deteriorated. It acted detrimentally also on the position of the persons belonging to the suite. The imperial family could not any longer maintain the persons belonging to their suite, so those who had no money of their own were obliged to leave.

The soldiers still having their minds occupied with the question of their daily pay delegated to Moscow a man by the name of Loupin, a Bolshevik. Having returned, he described the situation in Moscow in rosy hues and brought the very encouraging news to the soldiers, instead of the fifty kopecks per day they received at the time of the Provisional Government, they were to get three rubles per day. This news certainly made all the soldiers Bolshevik. "This shows what a good sort commissars really are. The Provisional Government promised us fifty kopecks per day, but did not pay it. The commissars will give us three rubles per day," joyfully they told this news to each other.

Loupin brought the paper that contained the order to put under arrest Tatischeff, Dolgoruky, Benckendorf and Sneider. He also brought the news that our detachment would soon be relieved and a new commissar was to come and bring a new detachment of men with him. I suppose the soldiers were afraid of the arrival of the new commissar. All persons belonging to the suite they decided to transfer to the governor's house and to put them under guard there. All these persons were moved

(Continued on Page 49)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

Plowing With A Limousine

MANY plants are applying their electric motors on about the same principle as the city farmer who used his limousine to pull the plow.

They take a machine like a punch press that requires a great surge of power every few seconds and drive it with the same kind of motor that they use on an exhaust fan where the load and speed never vary.

If they could actually see the electric current at work under such conditions they would be astounded at the waste of power and loss of production.

Such losses can be prevented in only one way—by having the electric motor fitted to the machine right in the plant where the machine is made.

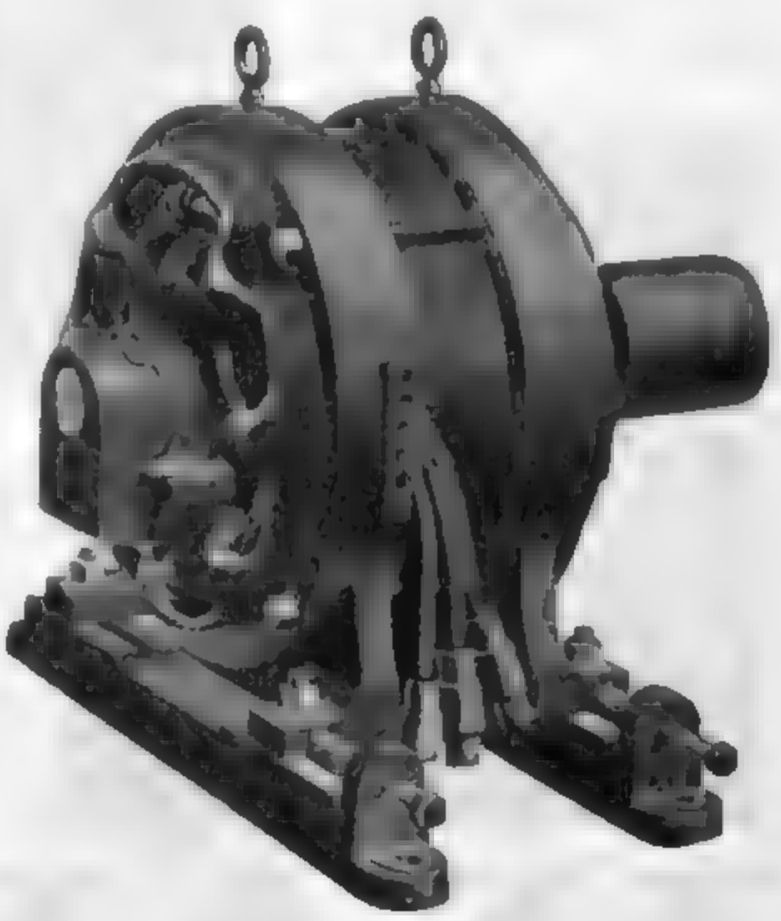
Lincoln Engineers have worked on this plan with the representative firms making different classes of machinery—testing their different models in actual service—selecting motors of the right type and size for each application—standardizing the whole matter of power for these machines.

Many machinery manufacturers invariably furnish their equipment with Lincoln Motors mounted. Any manufacturer will gladly do so when he knows that his customer prefers to have the machine with the power properly fitted to it.

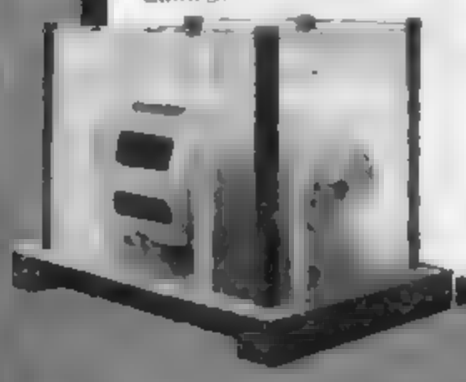
Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "50 degree" or "continuous rated" motor.

Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.

Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under the famous Fairbanks "OK"



The Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.



"Link Up With Lincoln"

The Lincoln Electric Company

General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Baltimore
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit

Branch Offices
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.

In the eleven years during which the Hayes Wheel Company has been in business, up to June 1, 1920, it has built a total of 18,116,584 automotive wheels—wire, wood, and steel.

Send for a copy of our interesting booklet, "Wheels and Tests."

Hayes Wire Wheels on your car.

In other words, *four additional springs* between your car and the road.

Four additional springs to make your car ride easier; resilient wheels to make your tires last longer; to use less gasoline because they are lighter, especially at the rim; to save much time and trouble when you change a tire.

Aside from the better style and the greater beauty of Hayes Wire Wheels, these are some of the reasons for the strong Hayes preference which you may have observed in your own community.

HAYES *wire wheels*

Wire Wheel Division **Hayes Wheel Company** *Jackson, Michigan*

Branches at Albion, Mich. and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co. Ltd. of Canada, Chatham, Ont. and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 46)

to the house except Gibbs. The Englishman did not like to live with anybody else, so he was allowed to live in a separate room.

New partitions were made in the house, in the entrance room which was adjoining Tchemodroff's room, thereby providing space for Demidova, Tegleva and Ersberg. Demidova's room was divided by a curtain, and Tatischeff and Dolgoruky were located there. In the room where Ersberg and Tegleva previously lived, Sneider and two of her maids were placed. The room previously occupied by Toutelberg was given to Hendrikova and Nikolaieva. Toutelberg was placed under the main stairway behind the partition. In such a manner we were able to avoid intruding upon the privacy of the imperial family.

Gibbs was settled in a small house near the kitchen. So all persons, including the servants, were arrested. Only in the case of the utmost necessity were a few of the servants allowed to go to town.

As I said, Loupin brought news that the arrival of a new commissar was to take place. The commissar arrived, but he was not the same man that Loupin had been speaking about. The commissar who was sent from Omsk to supervise the life of the imperial family was a Jew named Dutzman. He took up his quarters in Korniloff's house. He did not play any active part, and never came to the house. Soon he was elected secretary of the district soviet and stayed there permanently.

Commissar Iakovleff

During this time the leaders of the soviet were Dutzman, a Jew named Peissel, and a Lett named Disler. Zaslavsky also apparently took part in the soviet activities. He was, as I understand, the representative of Yekaterinburg, or, properly speaking, Ural district soviet. The reason for his arrival was not clear to me. It seemed that at this time the Omsk Bolsheviki were quarreling with the Yekaterinburg ones. The Omsk Bolsheviki desired to include Tobolsk under their jurisdiction in Western Siberia; but the Yekaterinburg people tried to include it in the Ural district. Dutzman was an Omsk Bolsheviki representative, and Zaslavsky was a representative of Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki. I presume that Zaslavsky came to Tobolsk because, even at this time, the Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki intended to move us from Tobolsk to Yekaterinburg. Matveeff, a Bolshevik, whom I have mentioned many times, used to visit the soviet frequently. Once he told me that the soviet asked that two soldiers selected from each company should call on them. Six soldiers were delegated. They informed me that the soviet had decided to transfer all the Czar's family "to the mountain," which meant prison.

The Tobolsk prison was situated on a mountain, so it was called "The Mountain." I pointed out that the Czar's family were under the authority of the central soviet and not of the local soviet, but this did not help. I advanced another argument, saying that it was impossible to execute their order or demand, as with the imperial family it would be necessary also to transfer to the prison all the soldiers of our detachment—which was not practicable—and that we could not do otherwise, as in case of an attack on the prison there would be no force left to defend it. Our soldiers began to get boisterous, and the soviet was obliged to change its opinion and announced that no decisions had yet been arrived at, but that the soviet merely mentioned this suggestion in a tentative way.

All of us were awaiting the arrival of the new commissar. It was rumored that it was Trotzky himself who was coming. Finally the Commissar Iakovleff arrived. He came to Tobolsk in the evening of February ninth and stayed in Korniloff's house. He was accompanied by a certain Avdeieff—I considered him to be Iakovleff's assistant—a telegraph operator, who was transmitting Iakovleff's telegrams to Moscow and to Yekaterinburg; and a certain very young boy.

Iakovleff appeared to be aged thirty-two or thirty-three. His hair was of jet-black color; he was higher than the average; thin, but strong and muscular, apparently Russian; gave the impression of being very energetic; he was dressed like a sailor; his words were short and abrupt; but his language was suggestive of a good education; his hands were clean and his fingers thin; he gave one the impression of being cultivated and having acquired a training and experience usually associated with those who have lived abroad for a long time. Leaving Jilliar he said: "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" This was a finesse in the knowledge of French that is acquired only by those who speak the language well. Iakovleff told me that he lived in Finland, where for some reason or other he was sentenced to be hanged. He succeeded in escaping, and later lived in Switzerland and in Germany. As far as I remember his Christian names were Vassily Vassilievitch, Iakovleff being his surname.

Avdeieff appeared to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, medium height, rather thin, dirty, uncultivated, and wore soldier's clothes. His face was round but not fat and bore no signs of drunkenness.

Iakovleff said that he was born in Ufa or perhaps somewhere in the Ufa district. A detachment of Reds came with him. They were cavalry and infantry, and all young soldiers. Iakovleff's idea was to make us understand that he was quite popular in Ufa, that he knew there quite a large number of people; and for this reason he had organized there his detachment. His men were quartered partly in Korniloff's house and partly in the apartment occupied by my soldiers. On the morning of April tenth Iakovleff came to me together with Matveeff and introduced himself as extraordinary commissar. Three documents were in his hands. All these documents bore the imprint of the Russian Federative Soviet Republic, and were signed by Sverdloff and Ovanesoff—or Avanesoff. The first document was addressed to me and contained an order for me to execute without delay all the requests of the extraordinary commissar, Tovarisch—comrade—Iakovleff, who was assigned to perform a mission of great importance. My refusal or neglect to execute these orders would result in my being killed on the spot. The second document was addressed to the soldiers of our detachment. It contained the same things as the first, and carried also a threat of the same penalty—court-martial by a revolutionary tribunal and instant death. The third document was an identification of Iakovleff, which stated the fact of his having been appointed for an extraordinary mission, but no details of the character of the mission were given. Without explaining to me the reason of his arrival Iakovleff told me that he wanted to talk to the soldiers.

An Address to the Soldiers

At eleven o'clock I assembled the men of my detachment. Iakovleff announced to them that their representative, Tovarisch Loupin, had been in Moscow, where he petitioned for an increase in their daily allowance. Now Iakovleff had brought the money with him. Every soldier was to get three rubles per day. After that he exhibited his identification. Natveeff read it aloud. The soldiers started to examine the document. They paid great attention to the seal on it. It appeared as if they did not have very much confidence in Iakovleff. Iakovleff understood this and began speaking about daily allowances, the time when the relief of our detachment was approaching and things of the same sort. Apparently he knew very well how to handle a mob and how to play upon their weak points. He spoke eloquently and earnestly. At the conclusion of his speech he dwelt on the misunderstanding between the soldiers and the local soviet that occurred on account of the soviet's decision to imprison the imperial family, and he promised to settle this question.

After that he went with me to see the house. He looked first at the exterior view; then he entered the lower floor, and then the upper. As far as I can remember he saw from a distance the Emperor and the grand duchesses, who were at that time in the court. I suppose he did not see the Empress, but, as I remember, accompanied by Avdeieff, he visited the Czarevitch. I had the impression as if Iakovleff tried to persuade Avdeieff that the Czarevitch was ill. I remember that this day the officer on duty was Ensign Semenoff. Avdeieff wished to remain in the room of the officer of the day, but Semenoff protested and succeeded in drawing Avdeieff away. Nothing else happened during this day.

On April eleventh Iakovleff again requested that the soldiers be assembled.

"Hello, Bill! I see you've joined the sensible bunch and bought a

Town & Country Leather Coat

"You bet I have, boy—and if I'd known how comfortable it was I'd have had one before. I've been busy all morning in the garden and never felt a hitch—just like working in your shirt sleeves."

"They're free and easy, all right. I use mine for fishing, golfing, motoring—everything. I've even adopted it for a smoking jacket. But, say, wait till the icy wind blows, old man! Last winter I used mine for ice-boating and felt as snug as if I'd been rolled up in a buffalo robe."

The Universal Garment for Out o' doors

THE BETTER STORES STOCK THEM

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOKLET S-51

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U. S. A.

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing.

There came to the meeting with him Zaslavsky, a representative of the soviet, and Degtiareff, a student. The student was sent from Omsk, so he represented the Siberian interests in the Tobolsk soviet. Zaslavsky represented the interests of the Ural district. The student began to speak to the soldiers. He accused Zaslavsky of disturbing the nerves of the soldiers, of spreading false rumors about the danger threatening the imperial family, and in saying that somebody was digging a tunnel under the house. Such rumors were really heard, and once we passed a very disturbed night awaiting trouble. These rumors originated in the soviet. I had learned about them when I came to the soviet the time they resolved to imprison the imperial family. At this time the main argument for their decision was the danger for the imperial family to remain in the governor's house. Such was the substance of the student's speech.

Zaslavsky vainly tried to defend himself. He was hissed and went away. Zaslavsky came to Tobolsk about a week before Iakovleff's arrival, and left Tobolsk about six hours before Iakovleff's departure. Later I will tell you the motive of this performance in regard to assembling the soldiers and why Iakovleff had to do it.

New Orders From Moscow

The same day at eleven o'clock in the evening Captain Aksiouta came to me and reported that Iakovleff had assembled the detachment's committee and announced his intention to take the Czar's family out of Tobolsk. Iakovleff said that not only the Emperor but also the whole family would have to leave. On the morning of the twelfth of April Iakovleff came to me and said that according to the decision of the Central Executive Committee he must take the family out of Tobolsk. I asked him "Why?" and "What will you do with the Czarevitch? He cannot travel, as he is sick." Iakovleff answered me: "This certainly is the trouble. I have talked this matter over through direct wire with the C. E. C. and received the order to leave the family in Tobolsk and to transfer only the Emperor." Usually he called him the former Emperor. "When could we go to see them? I intend to leave the town to-morrow." I told him he might see the family after lunch—round two o'clock. Then he left me. I went to the house and asked, as far as I remember, Tatischeff to ask the Emperor at what time he could receive Iakovleff and myself. The Emperor made an appointment at two o'clock, after lunch was over.

At two o'clock Iakovleff and I entered the hall. The Emperor and Empress stood in the middle of the hall. Iakovleff stopped a little distance from them and bowed. Then he said: "I have to tell you"—he was talking to the Emperor only—"that I am the extraordinary representative of the Moscow Central Executive Committee and my mission is to take all your family out of Tobolsk, but as your son is ill I have received a second order which says that you alone must leave." The Emperor answered: "I will not go anywhere." Upon which Iakovleff said: "I beg you not to do it; I am compelled to execute the order. In case of your refusal I must take you by force or resign. In the latter case they would probably decide to send a less scrupulous sort of man to take my position. Be calm; I am responsible by my life for your security. If you do not want to go alone you could take with you the people you desire. Be ready; we are leaving tomorrow at four o'clock."

Then Iakovleff again bowed to the Emperor and the Empress and left. At the same time the Emperor, who did not reply to Iakovleff's last words, turned abruptly and, accompanied by the Empress, went out of the hall. Iakovleff went down. I followed him, but when we were going out the Emperor made a sign to me to remain. I went down with Iakovleff and after he left I returned upstairs. In the hall I saw the Emperor, Empress, Tatischeff and Dolgoruky. They stayed by the round table in the corner. The Emperor asked me where they intended to take him. I replied that personally I did not know, but that it was possible to understand from some hints made by Iakovleff that it was intended to take the Emperor to Moscow.

The following reasons made me think of that: In the morning on the twelfth of April Iakovleff came to me and said that he would go at first with the Emperor, then return to get the family. I asked him: "When do you intend to come back?" Iakovleff answered: "Well, in four or five days we will reach our destination. We will remain there a few days and start back. I will be here again in about ten days or two weeks." This is the reason why I told the Emperor that Iakovleff intended to take him to Moscow. Then the Emperor said: "I suppose they want to force me to sign the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, but I would rather give my right hand to be cut off than to sign that treaty." "I shall also go," said the Empress, giving evidence of deep emotion. "If I am not there they will force him to do something in the same way that it was done before," and added something about Rodzianko. Obviously the Empress referred to the fact of the Emperor's abdication.

Thus ended the conversation and I went to Korniloff's house to see Iakovleff. He asked me who were the persons going. And he repeated for the second time that anybody could go with the Emperor on condition not to take much baggage.

I returned to the house and asked Tatischeff to let me know who were the persons who intended to go. I promised to call in an hour's time for the answer. I came back and Tatischeff said to me that the following persons were leaving Tobolsk: The Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duchess Maria, Botkin, Dolgoruky, Tchemodroff, Sedneff, the waiter, and Demidova, the maid. When I reported the names to Iakovleff he answered: "It's all the same to me." I suppose Iakovleff's only idea was to get the Emperor out of Tobolsk as soon as possible. When he noticed the Emperor's unwillingness to go alone Iakovleff thought: "That's all the same to me; let him take whom he likes; but do it quickly." That was the reason why he repeated so often: "That's all the same, let them take anybody they want," not expressing the second part of this thought: "Do it quickly." He did not mention it, but all his actions indicated that that really was his desire. He was also in a great hurry and for this reason too he gave the order to limit the amount of baggage.

A Man of Mystery

I did not enter the house any more on this day. I thought that they would feel better if they were left to themselves, so I did not go there. The family at this time was making preparations for the departure. As Jilliar told me, the Empress was extremely downhearted; though a very reserved woman, she nevertheless worried much about her decision to go with the Emperor, which involved leaving her beloved son behind. If the Empress knew that they were going to take her to Yekaterinburg, why should she be downhearted? Yekaterinburg is not so far from Tobolsk. She felt from all of Iakovleff's actions, and so did everybody else in the house, that he was not taking them to Yekaterinburg, but to some other distant place, such as Moscow; and that they were not taking them away in order to enhance their interests in any way, but for something else, that was connected with the state's interests; that there in Moscow the Emperor would be compelled to make some very serious and responsible decisions. The Emperor had the same ideas and apprehensions. He expressed them when he spoke of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty.

I did not sleep all that night. According to the order of Iakovleff, in the evening I assembled the soldiers again. Iakovleff explained to the men that he intended to take the Emperor out of Tobolsk; did not name the place he was taking him to, and asked the soldiers to keep all that in secret.

From whom was Iakovleff hiding his intentions? I explain this in this way: In the local soviet—Pessel, Disler, Kagomitzky, Pisarevsky and his wife—there were two currents of opinion—the Siberian, that considered Tobolsk in their sphere of influence; and the Uralian, that considered Tobolsk in their region. Zaslavsky represented the second current. What was the reason for his arrival in Tobolsk? I could not explain that. Many things are still a mystery to me. I don't know whether he came to Tobolsk because we were there or not. It was perfectly clear from Iakovleff's speeches that he, Iakovleff, represented a third power, the Central Moscow authorities. After he came to Tobolsk he began to fear an opposition to the removal of the imperial family, from the Tobolsk soviet. However, he settled this matter with the Tobolsk soviet. Zaslavsky was opposed to the removal, so I think that Iakovleff asked the soldiers to keep the departure of the imperial family secret because he feared that the local authorities would not let them do it, so I felt persuaded that Iakovleff, being a representative of the third power, worked in accordance with its desires, fulfilled the instructions he got from them in Moscow, and that was the place where the imperial family was to be taken.

It appeared that the soldiers were confused and disturbed by Iakovleff's declarations and by his anxiety for secrecy. I noticed they were afraid for themselves, for fear some evil might befall on them in consequence of all that. They said it was necessary for them to go with the Emperor and told Iakovleff this.

Iakovleff at first refused this demand, saying that his own detachment was quite reliable. But finally he made a compromise and a small detachment of six men from our soldiers was selected to escort the Emperor.

The Journey to Yekaterinburg

At four o'clock A. M. the Siberian plaited carriages—koshevy—were prepared. One carriage had a cover; the seat was made of straw, which was tied with strings to the body of the carriage. The Emperor, the Empress and all other persons left the house. The Emperor embraced and kissed me. The Empress gave me her hand. Iakovleff seated himself in the same carriage as the Emperor. The Empress took her seat with the Grand Duchess Maria, Dolgoruky with Botkin, Tchemodroff with Sedneff. There were some carriages containing soldiers at the head and some in the rear. The departing detachment was composed from our soldiers, but mostly from Iakovleff's. Two machine guns were with the detachment. A number of cavalrymen from Iakovleff's detachment accompanied the party. There were also some carriages with the baggage. They all started on their trip about four o'clock.

After their departure everybody in the house had a feeling of distress and sadness. I noticed that even the soldiers had the same feeling. They began to behave themselves in a more humane way toward the Emperor's children. I remember that at that time I persuaded the soldiers to put a camp church in the hall. The next day Iakovleff was in an awful hurry. Later, when I was in Tumen, it was told to me by one of the coachmen who accompanied the imperial party that as soon as they reached the stage posts the horses were immediately changed and the journey continued without any delay. Once the horses were changed in the village of Pokrovskoe, where the stage post was situated, opposite to a house formerly belonging to Rasputin. I was told that his wife was standing by the house and his daughter was looking out of the window; both of them made the sign of the cross to the Czar's family.

I asked two soldiers, Lebedeff and Nabokoff—who were good sort of men from our detachment—to telegraph to me along the route how things were proceeding. I got a telegram from Lebedeff that was sent from the village Ivlevo. Nabokoff telegraphed me from Pokrovskoe. Both of their telegrams were very brief. "Proceeding safely." One telegram was sent from a railway station: "Proceeding safely. God bless you; how is the little one? Iakovleff." Of course the telegram was sent by the Emperor or Empress, but sent on Iakovleff's permission.

On the twentieth of April our detachment committee received a telegram from Matveeff, who informed them of their arrival at Yekaterinburg. I cannot remember the exact words, but we were all surprised at its contents. We were all thunderstruck, as we were all previously convinced that the Emperor and the Empress had been taken to Moscow, and not to Yekaterinburg. We began to await the return of the soldiers from the escorting detachment. After they returned Loupin made a report to our soldiers. He scored the Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki. Lebedeff and Nabokoff told me the following: Having arrived at Tumen the Emperor, the Empress and the other persons were placed in a passenger car—I could not tell anything else about the arrangement in the car; this car was guarded by our six soldiers. From Tumen they proceeded in the direction of Yekaterinburg. In one station they learned that they would not be allowed to proceed beyond Yekaterinburg, where they would be held up. This was a mistake of Iakovleff's. Zaslavsky left Tobolsk a few hours before him, and I suppose informed the Yekaterinburg soviet of the departure of the imperial family from Tobolsk. Having learned this news Iakovleff turned the train for Omsk, in order to go forward via Ufa, Cheliabinsk, and so on. As I understood Nabokoff, the train was approaching Omsk when it was stopped another time. Iakovleff went out in order to find what was happening. He learned that Yekaterinburg informed Omsk that Iakovleff was declared to be an outlaw on account of his intention to take the Czar's family to Japan. Iakovleff went to Omsk personally and had a talk with Moscow by a direct wire. After returning he announced: "I have the order to go to Yekaterinburg."

We went to Yekaterinburg, where the Emperor, Empress, Grand Duchess Maria, Botkin, Tchemodroff, Sedneff and Demidova were placed in Iapitneff's house. Dolgoruky was taken to prison. All our soldiers were kept in the car, and later disarmed and arrested. They were kept under guard but for a few days and then released. Each of our arrested soldiers received different treatment. Lebedeff and Nabokoff were treated worse than the others, Matveeff and some of the others a little better. They were released at different times. On one occasion Matveeff went—for what purpose I don't know—to see Golostchekoff and Belobozodoff. When all of them were released and placed in a railway car in order to go back to Tobolsk Iakovleff came to them and said that he had resigned and was going to Moscow, and that the soldiers should go with him and report about everything that had happened. It was clear that Iakovleff regarded the stoppage of the train at Yekaterinburg as an act of insubordination of the Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki to the orders of the central authorities. What was the matter? Why could Iakovleff not proceed to Moscow? The soldiers said that he finally left them and went to Moscow alone. I explain those events in this way: Yekaterinburg was a center of widespread Bolshevism. It was the capital of the whole Ural region—"The Red Yekaterinburg." I heard that Moscow reproached the Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki for spending too much money and threatened them that they would stop sending them money altogether if they did not expend it more economically in future. Following their local interests, the Yekaterinburg Bolsheviki detained the imperial family in Yekaterinburg as hostages, in order to converse with Moscow in a freer manner and make Moscow more amenable to their demands. Possibly I am mistaken, but that is my idea.

Iakovleff Superseded

Further, the telegraph operator who remained after Iakovleff's departure received a telegram that read as follows: "Take the detachment with you and depart. I have resigned and am not responsible for the consequences." A part of Iakovleff's detachment was still remaining in Tobolsk; and that is why Iakovleff sent the telegram. The telegraph operator, a very young man, and the soldiers of the detachment departed. I don't know where they were going. Avdeieff left Tobolsk before Iakovleff, as he was sent by Iakovleff in order to prepare a train for the imperial family.

Some time elapsed when our detachment committee received a telegram from Moscow; I don't know whom it was from. It was announcing that Iakovleff was replaced by Hohriakoff. About the appearance of Hohriakoff in Tobolsk I could tell the following: There were no real Bolsheviki in the Tobolsk soviet. The leaders were mostly social revolutionists. So it was even at the time when almost everywhere the soviets consisted of communists. There was a time when even Nikolsky was temporary chairman of the soviet. Later, Dimitrieff, an extraordinary commissar, came from Omsk to Tobolsk. His intention was to organize the Bolshevik power. A special detachment of soldiers arrived with him from Omsk. At the same time Yekaterinburg claimed that Tobolsk was in their jurisdiction, so another detachment arrived from Tumen. But Dimitrieff, as representative of Siberian opinion, had the upper hand and the Tumen detachment left. Having organized the Bolshevik power Dimitrieff returned to Omsk. During this period of organization of the soviet rule in Tobolsk

(Continued on Page 53)

KLENZO
LIQUID
ANTISEPTIC
25¢
35¢ in Canada

A WONDERFUL ANTISEPTIC FOR COMBATING GERMS
A scientific preparation for the MOUTH, TEETH, GUMS, THROAT, NOSE SKIN AND MUCOUS SURFACES
KLENZO
LIQUID
ANTISEPTIC

Mothers:
Keep the Child's Mouth Clean

JUST as you teach your children the need of the toothbrush, teach them to keep their mouths, noses and throats clean. A clean mouth shuts the door in the face of disease.

Teach them to gargle or spray their throats with Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic—to avoid infection and epidemic—to destroy disease germs before their deadly work begins.

You know Klenzo protects. You can *feel it work*. The sense of stimulation and cleanliness it leaves is evidence of the good it does.

It is wise to avoid conditions which may bring on decay, diseased gums, and many unpleasant and dangerous mouth affections.

Use Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic as a *daily* mouth wash. Sweetens the breath and takes bad taste away.

Get Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic today. Your family needs it. This, with Klenzo Dental Crème to clean and polish the teeth, will prevent many mouth worries. Both are sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

Made strongest where the wear is hardest!

ECONOMY in hosiery doesn't mean a sacrifice of style by any means. Not when you get Durable-DURHAM.

This hosiery wears so long—without holes. And it always looks well. From the first day—to the last—you have real hosiery happiness.

Get Durable-DURHAM for every member of the family and know its value. Solid comfort—fine appearance—and long wear are in-woven qualities. The fewer new pairs to buy shows a substantial saving in your hosiery bill.

Durable-DURHAM comes in all styles. Socks and stockings for every man, woman and child. Fine silk-mercerized styles for dress and business wear and heavier grades for heavier work outdoors. Every pair strongly reinforced. Children's stockings are made doubly strong to stand the hardest wear.

Durable-DURHAM is the right hosiery for the American family. The trade-mark ticket attached to each pair is a worded guarantee from the largest hosiery makers in the world.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
Sales Offices: 88 Leonard St., New York

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children *Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest*

Export Selling Agents:
AMORY, BROWNE & CO.
New York London Paris
Sydney, N. S. W.

(Continued from Page 50)

Hohriakoff was the first chairman of the soviet. In those days various Bolsheviki detachments arrived from different places at Tobolsk. A detachment of Letts was also formed there. Long before the imperial family had all left Tobolsk, the Letts were already there, and created considerable disorder, as, for example, they searched Baroness Buxhoevden. I do not know who was their commander, but he apparently did not please Hohriakoff, and was relieved by Rodionoff, who came from Yekaterinburg.

A short time after Hohriakoff took his appointment, replacing Iakovleff as commissar, he received a telegram from someone in Moscow that instructed him to remove all the remaining members of the family to Yekaterinburg. I must not forget to mention that Hohriakoff only after being appointed commissar ordered Rodionoff to come from Yekaterinburg to Tobolsk. When asking for Rodionoff from Yekaterinburg, Hohriakoff had in mind that he would be in charge of the imperial family, but not of the Tobolsk district. Hohriakoff did not act as the chairman of the district soviet, but in the capacity of an extraordinary commissar having supervision of the imperial family. Some time after he was appointed commissar, however, before our detachment was relieved by Letts, I went to the house. Our soldiers were on sentry duty. They did not allow me to enter, saying that was Hohriakoff's orders. I applied to Hohriakoff. "They did not understand me," he answered.

Brutalism of the Letts

For several days after this incident took place I continued to visit the house. But shortly after Rodionoff arrived our guards were relieved by the Letts, who occupied all the sentry posts simultaneously, and I was not allowed to enter the house. It was just a few days before the family left. How things were going after this I could tell you, as I heard from people who remained in Tobolsk. I remember also that Rodionoff on his arrival came to the house, assembled the members of the family and made a regular roll call. This surprised me very much. Shortly afterward, unexpectedly for me, the Letts assumed the sentry duties and I was not allowed to enter the house.

I was told that the Letts behaved themselves in the following fashion: Once a divine service took place in the house. The Letts searched the priest. They searched the nuns in a very indecent manner and touched everything in the sanctuary. Rodionoff placed one Lett by the sanctuary in order to supervise the priest. It created such a depression that the Grand Duchess Olga wept, and said that if she had known beforehand that conditions were to have been like this she would never have made a request for a divine service.

After I was not allowed to enter the house any more my nerves were exhausted, I got sick and had to remain in bed. The family left Tobolsk on the seventh of May. I was unable to leave my bed and could not bid them farewell. The following persons went to Yekaterinburg: Tatischeff, Derevenko, Hendrikova, Buxhoevden, Sneider, Jilliar, Gibbs, Tegleva, Ersberg, Toutelberg, Mejans, Katia, Masha, Volkoff, Nagorny, Ivanoff, Tutin, Jouravsky, Troupp, Haritonoff, Kokicheff, Leonid Sedneff.

Soon after we were transferred to Tobolsk from Czarskoe-Selo two maids, Anna Utkina and Anna Pavlovna Romanova, joined us. The soldiers did not allow them to enter the house. They remained at Tobolsk and did not go to Yekaterinburg: I do not know where Hohriakoff came from. He was not educated and his capacities were not of a very high order. Previously he was a stoker on a battleship, named Alexander II. He wore a black leather suit.

Neither do I know the origin of Rodionoff. He was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, below medium in height, not educated and produced unpleasant impressions. He seemed to be a cruel and cunning man. Baroness Buxhoevden assured us that she had seen him during her travels abroad. She met him on one occasion at a frontier station in the uniform of a Russian gendarme. I should say we still felt the gendarme in him, though he was not a good type of gendarme soldier, but that of a cruel man with the manners of a secret-service agent. After his arrival Rodionoff searched Nagorny when the latter returned to the house from the train. He found a letter from Doctor Derevenko's son to the Czarevitch and reported it to Hohriakoff, saying: "That is some man; he said that he had nothing, and I found this letter." Then addressing me he added: "I am sure that during your time numbers of things were smuggled in." Hohriakoff was very pleased, saying: "I have been watching this rascal quite a time, he is a disgrace to us." That is what the sailor Hohriakoff was saying about the sailor Nagorny. It could not be otherwise. One was "The beauty and the pride of the Russian Revolution." [The way Trotzky used to call the sailors of the Baltic Fleet after they had murdered their officers. Translator's Note.] Another was the man devoted to the imperial family, who loved the Czarevitch, and who was loved by him, and for this reason he perished. Sedneff surely also perished for being "a disgrace," as he was also a sailor and also devoted to the imperial family.

After the departure of the imperial family I was cut off for a long time from all news and nobody could tell me anything about them. In June Omsk was taken from the Reds. The Omsk Bolsheviki escaped from Omsk on steamers and came to Tobolsk. Our Tobolsk Bolsheviki also ran away with them. Power in Tobolsk was taken into the hands of officers. Tumen continued to remain in the hands of the Bolsheviki. A fighting line separated us. Then I got news about Hohriakoff. He appeared to be in command of something on the river near Pokrovskoe—being a sailor, I suppose. They say that Matveeff was also in command. Tegleva told me afterward that Hohriakoff was not let in the Iapatieff house, even though he was sure to be a commissar while there. After Tumen was taken most of the people who left Tobolsk with the imperial family returned, except the following: Dolgoruky, Tatischeff, Derevenko, Hendrikova, Botkin, Sneider, Tegleva, Ersberg, Toutelberg, Volkoff, Nagorny, Tchemodroff, Sedneff, Troupp, Haritonoff, Leonid Sedneff, Ivanoff.

They told us the following: During the journey of the imperial family they were treated in a disgraceful manner. While they were on a steamer Rodionoff forbade them to lock cabin doors from the inside, but Nagorny and the Czarevitch were locked in by him from the outside. Nagorny got very angry and quarreled with Rodionoff, telling him that it was inhuman to a sick child. Even here in Tobolsk Rodionoff displayed the same attitude, and would not allow the Grand Duchess Olga to lock the door of her bedroom nor even to shut it.

Victims of Low Indignities

When the train arrived at Yekaterinburg the Czarevitch, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Maria, Tatiana and Anastasia, were transferred to the house. The Emperor and Empress were transferred also, with all the persons who accompanied them except Dolgoruky, who was taken to prison. When the children came to Yekaterinburg the following persons were immediately arrested: Tatischeff, Hendrikova, Sneider and Volkoff. Lately I heard from Jilliar that Sedneff and Nagorny were also removed from the house. Jilliar and Gibbs witnessed that. Derevenko remained in Yekaterinburg. Tegleva, Ersberg and Ivanoff stayed in Tumen, Toutelberg at Kamyshloff. The following persons remained in the Iapatieff house with the imperial family: Tchemodroff, Sedneff (a boy), Troupp, Haritonoff, Demidova and Botkin.

Some time after Yekaterinburg was taken Tchemodroff came to Tobolsk. I saw him and talked with him. He came to Tobolsk absolutely destitute, a very aged man, suffering mentally and broken down. He died recently. His conversation was incoherent. He could only answer questions, but his answers were sometimes contradictory. I will tell you here the outstanding points of his conversation that I can recall: After the arrival at Iapatieff's house the Emperor, Empress and the Grand Duchess Maria were searched in a very rough manner. The Emperor lost his temper and protested. He was rudely informed that he was merely a prisoner and that he therefore had no right to protest. Tchemodroff noticed that Avdeieff was the senior. The meals were very bad. The dinner was brought from a cheap lunch room, and they always brought it late, at three or four o'clock instead of one. They dined together with the servants. The pan was put on the table. There was a lack of spoons, knives and forks. The Red soldiers sometimes participated in the dinner. Sometimes a soldier came in and helped himself to the soup, saying: "Enough for you, I will take some myself." The grand duchesses slept on the floor, as there were no beds for them. Roll calls were frequently made. When the grand duchesses went to the lavatory the Red soldiers followed them, saying it was on purpose to guard them. Even according to Tchemodroff, who was not able to give the whole account, being so extremely depressed, it was clear that the august family was constantly subjected to intense moral tortures. Tchemodroff did not believe that the august family was killed. He said that Botkin, Haritonoff, Demidova and Troupp were killed, but the august family was taken away. He said that by killing the aforementioned people they simulated the murder of the family. He said that for the same reason the house was devastated, also some things were burned and others thrown into the wastebasket. I remember he told me that somebody had found pieces of a holy image and an Order of St. Vladimir which was always worn by Botkin.

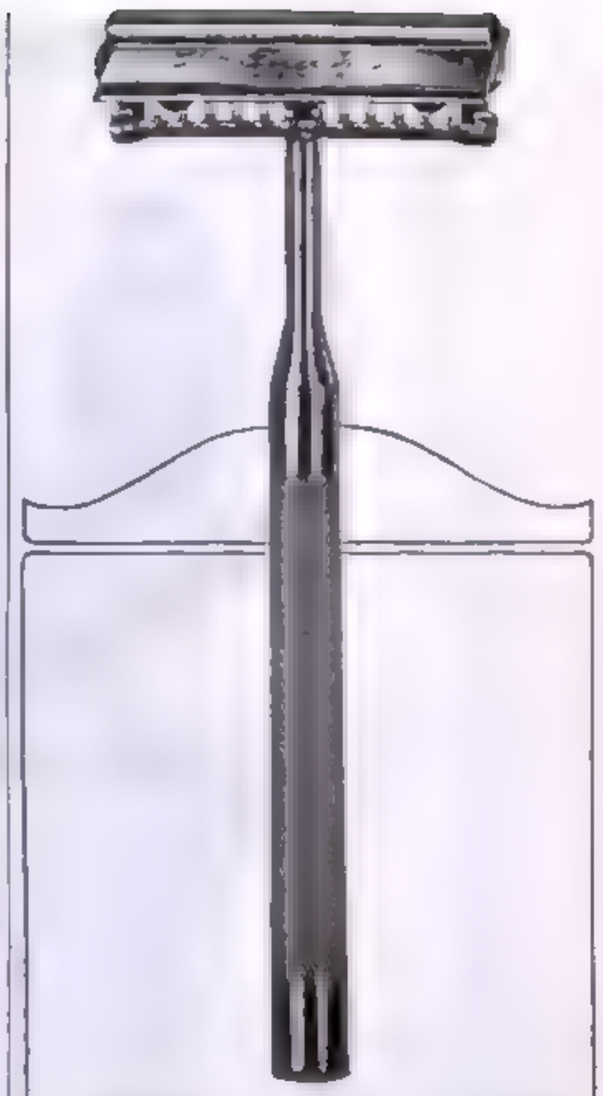
In a short time after this Volkoff came to Tobolsk. He said that Hendrikova, Sneider and himself were taken from the railway car in Yekaterinburg and sent to prison. From there they were transferred to a prison in Perm. Afterward they were taken out of the Perm prison, and led out to be shot, but he fled on the way and escaped. The others were executed.

The Czar's Simplicity

In Tobolsk I heard for the first time about the murder of the imperial family. I saw it in the Omsk newspaper, Zaria; or maybe in a Tobolsk newspaper, Narodnoe-Slovo. The Bolshevik communication described the execution of the Emperor Nicholas the "sanguinary." In regard to the character and private life of the members of the imperial family, I could state the following: The Emperor was a very clever man, well-informed, and very interesting to talk with; he had a remarkable memory. He was very fond of physical labor and could not get along without it. This may be said of his education. He was very modest in his needs. Even in Czarskoe-Selo I saw him wearing old trousers and worn boots. He drank very little. [During dinner he drank not more than one glass of Port wine or Madeira. He liked the simple Russian dishes—borsch, stchy and kasha. I remember very well one day he came to the wine cellar, and seeing some cognac he ordered Rojkoff to give it over to me and said: "You know, I don't drink it myself." I never saw him drinking anything except Port or Madeira. He was very religious. He hated and could not stand Germans. The particular characteristics of his personality were kindness and a mild disposition. He was exceptionally kind. On his own will as a man he would never cause any pain to anybody. This quality made a very strong impression upon other people. He was kind, modest, straight and frank. He behaved himself in a very modest and natural manner. In Tobolsk he played checkers with the soldiers. I am sure that many soldiers had very good feelings toward the imperial family. For example: When the soldiers—good regular soldiers—were leaving Tobolsk they went secretly to the Emperor to wish him farewell and kissed him. The Emperor's idea was that the Russian man was a mild, kind-hearted fellow; he did not understand many things, but it was easy to impress and influence him by kindness. The Czar himself was of this type. I often pitied him, for the soldiers frequently permitted themselves to act with hooligan manners, generally in the absence of the imperial family. They often made a number of dirty jokes in reference to the imperial family; perhaps they were afraid to do it in their presence. And that was the reason why the august family did not realize the danger of their position.

The Czar loved Russia and more than once I heard him express his fear to be taken abroad. He did not understand art, but liked Nature and hunting extremely. It was painful for him to abstain from hunting for any length of time, and he disliked to have to spend his time indoors. Feeble character was his weakness and therefore he was influenced by his wife. I noticed that even in trifles, when he was consulted on some details, the usual answer was: "As my wife wishes; I will ask her."

The Empress was very clever, extremely reserved and had a strong character, and her main feature was her love of power. Her looks were majestic. When you spoke to the Emperor there were moments when



TWO MILLION
(2,000,000)
Enders
SAFETY
Razors
sold—

without advertising—

Because this is the first time, since its introduction, 13 years ago, that the Enders production has been able to catch up with the demand—a demand created wholly by its enthusiastic users.

It has made good, invariably, and continuously, on merit alone, without a word of urge or argument from its makers.

And, since Enders has sold so well on personal recommendation alone, I want to continue that method, even in advertising, and, as "the man who made it," ask the readers of The Saturday Evening Post just to *try it*.

Wm Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place
New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00—with six blades of the finest quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in a small convenient plush-lined box.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SELL THE ENDERS

Standard Model
$10
In Canada $15

BOYCE
MOTO METER

BOYCE Moto-Meter gives warning of engine trouble *before it happens!* At a glance it tells you if your engine is running too hot, too cool, or at a safe normal temperature. It is always on guard over your running motor. Eliminates premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders and other motor troubles and expense.

Boyce Moto-Meter is sold on a money-back guarantee. Millions are in use and not one has ever been returned.

If the manufacturer of your car neglected to supply you with a Boyce Moto-Meter get one from your dealer today.

Radiator Cap Models $2.50 to $15.00
(In Canada $3.75 to $22.50)

Dash Board Type - $18.00 to $50.00
(In Canada $27.00 to $75.00)

Radiator models can be installed in ten minutes

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

you forgot you were speaking to the Czar, but when you spoke to the Empress the feeling that she belonged to a royal family did not leave you for a moment. Owing to her character she always took the leading part in all family affairs, and subdued the Emperor to her side. Certainly she felt more keenly than he did their humiliating position. Everybody noticed how rapidly she was aging. She spoke and wrote Russian very correctly and loved Russia very much. The same as the Emperor, she feared to be taken abroad. She had a talent for painting and embroidery. Not only could you not notice a German in her, but you might have thought that she was born in a country opposed to Germany. This could be explained by her education. After her mother's death, being still very young, she was educated in England by her grandmother, Queen Victoria. I never heard a single German word from her. She used to speak Russian, English and French. There was no doubt of her illness. Doctor Botkin explained to me the nature of it. Being the daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, it was something that she inherited from their family—weakness of the blood vessels. This malady produced paralysis following a bruise from which the Empress was suffering. The men got rid of this illness after the time of their sexual maturity, when this trouble entirely disappeared. With women the illness only started after their climacteric period and from this stage hysteria was progressive. It was clear that the Empress was suffering from hysteria. Botkin explained to me in this way that this was the origin of her religious ecstasy. All her manual activities and all her thoughts were led by religious motives, and there was a touch of religion in her work. When she was making a present to anybody it always bore the inscription: "God bless you and protect you," or something similar to that. There is no doubt that she loved her husband, but she loved him in a way not as a young woman loves a man, but she loves him as the father of her children. You could not see the woman in her. In this respect the Emperor was better preserved than she was. She loved all her children, but her son she adored.

The Young Grand Duchesses

The Grand Duchess Olga was a nice-looking young blonde, aged about twenty-three; her type was Russian. She was fond of reading, very capable and mentally developed; spoke English well and German badly. She had some talent for art, played the piano, sang—she learned singing in Petrograd, her voice was soprano—and she painted well. She was very modest and did not care for luxury. Her clothes were modest and she restrained her sisters from extravagance in dress. She gave altogether the impression of a good, generous-hearted Russian girl. It looked as if she had had some sorrow in her life and still carried traces of it. It seemed to me that she loved her father more than she loved her mother. She also loved her brother, and called him "The Little One" or "The Baby."

The Grand Duchess Tatiana was aged about twenty. She was quite different from her sisters. You could recognize in her the same features that were in her mother—the same nature and the same character. You could feel that she was the daughter of an emperor. She had no liking for art. Maybe it would have been better for her had she been a man. When the Emperor and Empress left Tobolsk nobody would ever have thought that the Grand Duchess Olga was the senior of the remaining members of the imperial family. If any questions rose it was always Tatiana who was appealed to. She was nearer to her mother than the other children; and it seemed that she loved her mother more than her father.

The Grand Duchess Maria was aged eighteen; she was tall, strong, and better looking than the other sisters. She painted well and was the most amiable. She always used to speak to the soldiers, questioned them, and knew very well the names of their wives, the number of children, and the amount of land owned by the soldiers. All the intimate affairs in such cases were always known to her. The same as the Grand Duchess Olga, she loved her father more than the rest. On account of her simplicity and affability she was given the pet name by the family of "Mashka." And by this term she was called by her brother and by her sisters.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia, I believe, was aged seventeen. She was overdeveloped for her age; she was stout and short, too stout for her height; her characteristic feature was to see the weak points of other people and to make fun of them. She was a comedian by nature and always made everybody laugh. She preferred her father to her mother and loved Maria Nicholævna more than the other sisters.

All of them, including Tatiana, were nice, modest and innocent girls. There is no doubt they were cleaner in their thoughts than the majority of girls nowadays.

The Czarevitch was the idol of the whole family. He was only a child and his characteristic features were not yet worked out. He was a very clever, capable and lively boy. He spoke Russian, French and English, and did not know a word of German.

In general, I could say about the whole imperial family that they all loved each other and were so satisfied with their family life that they did not need or look for intercourse with other people. Never before have I seen in my life, and probably never again shall I see such a good, friendly and agreeable family.

In Defense of the Empress

Now I can say that the time will come when the Russian people will realize what terrible tortures this very nice family was subjected to, especially when they consider how from the first days of the Revolution the newspaper men insinuated a lot of scandalous stories about their intimate family life. Take, for instance, the story about Rasputin. I had many talks about it with Doctor Botkin. The Empress was suffering with hysteria. This illness induced a religious ecstasy in her. Besides that, her only and beloved son was ill and there was no one who could help him. A mother's sorrow, on the basis of religious ecstasy, created Rasputin. Rasputin was a saint to her. Having a great influence over her husband, she converted him to her ideas in this matter. After I lived with this family and had been closely associated with them I fully understood how unjust were the stories and the insults that were heaped upon them. They ought to have known that the Empress Alexandra, as a woman, had long ago ceased to exist. One can imagine how they all suffered in reading the Russian newspapers in Czarskoe-Selo.

They were even accused of treachery in favor of Germany, I explained to you before the feelings the Emperor had toward the Germans. The Empress also hated Wilhelm. She often said: "I am always accused of liking and helping the Germans, but nobody knows how I hate Wilhelm for all the evil he has brought to my native place." She had Germany but not Russia in mind when she stated that. Tatischeff told me as an example of her broad vision that once when she was talking about the confusion in Russia she prophesied that the same thing would happen in Germany. The grand duchesses had the same bad feeling toward the Emperor Wilhelm. I remember that once the grand duchesses distributed among the servants the presents they received from Wilhelm during his visit on their yacht.

I cannot remember anything else. Well, no, I remember the Emperor used to keep a diary, though I could not tell whether the Empress kept one or not. All the grand duchesses used to keep diaries, but before their departure from Tobolsk, Maria and Anastasia destroyed their own.

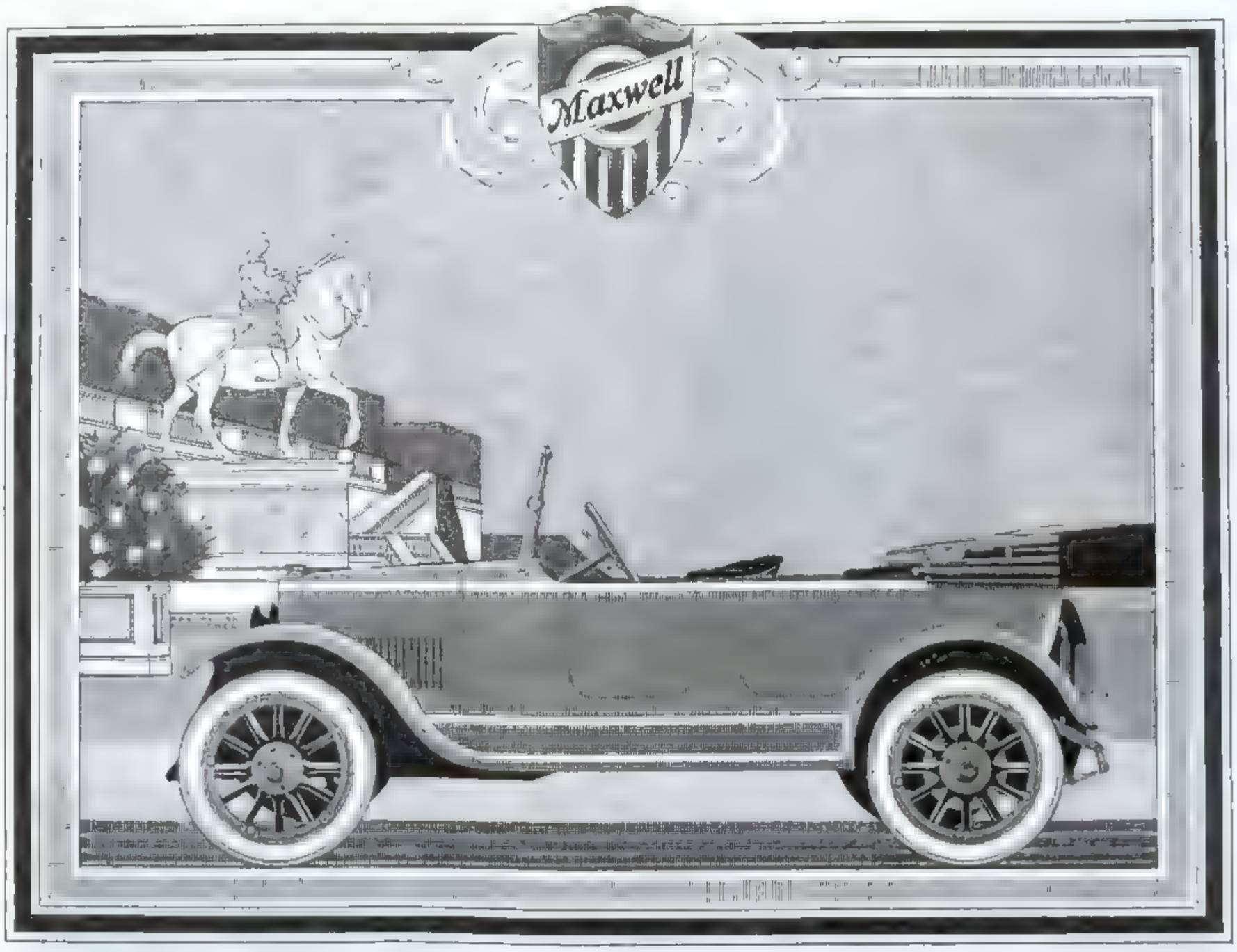
I read in a newspaper that while the Emperor was in prison in Yekaterinburg somebody came to him and offered to save him, on certain conditions. After the Emperor learned that the man was sent by the Emperor Wilhelm he refused to parley with him. I could not tell from whence the Letts came who arrived at Tobolsk. But I draw your attention to the fact that the Lett detachment which took the children from Tobolsk never returned. Hohriakoff also failed to return.

Miss Hitrovo visited Tobolsk. She was a young girl, and adored the Grand Duchess Olga. Her arrival created a whole story, that was picked up and exaggerated. She was searched but nothing was found.

My testimony has been read to me and it is written correctly.

(Signed) EUGENE STEPANOVITCH KOBYLINSKY CORONER SOKOLOF.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Professor Telberg. The second will appear in an early issue.



The Thrift of a

MAXWELL

comes from its Special Steels

Nearly 400,000 owners know well how thrifty a Maxwell really is.

Men in the trade in selling other cars often use the expression "as thrifty as a Maxwell."

Special steels are the underlying cause of Maxwell's thrift.

These are steels made to Maxwell's own formulae, after years of tests, analysis and study, which make possible the ideal construction of great strength and light weight.

They give a Maxwell the ability to stand wear, strain, twists and jolts that other cars much larger and heavier would have difficulty to resist.

But they make a Maxwell light. They eliminate useless weight; they ease the burden on the engine and thus gas, oil and tires render long mileage results.

Hence the ever growing respect and admiration for Maxwell the world over, and its consequent fast growing numbers. Nearly 400,000 in use today; a year hence 500,000.

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT

MAXWELL MOTOR CO. *of* CANADA, LTD.
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION
Export Division, 74 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

ROWENA PULLS THE WHEEZE!

(Continued from Page 17)

green water, in which Rowena wonders, staring in 'em fascinated, if a man could drown.

"'I'm presenting her properly to-night, of course, Rowena, but I did want you two to meet,' says Eleanor.

"'I have heard so much about you, Madame Armour, from my dear friend Eleanor,' says Helma Christina Norling with a slow smile of her natural red lips; 'I am sure we are going to see more of each other.' She had an odd way, when she talked, of touching the orchids pinned to her moleskin coat.

"'I'd be so charmed,' murmurs Rowena. And all at once she felt cold, though they were standing near a radiator and she'd kept on her furs. She notices Eleanor gazing at her with her slanting eyes; and though Rowena would never have thought it, of course, Eleanor being her dearest friend, the look might be compared to the expression on the genial cat while toying comfortably with a mouse.

"'And here comes the Count de Fiora,' says Eleanor. 'He's mad about Rowena! He saw her last night at the Fête Chinoise, and though he hasn't been formally presented I've invited him here for tea. Really, he's fallen for the dear child with a sickening thud. Don't be frightened, Rowena. She's a trifle old-fashioned, Helma,' Eleanor goes on, turning to Mrs. Norling with the little laugh; 'can you believe it? She actually thinks a woman should be in love with her husband!'

"'Mon Dieu!' exclaims Mrs. Norling in horror, touching her orchids. 'It is impossible, such a viewpoint! *Elle est très ingénuel* My dear madame, a woman must keep the little aviary in her life—the tame robin—to play with; otherwise she will die of ennui. *N'est-ce-pas?*'

"'Of course,' drawls Eleanor with a shrug. 'A man does the same, after the honeymoon wears off; you're really quite provincial, Rowena,' she goes on with a sweet little tinkly laugh. 'And the count is fearfully worth while. Besides, you've been married two years. Fiora's presented his credentials at Washington in the diplomatic corps and will be in New York all winter. Helma dear, do tell me what is that glorious perfume you have on? I've been dying to know it ever since you came!'

"'It is made by my *parfumeur* in Paris,' returns Mrs. Norling, 'especially for me. It is called Seduction.'

"'What a gorgeous name!' replies Eleanor.

"'You already know my husband?' asks Rowena in delighted tones.

"'Ah, yes,' smiles Mrs. Norling, patting the orchids. 'We met three years ago, in Christiania.'

"'I've promised Vincent to bring her to his office this afternoon,' says Eleanor; 'he's dying for a sight of her before the ball to-night, they're such old friends! Ah, here's Fiora. Rowena darling, you won't mind? We'll run along. While we're gone you entertain the count.'

"'But ——' gasps Rowena.

"At that moment a dapper little party comes hurrying toward them down the corridor. The glass of fashion and the mold of form, says the poet; and he was It, wearing striped trousers and lovely spats and the perfect mustache without which no Frenchman is complete, but with a couple of bulges under his liquid orbs that somehow don't improve them any. Pausing before the ladies he bends over terrible low without once losing his equilibrium, thus proving to anybody why all our acrobats are foreigners, while Eleanor introduces him as the Count de Fiora. Without once gazing at Mrs. Norling he yearns straight into Rowena's eyes, and murmurs he's being wafted into celestial spheres.

"'By, by, Rowena darling,' says Eleanor sweetly, and off she moves with Mrs. Norling. In another minute they're getting into Eleanor's limousine.

"Well, as soon as she could Rowena gets away from the count, who's been oozing fair words, and hurries home with a cold chill hovering round her heart. For all at once she remembers her mother's words.

"She pushes the button of the electric elevator and goes up to her apartment, trying to laugh. Of course that was nothing but her fond mamma's imagination and the ouija board, which was silly to believe in, thinks she, sitting down before the fire on a chaise longue and reasoning calmly with herself. A beautiful woman had been introduced as an old friend of her husband's—but there were stacks of beautiful women in the four hundred, the woods was full of 'em; and Vincent had known them all; yet he had picked her out instead to be his lawful wedded. What then was agitating her avoirdupois? He loved her. He had told her so not over a million or two times. She was the only woman in the world for him, which words he had mentioned with all the embonpoint and fervor of Marc Antony on being parted from Cleopatra for fifteen minutes. Nothing could ever come between them or hurt their love, says he. Well! And yet ——

"How beautiful Mrs. Norling was. The count had said her husband was dead and that it was her duty to marry a wealthy man. 'Well,' sighs Rowena, 'she'd oughta have no trouble.'

"Gee, if only they could run away from all this glitter and society, she thinks, or if Vincent could 'a' been George Jennings, though not resembling him in looks, thank heaven—poor George being the honest but kinda squinty shipping clerk whom she had almost wed in the days of yore, being reckless of her young life and not knowing that Vincent was approaching on the horizon. Then they'd 'a' had a flat and a phonograph, with no butlers coming at you on rubber heels, and after dinner Vincent'd help her with the dishes and they'd take in a movie all by themselves. And yet, a flat would be no place for children.

"After which she gets into a glorious rainbow gown trimmed with jeweled butterflies, assisted by Celeste, who cried *'beaucoup ravissant!'* with all the vim and vigor of unconquered France, she adoring her mistress with might and main; and though ladies' maids ain't now supposed to undertake the arduous duty of dressing hair she pays no attention to the union and puts up Rowena's in fascinating red waves with the emerald tiara which was Vincent's favorite jewel, he saying countless times it made her look like a gorgeous queen. And out she goes to Eleanor's ball, Vincent having phoned that he couldn't get home to dinner but would meet her there. She noticed he hadn't mentioned Eleanor and the widow's visit of the afternoon.

"Arriving at the Travers', Rowena gives a gasp at sight of Mrs. Helma Christina Norling, a dream in heavenly blue tulle and pearls, with a long black ostrich plume in her pale gold hair, making it stand out like the color of a Chinese pagoda in a Belasco play, who she sees is busy grabbing all the attention off innocent débutantes who hadda shrinkingly retire to the dressing rooms and dab their noses and cuss to relieve their injured feelings. And Rowena notes sinkingly that Vincent comes early, his slim form in his swell black clothes having any movie hero faded to ignominy, and after he had spoken but a few words to her, makes straight for Mrs. Norling, who smiles caressingly up in his face, her green eyes glowing, like pools of green water in which ——

"Rowena sits staring at her. Mrs. Norling was saying something behind her ostrich fan to Vincent, her long pearl earrings falling nearly to her shoulders, that was white as marble. She sure was beautiful! And Vincent was leaning toward her with admiration in every glance. What was it she had said that afternoon—tame robins? And then Rowena feels the chill growing to an icy blast as she recollects the count's words of the afternoon — Mrs. Norling wanted a wealthy husband.

"Laughing with gay nom de plumb as Percy Van Witt relates into her ear all the comedy lines from a Broadway show as his latest wheezes, Rowena waves at Eleanor, who in vivid red is whirling by with Ferdy Gresham, barely existing with but a paltry hundred million between him and ruin. But the faithful Fido is the Count de Fiora with a red ribbon across his manly chest, breathing fervently into her ear, which naught could stop him, short of murder or calling for the police. 'But what's the difference,' thinks Rowena when rising for that party's fifth one step, 'with Vincent always hanging round the widow?'

"After a while Vincent comes up to her. It's their hesitation.

"'Mrs. Norling is beautiful, isn't she, dear?' says Rowena cordially.

"'Glorious!' breathes Vincent with enthusiasm as he whirls her round a palm. 'She's magnificent!'

"Rowena feels a little quiver. 'Oh, Vincent,' says she drowningly after a moment, 'let's run away from everything to-morrow!

"At Sight of Him Rowena Gives a Scream and Shrinks Back Wildly Against the Wall, While the Count, Looking Kinda Surprised, Smiles Sweetly, However, and Shrugs His Shoulders"

(Continued on Page 59)

Trombone and Traps, Marimba and Saxophone —All Faultlessly Reproduced by that Greatest of Phonographs—the

AEOLIAN-VOCALION

"OUR al fresco dances take perhaps first place in our summer joys this season. Such records as we have for our Vocalion—they fairly make one dance—crisp, snappy fox-trots, jolly, enticing "blues" for one-steps, and dreamy, flowing waltzes, all played with such steady, pulse-like rhythm, ideal for dancing, that one knows they are the work of masters of their art. Really, the Vocalion plays so beautifully—makes every instrument so true to life, that sitting out a dance and just listening is a genuine delight."

The Aeolian-Vocalion plays all standard records

THE Aeolian-Vocalion is a wonderful phonograph for playing dance music. Its full, rich tone gives it a carrying power that makes it very suitable for this particular purpose. But the Vocalion has much more to commend it than simply its ability to play for the dance. For example, it can be

Played Like a Solo Instrument

THE exclusive tone control device on the Vocalion—the Graduola—lends an entirely new interest to the phonograph and one that appeals strongly to all music-lovers.

This device enables one to control the volume of tone, shading the music now to a whisper, now bringing it out to the full volume of the instrument. It is so constructed that the performer may sit at a little distance from the Vocalion and enjoy the sense of musical production, coloring and shading the music, much as an orchestra leader imposes his will on his players without himself actually sounding a note.

So greatly does the Graduola add to the interest of the phonograph, that this feature has been alone sufficient to influence the majority of music-lovers in the Vocalion's favor.

Tone Beauty and Fidelity

THOSE who hear the Aeolian-Vocalion for the first time are generally interested to know the secret of its ability to reproduce the actual tone characteristics of different instruments and voices, so faithfully.

This is not a secret, however, and is due to the scientific construction of the Vocalion, based on its manufacturers' knowledge of the problems of tone production, and wide experience in building different kinds of musical instruments.

Other Features

Plays All Records—The Universal Tone Arm enables the Vocalion to play all standard records without adjusting more than simply shifting the position of the reproducer in its relation to the record.

Positive Automatic Stop—A simple and effective stop that is easily "set" and stops the record at the end or any point desired.

Unusual Case Beauty—The cases of the Vocalion exhibit genuine art in the simple beauty of their design and richness of case-woods. Both period and conventional models set a new standard of appropriateness and conformity with modern ideas in interior furnishing.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall, New York City

Makers of the Duo-Art Piano
Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

LONDON PARIS MADRID SYDNEY MELBOURNE

Canadian Distributors:
The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, Ltd.
Toronto

Return coupon for complete illustrated catalog of the Aeolian-Vocalion

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
29 W. 42nd St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your illustrated Aeolian-Vocalion catalog.

Name _____

Addr _____

Better Be Right than Sorry

OF ALL the annoying things that may happen to your automobile, probably the one that has troubled you least is the burning out of the lamps. Yet, when it does happen, it is not merely "annoying"—*it's dangerous!*

With just one lamp out you are likely to confuse an approaching driver—fail to warn the car coming up behind—overlook a ditch or obstruction ahead—or run into any one of a dozen other kinds of *real trouble.*

Don't take chances! Be sure of the quality, the size and the voltage of your lamps by specifying NATIONAL MAZDA. Ask for them by name, and see that the name is stamped clearly on the base as shown in the illustration.

The NATIONAL MAZDA dealer can show you exactly what you need, for he has all the information classified before his eyes. You can locate the NATIONAL MAZDA agent in any town by the blue carton or cabinet in his window. Better be right than sorry!

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Company
36 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Each of these labels represents a Division of National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service

(Continued from Page 56)

Let's drive out to that inn on Long Island where we used to go when nobody noticed me—just you and I! Shall we?'

"'I'm—sorry, dear,' says Vincent; his voice sounded kinda strained, 'but I'm going to be terribly busy—at the office. There's a—a conference on, at two o'clock.'

"'Oh, all right,' says Rowena, smiling gay-like into his eyes and squeezing his arm like she used to.

"But he don't squeeze back; and though the music's playing Kiss Me Again it sounds like nothing but the Dead March in Saul. And the balance of the evening while giving a correct imitation of All's Well on the Potomac, little does anybody dream it's all a hollow sham.

"Well, after an age he comes for her to go. They don't talk much on the way home, except he says to her with a frown, 'Rowena, I don't care to have you associate with the Count de Fiora.'

"'Why not?' asks she wonderingly.

"Because,' he returns kinda sharp, 'the man is a roué, and his principal occupations are making love to married women and gambling for high stakes. He ekes out a meager income by making use of both channels. His presence is enough to compromise any woman, and he's already been ostracised, yet Eleanor continues to invite him. I want you to cut him after tonight.'

"'I promise,' says Rowena, feeling considerable better at seeing him jealous, so she retires that night under silk covers which her maternal ancestor said oughta been put to draping the human form where it would show instead of wasted on a bed, and the ensuing A. M. Celeste brings her chocolate and she dictates a bunch of letters to her secretary and gets dressed, for Eleanor is to call for her at eleven-thirty for the musicale at the Giltmore held for the benefit of Free Milk for Turkey and thus enabling those in the U. S. to pay still more for it.

"'Oh, my dear,' says Eleanor when arriving and distributing her furs all over the place, after which she sinks into a chair. 'What rotten luck's happened to Helma! She sprained her ankle last night getting out of her car!'

"'Oh, I'm so sorry!' says Rowena.

"'Yes, isn't it tragic! And she's so wonderful,' goes on Eleanor, with her slanting eyes fixed on Rowena.

"'Vincent's renewing his admiration for her,' she goes on after Celeste had departed, darting an unseen but fiery look at Eleanor's gorgeous black lace, she not yearning toward Eleanor for two pins and speaking freely of it to Perkins in the hall below; 'at least, judging from all appearances.'

"'I don't blame him,' says Rowena; 'she's perfectly charming.'

"'Yes,' returns Eleanor, 'and so well born. Well, darling, we'd better hurry. We're to sell tickets in the east lobby. Oh, have you heard about the Gotroxes?' she goes on, watching Rowena while she talks. 'George spends half his time in Paris, and Fanny said she positively could not stand for it unless he made it the entire year, so she's suing for divorce, with everybody's sympathy. Ready?'

"'I believe I'll telephone Vincent to meet us later at the Plaza,' says Rowena, drawing on her furs.

"'I don't believe he can, dear,' says Eleanor. 'He's lunching with Helma this afternoon at two. He was so worried about her ankle.'

"'Oh, of course; he told me. I'd forgotten,' says Rowena with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Lunching with Mrs. Norling—when he had told her ——

"Talking gayly to keep down the misery in her soul she follows Eleanor out to the car, her poor mind in a turmoil. And though wearing a dull olive costume costing not a cent over four hundred bucks it might have been overhalls for all the joy she feels in them as she sinks into one of the boxes in the Giltmore ballroom and bows and smiles at the Social Register, which was there en masse, meaning the fat dowagers gazing at the show through their lorgnettes and all dolled up like the world's greatest circus.

"Surely there was some mistake, thinks she miserably. There must be! Well, she could telephone the office and find out. Making an excuse to Eleanor she hurries to a phone booth and gets the number. It was nearly two o'clock. His secretary answered. Mr. Armour Jr. had been in that morning but had left about one, saying he would not be back that day. There was no conference. But, thinks she, though feeling kinda numb as she goes back to Eleanor, maybe he's changed his mind since he talked to her the night before. He'd tell her of it when he came home.

"That night she had Celeste dress her early, then sits waiting for Vincent. They were going to a first night at the opera, with dinner at the Annisons', and he had promised to be home early. But he didn't come. About twelve o'clock she hears him talking to his man and knocks on his door. He tells her to come in, smiling like nothing had happened. He tells her he worked late at the office. The conference had lasted all afternoon until eleven o'clock. Poor Rowena says nothing, but goes back to her own apartment, feeling suddenly sick. Vincent had lied.

"The days went by, Rowena seeing him only once in a while, and his office never, as she finds out by telephoning; till, though going through the motions of eating and sleeping, the poor child is beginning to feel like hurrying across town and jumping into the Hudson, for what's the use if he has lost his love for her whom he swore firmly at the altar to love, honor and cherish until death did 'em part, leaving out the obey by advice of Rowena's mamma?

"And then one day her mother-in-law comes to her home.

"Mrs. Vincent Armour Sr., though tall and grand and looking like she could 'a' won the battle at Waterloo a lot niftier than the other party, loved her daughter-in-law with all her proud heart, which Rowena knew. Well, sitting down in one corner of the drawing-room, making sure there's none of the servants about to hear, she takes Rowena's hand and leans over, her snapping brown eyes not so snappy and a quiver playing over her stern countenance, which had hitherto been as foreign to outward signs of emotion as any hotel clerk's in the land.

"'Rowena, my poor child,' says she falteringly, 'perhaps you already know. If not, it is my duty to tell you. Oh, I would spare you if I could!' And with that she begins to talk."

"What did she say?" inquired Gwendolyn Clarice, while reaching for a marshmallow.

"Enough," returned Pansy Imogene cryptically.

"'Rowena, darling,' Mrs. Armour Sr. finishes, 'I am very proud. There must not be a whisper of scandal against the Armour name. If only something could be done! I had hoped that this infatuation, this weakness of my son's, had ended with his marriage but now! What can we do?'

"'Nothing,' says Rowena dully. And after her mother-in-law departs she sits staring before her, feeling like the party the guy Bacchus eloped with and then left on a island without benefit of ferry. Then, looking up at the painting of Vincent smiling down at her out of his silver frame so fine and noble, she holds out her hands to him with a little moan. Sorrow—the ouija had been right!"

Gwendolyn Clarice blew her nose. "That Norling woman sprained her ankle on purpose to cop that poor boy!" she cried indignantly. "Honest, it makes me feel something terrible when I think how I've always been enjoying them vampire films! Oh, Pansy, can't nothing save him?"

"After a while Rowena rises," continued Pansy Imogene, "and walks restless about her gorgeous boudoir with its satin walls and ivory dressing table that had all seemed so wonderful and was now naught but ashes and a empty husk. What could she do about it? She sinks down again on the chaise longue. Nothing! To plead with him would do no good. 'But, oh,' thinks she, 'if ever man was loved by woman, meaning me, that man is Vincent Armour!'

"After a while the doorbell rings, and she looks out at her maternal ancestor coming up the stairs, who, though seldom visiting her daughter since the wedding, owing to a prejudice she entertained toward the butler Perkins, who can't help his stiff neck and thus would never harm a soul if he'd had to stoop to do it, inquires after she'd sat down why her daughter had not been near her for the past week. For, says she, she's been terrible worried, especially since James had gone in the soda-water business with his pa and now comes home with no appetite for his meals. 'But,' says she, 'your grandfather says that all will be well in time'; though since the family on the floor below had been having twins she'd had little time to commune with the spirit world until last night when the demonstration was something grand.

"'Oh, Rowena,' says she, unfastening her new sealskin coat, 'we had the loveliest message from Chet, our darling little fox terrier who died four years ago this coming March. He says he's well and happy save for the flies, which bothers him as bad as they did on mortal plane, everything going on the same as here, Rowena, only more so; and then he tells us all about a friend of his by the name of Rover who went mad yesterday from the heat, but while running down the street he was met by a mad poodle once belonging to a wealthy family on earth by the name of Smith, and the poodle bit Rover, and now they're both as well as they ever was. Isn't that wonderful?' After which she says she'd better be going as pa would be coming home, and where was his supper?

"After her departure Rowena stands thinking of that ouija, then calling Celeste she gets into a shimmery pink chiffon. There was a flower show at the Ritz and she'd promised to meet Eleanor at seven-thirty.

"'Ready, dear?' came Eleanor's cool but penetrating voice over the telephone. 'I just called up to tell you to be sure and look your prettiest. I've invited Fiora to-night especially for you. He's been languishing for a week, dear, and I do think he deserves some reward!'

"Fiora, the man Vincent had said was——

"'Oh, no ——' begins Rowena into the phone; then she shrugs her shoulders. What's the use? 'All right, Eleanor. Perhaps I am a fool,' she goes on, weary-like, 'to go on weeping for someone who doesn't seem to care anything for me.'

"'Well, really, dear,' replies Eleanor sympathetically, almost gurgling at the other end of the wire, though keeping it firmly from her dearest friend, 'I don't like to say anything, but the way Vincent's acting—what else can you do? Besides, Fiora's so worth while! He's terrifically eligible, and mad about you! So by, by, darling; see you at seven-thirty.' And she hangs up, tickled pink.

"Rowena hurries up the awninged steps of the Ritz, wondering if already people were beginning to talk; girls dressed as different flowers was selling a basket of them for only five dollars per flower, while in the ballroom a flock of débutantes was wearing the colors of the Allied nations and expressions of nonchalance, they knowing full well that the audience was mostly of the common herd who'd paid good money just to see them in their native lair. After a bit the lights dimmed and a flood light played over the different booths, from one of which a man began singing something about love. Rowena hears a fluty voice at her elbow. It was the Count de Fiora.

"'Ah, madame,' he murmurs soulfully, 'at last! Ah, you have been so cruel!' he cries, grabbing her hand. 'I am desolate. Every day I try to see you. I attempt the telephone, the billet doux, everything—and there is nothing. You are too beautiful to be neglected,' he whispers. Rowena turns away. 'Ah, the American woman,' he goes on in passionate tones into her back hair, 'she is all ice and snow—she break the heart! Madame, you are unhappy!' Rowena gives him a haughty look over her shoulders and then stares out at the ballroom. 'Ah, madame, when I am so,' he goes on, undisturbed, 'I forget!'

"'How?' asks Rowena.

"'A fad—a hobby—love!' he murmurs, breathing like a furnace. 'Ah, you turn away! I then accept the consolation. Madame,' he says mournfully, 'already since I have met you I have play all day long the baccarat or, as you call him, the American game of poker, to drown my sorrow at your frigidity!'

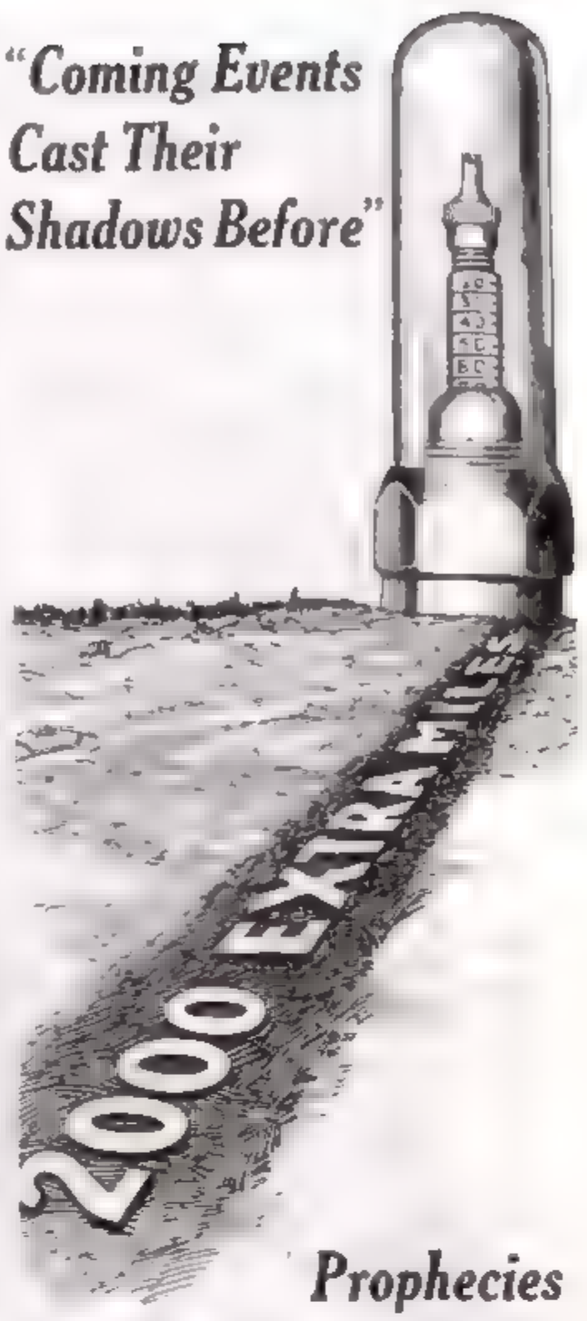
"Rowena's hands clench suddenly against her gilt chair.

"'Poker,' she repeats slowly, her eyes grown wide like mine did the time I got change from the shoe man after handing him fifteen dollars for a pair of pumps. Then she smiles gayly at the count. 'Is it interesting?'

"'Ah, madame,' he sighs, laying his hand soulfully over his right rib, 'it is the *divertissement*, the panacea. For a little while it take the heart from sorrow.'

"'I wonder,' says Rowena in a whisper, staring out at the ballroom. Her eyes held a funny light. 'I wonder if it would!' The floor was being cleared and everybody was

(Continued on Page 61)



Prophecies Are Dangerous But—

We will say the time is coming when motorists will stop wasting tire mileage at the rate of a couple of thousand or more miles per tire. In fact prophecy is already beginning to come true.

The introduction of the Tirometer was a milestone in automotive history.

Like many noteworthy inventions, the Tirometer is simplicity itself—something "anyone could have thought of" but didn't. The Tirometer is merely a mechanically correct valve plus a pressure gauge with a transparent, unbreakable cap. It warns you, at a glance, the moment your tires *begin* to be deflated. That's all. But that's enough.

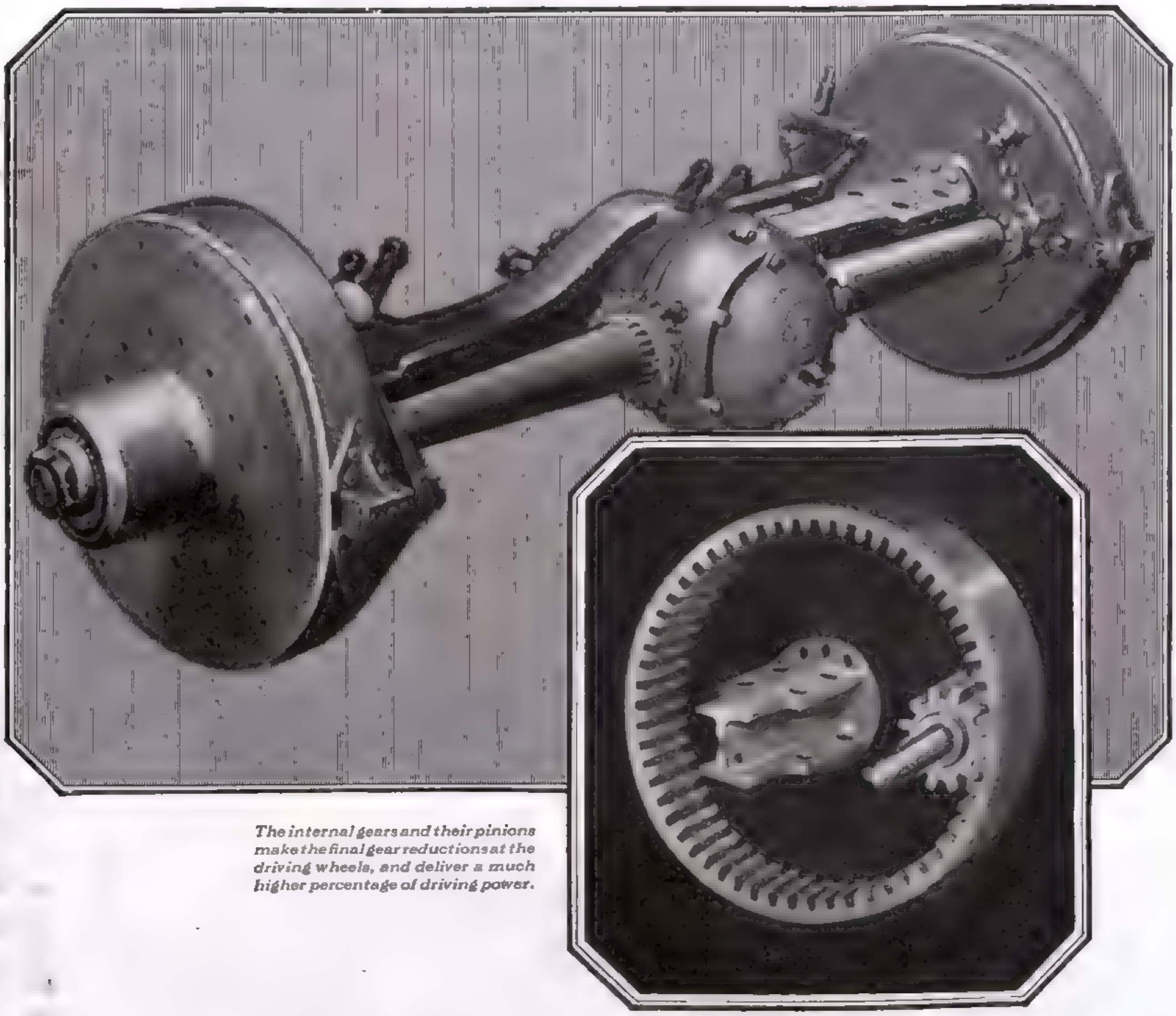
TIROMETER

No motorist ever took his tire pressures frequently enough. It was a messy, disagreeable and tedious job with an ordinary tire gauge. Most of the time he guessed at it—and guessed wrong. You know that as well as we do.

And one word more—tire adjusters tell us: A tire even slightly deflated, run for even a short distance, will strain the fabric or separate the cords. It is that deflation which robs practically every tire made of at least 2000 miles of possible wear.

$1.75 each or set of 5 for $8.00. Easily adjusted to the tube or changed from old tubes to new ones. Specify wood or wire wheels. Attractive dealer proposition on request.

Tirometer Valve Corporation
of America
Charleston, W. Va.



The internal gears and their pinions make the final gear reductions at the driving wheels, and deliver a much higher percentage of driving power.

TORBENSEN AXLES

It is the way Torbensen applies the simple internal gear principle that makes this axle turn much more of the transmitted power into actual driving energy, and thereby greatly increases a truck's hauling ability.

(Continued from Page 59)

watching languidly a couple of dancers doing a minuet toned off with the shimmy. 'Could you teach it to me?' she asks the count, meaning poker, not the shimmy.

"'Ah, madame, it would make me so happy!' he murmurs tenderly. '*Vous êtes charmante, très* ——'

"'But I've never played,' interrupts Rowena, gazing at the man dancer flinging the poor woman over his right ear. 'I don't know one card from another,' she goes on, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"'I will teach you!' breathes the count, jumping up excitedly and executing one of those pas de seuls which, though spoken of in the best books, is seldom witnessed by the average party. 'It will give me the little hour to bask in the sunshine of your ——'

"'But suppose,' says Rowena, 'one should become infatuated and it got into the blood?'

"The count shrugged. 'For children who eat too much candy, they would undoubtedly get sick. But we are not children. Ah, madame, it is in your hands.'

"'When can we begin?' asks Rowena feverishly as she stares at Eleanor, who looks like a million dollars in jade and a bright yellow against a clump of carnations near the orchestra.

"'At once—to-morrow!' cries the count yearningly. 'In the afternoon. I have the very important appointment in the morning which I cannot break. At your residence?'

"'Oh, no!' returns Rowena, nervous-like. 'At Eleanor's. My husband must not know! Will you find her please and ask her?'

"'At your service, *chèrie*,' whispers the count with a melting look out of his bulgy eyes; and off he goes after Eleanor.

"Rowena sits gazing after him, then she laughs. Mrs. Armour Sr., in lavender and her diamond dog collar, comes up to her to say something comforting, she being pretty worried in her mind, and Rowena smiles fondly into her face but says nothing. Directly Eleanor glides up, looking as cool as the celebrated cucumber, but with a considerable conflagration going on under her shiny hair as she gazes tender'y out of her slanting eyes at Rowena.

"'Darling, I've two engagements for to-morrow, but I'm canceling them on purpose,' she whispers. 'To-morrow at two. Oh, I'm glad!' she goes on. 'I'm terribly short this month, so it'll give me a chance to catch up. I'll bring Ferdy. He's an absolute shark at losing money. Oh, by the way, don't mention it to Mrs. Armour. Your mother-in-law is terribly prejudiced against games of chance, so, of course, our set has to do it *sub rosa*. The Van Witt girls and Stella Weltonay make all their spending money that way. It's really a crime the way we supposedly wealthy women have to do without actual cash. But don't breathe it to Elizabeth.'

"'I shan't,' says Rowena grimly.

"'Darling,' murmurs Eleanor, pressing her hand with tender sympathy, and off she glides after Ferdy, who's draping himself against a palm.

"If the footman opening the door to Eleanor that night as she gets home after the Ritz show had been somewhere near awake instead of trying to make out he was, it being four hours past his bedtime, besides losing heavy on the stock market—he'd been forced to take a little whisky outa the cellar to drown his sorrow after swiping the darn key from Blobbet the butler—but if he had been he'd 'a' noted a distinct expression of triumph and renewed ambition on his mistress' dark countenance.

"The following afternoon Rowena arrives at Eleanor's swell home, where the count, looking sleek yet tender, is lolling beside Ferdy Gresham, who's following his favorite pastime of gazing at Eleanor, whom he fondly adores, which was natural, him coming almost to her shoulder. At Eleanor's suggestion they begin with a five-dollar ante, and while the count is explaining the cards to Rowena in melting tones Eleanor gets out her little book from her chatelaine, where it never leaves her, being already pretty well loaded with previous rows of figures—the book, not the chatelaine. Heaping a supply of cigarettes near Ferdy, enough to last for four or five minutes at the very least, she hands another little book to Rowena with a gold pencil hanging to it, and the game begins.

"After a couple of hours the butler wheels in a baby carriage full of the usual refreshments which ain't supposed to be existing according to the amendment, and Ferdy mixes one of his Dissipation Specials, which takes a horrible amount of mental celerity to do it proper, while the count reaches for a long thin bottle with a green label like he's greeting a long lost child.

"'Is it not fascinating, madame?' asks the count of Rowena, meaning the game.

"'It's wonderful!' cries Rowena excitedly. 'Why, there's something about it that ——'

"'You made me what I am to-day,' sings Ferdy in a terrible tenor, having imbibed a couple, 'and have a drink. Honest, Rowena,' he says mournfully, 'it's the only gift I got! 'Pon honor! Look out, the goblins'll get you if you don't watch out,' he confides in a loud whisper.

"'I don't care,' says Rowena, her cheeks burning. She don't see Eleanor wink slowly at the count.

"'Come on, Ferdy,' says Eleanor, laughing and reaching for the cards. 'Whose deal?'

"At seven o'clock the count says regretfully that he's got to stop. A very important engagement at seven-thirty that he cannot break. Eleanor begins counting up in her book while Rowena does likewise.

"'Seventy-five hundred, old dear,' says Eleanor, leaning over to Ferdy. 'Do write me a check—that's a darling. I love the way you sign your name.'

"Rowena sits staring at her column of figures, gazing horrified. She had lost twelve hundred dollars. She feels the count's liquid orbs turned toward her, and begins to laugh. 'Isn't it fun?' she says.

"'Let me keep the little book,' he whispers, bending tenderly toward her. 'Ah, it is such a happiness that you have lost—to me!'

"'But the money—shall I give you ——'

"'Ah, madame,' cried he reproachfully, 'you wound me deeply. From you it is enough the I O U.'

"The next day they begin again. Rowena wins forty-two of the little century babies which is mentioned by Browning in his Fables on Slang, and then fifty-five slip by like a cake of ice in a summer breeze, while Eleanor, bending over the cards and letting naught interfere but food, watches every move made by her dearest friend, and smiles with inward glee as she sees the poor girl growing battier and battier over the fool game. As the sessions go on, which is every moment of the time the count ain't occupied with his business, poor Ferdy gets writer's cramp from dashing out checks payable to Eleanor, while the count keeps everything added up for Rowena in her little book, which, says he, he carries 'neath his palpitating heart.

"It certainly looked like Rowena had found something to fill in the hours. But when her maternal ancestor appears two days later asking why she ain't been visiting her parents and telling how her grandpa had plain as day at nine-fifteen the night before said great loss was coming to Rowena, her fond offspring says nothing but sends her off with a swell bead bag she'd always longed for, but little information.

"A few days later, after they'd been tampering with luck for over a week, Eleanor runs in to say that Ferdy can't play. Rowena, sitting in her living room downstairs, dark circles under her eyes but caring naught, looks up at the calendar. She notices that it's Friday, the thirteenth. At that minute the doorbell rings.

"Perkins appears, announcing respectfully the Count de Fiora.

"'Perhaps I'd better run along,' smiles Eleanor.

"'Of course not,' says Rowena. 'Show him in here, Perkins.' And the count appears in the doorway, all dressed up as usual, but with his countenance a close-up of woe and desolation. He bows deeply.

"'Madame,' says the count excitedly to Rowena and laying his silk hat over his heart, 'forgive! I have come to lay my trouble at your feet!' Rowena looks surprised. 'The great company in Constantinople in which I have placed large sums of money for the beautiful rugs—it have written me they will be ruined unless they get the help from me! But in Paris my estates they are penniless since the war—and I can do nothing!'

"'Isn't that too bad!' exclaims Rowena. 'How much do you need?'

"'The deficit is a hundred and twenty thousand dollars,' says he forlornly.

"'I am very sorry,' says Rowena. 'I wish I could lend it to you, of course, but the account my husband gives me is not large—you know that, Eleanor. Otherwise I would be glad to help you.'

"At that the count's liquid orbs don't look so melting. He takes out a little book

Pro-phy-lac-tic

For Clean Teeth and Fine Tresses

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, with its tufted bristles and curved handle, cleans even the backs of the back teeth. Made in adult's, youth's, and child's sizes. Always sold in a Yellow Box.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush, with its extra-stiff, remarkably penetrating bristles set in straight-up-and-down knots, massages the scalp, smooths out snarls and tangles and imparts new lustre and a silken softness to every strand. The bristles are permanently fastened through a non-tarnishable aluminum face into a durable composition bed. Made in several styles and finishes.

Always sold in a Yellow Box. Send for free booklet on Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brushes.

Florence Manufacturing Company
Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address
247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

33 Bearings Service Branches

Located at

Atlanta
Baltimore
Birmingham
Boston
Brooklyn
Buffalo
Chicago
Cleveland
Dallas
Denver
Detroit
Fresno
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Newark
New Orleans
New York
Oakland Cal.
Oklahoma City
Omaha
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland Ore.
Richmond
Rochester
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis
Toronto

This nation-wide organization is maintained for your benefit and convenience. Authorized service for

TIMKEN HYATT NEW DEPARTURE

Over 1,000 Authorized Distributors in other main centers.

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY
General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

from his pocket and hands it to her. It was her own, the one he had been keeping.

"'Madame,' says he, his fluty accents sounding like they'd struck a tack, 'I am desolated, but -your debt! You owe me ——' He shrugged.

"Rowena takes the book and opens it. The colums of figures were added up, the sum total in the count's neat writing—$125,750.

"Rowena turns dazedly toward the count, then fastens her eyes on the book again, staring at it. It was correct; the amounts were all in her own handwriting. She owed this man —— It was unbelievable!

"'Why, I—I have only six thousand dollars,' she gasps wildly.

"The count shrugged but waited.

"'I had no idea I had lost—so heavily,' she cries, staring at the book. 'Why, how can it be possible? You said ——'

"'You poor dear,' exclaims Eleanor, leaning comfortably against a swell tapestried couch, 'I wish I could help you out, but I'm absolutely stony. Really, Lucinda's poisonously exorbitant in her bills, and with everything so frightful ——'

"'But what shall I do?' cries Rowena.

"'Well,' shrugs Eleanor, 'of course it must be paid, darling. It's a poker debt. Besides, it's really Vincent's own fault if he doesn't give you a larger allowance. A woman's a positive beggar on six thousand dollars. Of course you could ask Elizabeth ——'

"'Oh, no!' cries Rowena, sinking, shuddering, into a chair. 'I couldn't bear that—she wouldn't understand! The Armour name!' she whispers. 'Oh, Eleanor, what have I done!'

"'Your husband,' begins the count oilily—'perhaps if madame would request ——'

"'Oh, no!' gasps Rowena. 'Whatever happens, he must never know!' She gets up slowly. 'My jewels!' she says in a whisper. 'The emerald tiara!' It was valued, she knew, at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. 'I will pawn it and get the money for you,' she says dully to the count. 'It is the only way. I will pay you what I owe—to-night.'

"'Madame,' returns the count sweetly, 'at what hour, then, shall I return?'

"'You must not come here,' says Rowena, groping at her throat. 'I—I will bring you the money myself—at eight o'clock.'

"'Ah, madame,' murmurs the count, bowing low and thus coming within an ace of beaning a Buddha which was sitting near him on the floor, 'I am desolated at the great inconvenience I have cause' you, but ——' He shrugs. Rowena, sitting on a swell green chair clasping and unclasping her hands, don't see the pleased expression which then and there does a regular Marconi between Eleanor and the scion of the French nobility. 'Ah, madame,' breathes he tenderly, 'you have made me so happy!' Laying his hand over his heart just below the gardenia, without which he would have felt undressed and far unable to cope with life's great struggle going on all round us, he backs through the tapestry curtains, takes his hat and rushes out.

"'I must go at once,' says Rowena, starting frantic-like for the door, 'so that I can ——' Suddenly she stops, staring at Eleanor. 'If Vincent should find out—about to-night,' she gasps—'that I went to the count's apartments—Eleanor, it would separate us!'

"'Silly, how will he?' chides Eleanor, putting her arm affectionately about her dearest friend and looking far more cheerful than she has for days.

"'I—don't know—only ——'

"'There, there, darling, don't worry,' says Eleanor soothingly. 'Besides, you're perfectly sure to have a fiendish streak of luck next time, and then you can redeem the tiara, and everything will be all right! No one will ever know, so cheer up,' says she, going with Rowena to the electric elevator. 'Well, I'll run along, darling. I've an appointment at two-thirty. By, by,' says she, almost gurgling. 'I'll run over in the morning.' And out she dashes.

"Giving a direction to the menial on the box Eleanor gets out at the nearest telephone with joy fairly oozing out of her slanting eyes. Hurrying into a booth she calls up Vincent Jr. and in sweet and cooing tones holds a short little conversation over which the poor boy gets terrible excited; after which she hangs up the receiver with a delighted smile, and tells François the chauffeur to drive her home.

"Vincent, jamming the receiver on the hook, begins pacing the corridors of the Union League in a manner that ain't been seen in those venerable halls for forty years. Clenching his fists wilder and wilder he paces the floor, nearly pounding the swell but gloomy rugs to slivers, and glaring up at his great-grandfather hanging over the fireplace with some deer, like the poor old man hadn't had terrible troubles of his own bothering with the Indians on Manhattan's leafy shores. It can't be true, thinks he, it can't be! Rowena, his wife—going to the apartments of the Count de Fiora—the man she loved! A man who ——

"Sinking down into a chair and ruffling by the ensuing breeze the newspapers of six well-known billionaires, he lights a cigarette with nervous hand, then throws it down and rushes out into the lobby. Waking up the hat man he snatches his hat and coat, leaving naught in the party's palm but air, which he certainly ain't accustomed to, and hurries out the door and down the street. Six hours to wait, and then ——

"Of course it was wrong to spy on his wife, thinks he, bumping fiercely into all the pedestrians on the Avenue; and yet—Rowena! And the count!

"Turning into the park he slumps down on a bench to struggle with his better nature, which was saying 'Don't go there'; and then starts back again down Fifth Avenue, he having licked the B. N. firmly in the very first round. He would watch outside the building in which the count lived, and then, thinks he, his fists doubled up in the pockets of his fur overcoat, if he found what Eleanor had said was true—he'd kill them both with his two hands.

"After which, as you can imagine, that night Vincent stands in a doorway across the street from the count's address in the West eighties, arriving fifteen minutes before eight o'clock and stands waiting. At exactly eight he gives a start. Rowena gets out of a taxi and hurries inside the lobby opposite.

"Waiting several minutes to give her plenty of time to be received Vincent strides madly across the street, his mind wild. Making for the elevator he slams out at the count's floor and down the gilt corridors, and punches the doorbell. It's opened by a Japanese. Pushing past him Vincent hears a faint murmur from behind a heavy oak door that opened into the little reception hall—a woman's voice. He tries the door. It was locked. The Jap follows him, protesting as Vincent strides wildly to a door at his right and wrenches the knob. It opened and he goes in.

"The room he was in was a small one separated by Chinese portières from the room behind the oak door in which he had heard the voices. A man's voice murmurs something, and then the woman. It was Rowena. Vincent stands a moment listening, his nails digging into his palms. He would hear their words of love, and then ——

"'Oh, count, I have come to you as I promised,' she was saying. 'But are you sure no one will know? My husband must never suspect what has passed between us!'

"'Ah, madame, you need have no fear,' came the count's liquid tones, which, however, sounded anything but pleased; in fact they seemed kinda flustered. 'Your husband, he will not know, and after to-night perhaps ——'

"'Oh, I know it's wrong,' cried Rowena desperately, 'but I can't stop now! I'm going on! I've tried to overcome this feeling—this weakness—but I can't—it's got me! We'll see each other again tomorrow, and then I will risk everything—jewels—myself—everything! For ——'

"With that, like a maniac, Vincent rushes into the room. At sight of him Rowena gives a scream and shrinks back wildly against the wall, while the count, looking kinda surprised, smiles sweetly, however, and shrugs his shoulders. And then Vincent pulls up in amazement and gives a kind of gasp. Mrs. Armour Sr. is standing by a chair.

"'Mother!' he says, looking pretty astonished, as well he might.

"'Oh, Vincent,' cries she sadly, 'it isn't what you think! Rowena has been gambling with the count! I have known it all along, but I could do nothing—and then, when she lost a large sum of money and was going to pawn her emerald tiara to pay him, I came with her—and then, she was willing to go, to do anything to keep on playing! Oh, my boy,' cries his mother, her voice trembling, 'I'm afraid it's got her! What can we do?'

"Vincent's mouth opens like he's dazed. 'Rowena—gambling?' he says like he's just received a terrible wallop; then he turns to Rowena, though he don't look at her right away.

"And then he takes a deep breath, and straightens his shoulders and turns to the count, who's feeling none too chipper and hadn't been ever since he'd seen Rowena's mother-in-law show up with Rowena.

"'How much?' says Vincent sternly, whipping out his check book.

"'I have given him my check,' says his mother. 'You may settle with me.'

"Turning to Rowena, Vincent says: 'Come. Don't worry, mother,' he goes on earnestly when they get out into the hall; 'from now on I'm going to take care of my wife!' As he turns to ring for the elevator Mrs. Armour Sr. gives her daughter-in-law a quick hug; and you'd oughta see those two women smile."

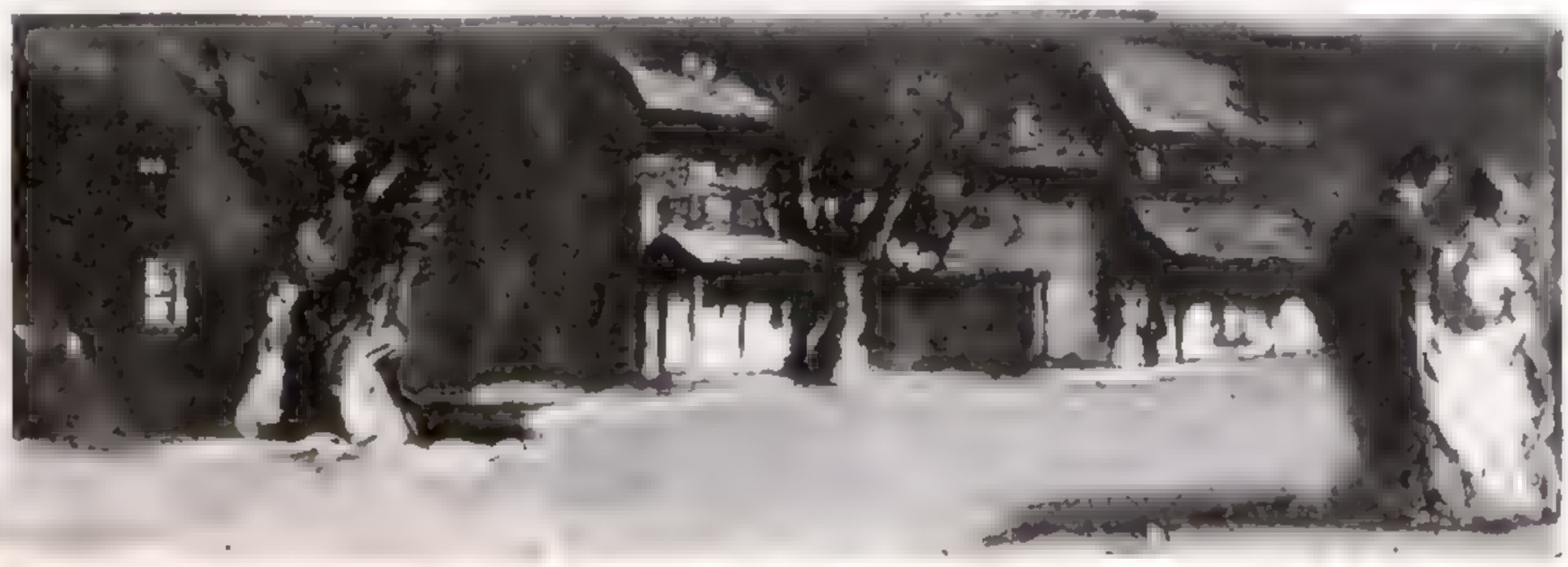
Pansy Imogene reached for her powder puff.

"She didn't have no gambling fever?" said Gwendolyn Clarice anxiously.

"Not a feve," declared Pansy Imogene.

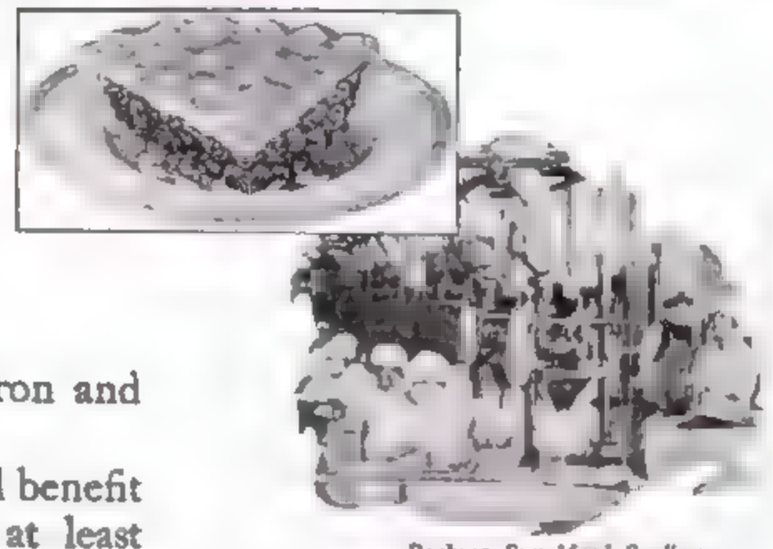
"But what about that widow?" asked her friend.

"He never saw the widow," explained Pansy Imogene, dusting her tip-tilted nose. "She left New York the morning after the Travers' ball. Vincent had inherited his father's weakness, so Rowena and his mother got up the plot, assisted by Eleanor, though little did she dream it; and—well, you know the celebrated wheeze, 'The hair of the dog that bit him'? Rowena pulled it. You see, Vincent was playing poker with the Count de Fiora."



It Saves Baking, Madam

And is a Most Delicious Bread



Packing Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins

Also ask grocers and bake shops for California Raisin Pie, made with SUN-MAID Raisins.

IF you have been baking bread at home, bake one day less and buy a luscious raisin bread instead.

Ask your grocer or your bake shop for "California Raisin Bread, made with SUN-MAID RAISINS."

It's a most delicious and a *more nutritious* bread, combining fruit and cereal in a most enticing form.

The raisins furnish 1560 units of energizing nutriment per pound. Also natural iron and valuable organic salts.

Men, women and children—all will benefit by eating this fine bread. Serve it at least twice a week for these reasons, and to break the monotony of plain bread.

It is delivered fresh daily to the stores from your finest local bakeries.

Order a loaf and try it. You'll never forget to order it again.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

SUN-MAID Raisins are California's finest table grapes dried in the open vineyards in the sun. The skins are so fragile and the meat so tender that the grapes cannot be shipped fresh. So they come to you, perhaps, only as plump, tender, thin-skinned raisins.

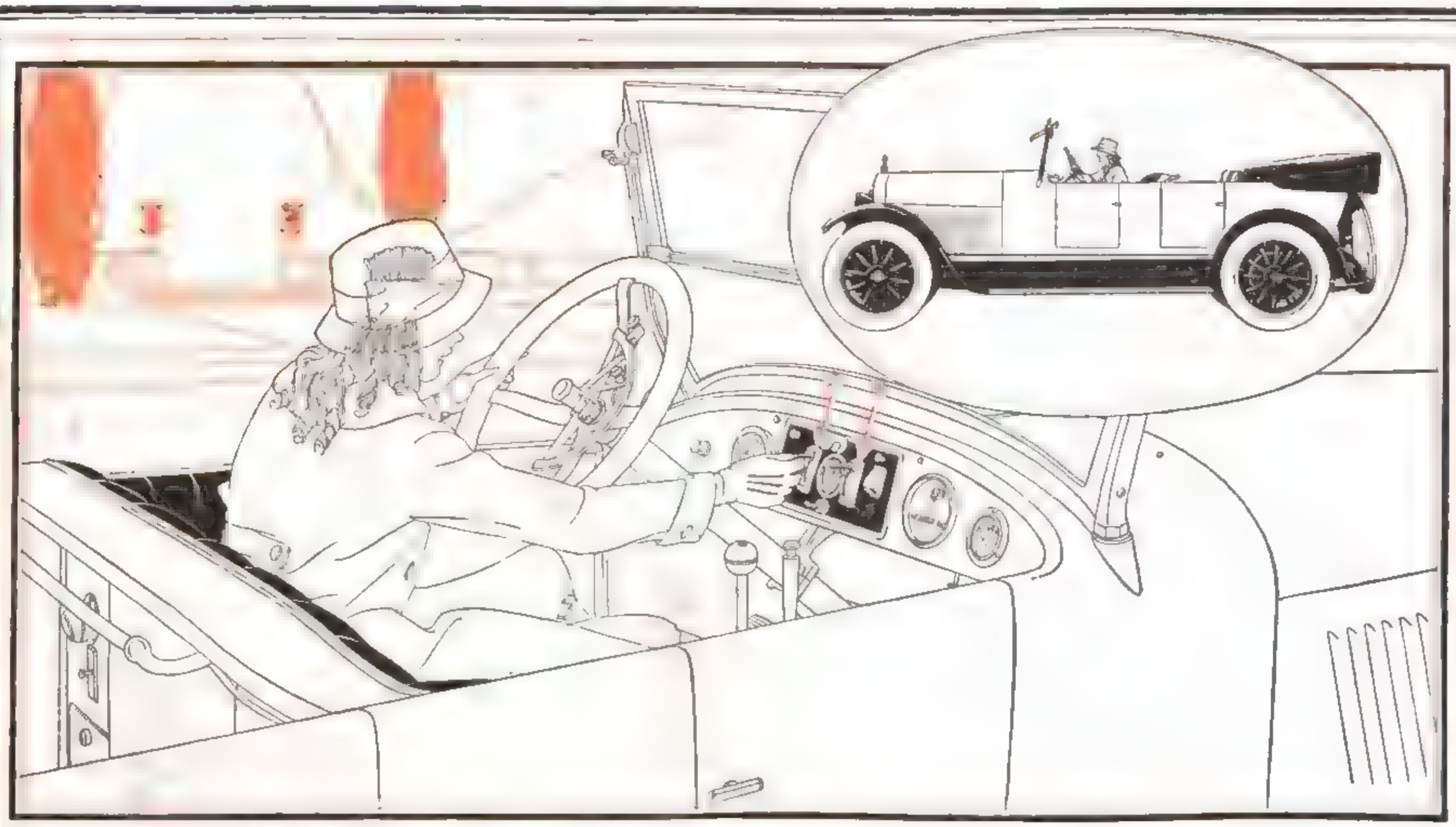
Use them for home cooking.

Know them and you'll always want this kind.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*. All dealers.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to serve.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



THE IMPROVED INSTRUMENT BOARD

A Feature of the New Series Haynes

YOU easily depress the small lever (A) at the left—and the velvety-powered Haynes engine, with its dependable force and strength in reserve, is in motion, softly humming in readiness to propel your new series Haynes.

When you depress the small lever (B) at the right to the first notch, the tail light glows protectingly; to the second notch, and the dimmers are lighted; to the third notch, and the guiding headlights throw their illuminating beams along the roadway far ahead. The cowl light gives you the reading of your speedometer or the time of the night.

Observe the picture of the modernly equipped and conveniently arranged instrument board of the new series Haynes. The simplifying refinements bring the starting and lighting of the car literally to your fingertips. This is just one of the desirable and outstanding features of the new series Haynes—one suggestion of the many approved ideas and developments which are incorporated in the new series Haynes car. Through these refinements the name Haynes has become synonymous with character.

The new series Haynes cars embody and portray in every way the four essential factors of car-character—beauty, strength, power and comfort. The lustrous aluminum body, with its lasting and mirror-like finish, the sturdy chassis and rugged mechanism, and the deep leather upholstery of the wide, roomy and comfortable seats—all of these are carefully and scientifically harmonized to the point that leaves nothing further to be desired in the new Haynes.

Such excellence as is offered to-day in the new series Haynes naturally creates a desire that commands every facility of our great new factories. We would urge an immediate reservation, that you may have your new series Haynes when you desire it.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, INDIANA • • • U.S.A.
EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company

THE WONDERS OF WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 23)

had some 180 shipyards, employing, it seems, some 300,000 men. The war stopped—like that! Were these yards and these men to be suddenly closed out? Thrown out of work?"

"They couldn't be if anybody wanted to do it—not at once!" I answered him.

"But you wouldn't have wanted to—exactly—if you could have."

"Well, no," I said; "not exactly."

"That," he told me, looking up now and pointing at me with that sharp lead pencil, "is what I mean by preferred creditors of the war."

"I get your meaning," I said.

"We owed them—something, at least."

"Yes," I said.

"But what?" he went on. "That's the question. What should we do for them?"

"That was quite a question," I told him.

"Now I'll show you what we did do," he said, and stopped a while. "We'll go back," he went on after a minute, "to our main proposition again—to the liquidation of the war, and Congress, as our agent, operating in this case on this self-revolving financial body, the shipping board—to show you the first example of Congress' work in war liquidations."

"I can imagine!" I told him.

"There were, as I said," he went on, "about 180 yards at work for the shipping board, employing some 300,000 employees. There would naturally be considerably more than 180 congressmen and senators whose districts these yards and workmen lay in. You could safely count at least a third of the members in Congress who had as their constituents what we might call the first department of preferred creditors of the war—the workmen and the interests, whom it could be said the Government was under obligation to for working on a merchant marine. So there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the constituents of a third of Congress what should be done, if possible, was there?" he asked me.

"No."

"No," he said after me, and stopped again.

"How much did they get in there altogether," I asked him, "before they got through? A couple of billions?"

"Three billion and thirty-eight million," he said, marking it down.

"What?" I said after him.

"Sixteen hundred million between the armistice and the thirty-first of last March. The majority of that apparently put into ships which they started building since the armistice."

"Are they still rolling on building?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes."

"On the cost-plus, high-wages schedule?"

"Not entirely cost-plus now, I guess," he said. "But higher wages than in the war. So they state themselves."

The Shipping Program

"Are they going to keep this up indefinitely?" I asked him. "Are they going on revolving, throwing out billions forever?"

"They'll spend some hundreds of millions more," he said, "in the next year."

"And after that?"

"Congress plans apparently," he said, looking up again with that sudden smile which always rather surprised me, "to put out $25,000,000 a year for five years anyway now that it has decided to close out the Federal shipping board's operations and has made the board larger and more representative."

"Close it out!" I said. "And lay out $25,000,000 a year! And make the shipping board larger and more representative! What is this?" I said.

"It's Congress," he told me, with a grin now, "in the act of liquidating our war."

"Yes," he went along. "There's a new set of preferences now—the small ports in more congressional districts, which are anxious to start into foreign trade by government ships, under a new board of seven members, chosen to represent the different coasts of the country."

"Then they won't sell out the ships," I said. "That's sure."

"They have sold—in the time of sharpest demand for ships ever known—between the armistice and last March," he answered me—"a little over $100,000,000 worth. And the demand for ships is going down now every day! No," he said, "they won't sell any considerable amount, in all human probability, although they claim they hope they will. They'll just go on record in Congress as deciding to sell, and practically the shipping board will continue revolving on its independent orbit, and putting out $25,000,000 a year and for the coming year, at least, what it gets by selling a ship here and there. It will be dispensing hundreds of millions still, no doubt, until somebody steps in to stop it.

"I'm not saying this to pass on the claims," he said, "concerning the advantages or disadvantages of operating $3,000,000,000 worth of ships—directly or indirectly under the Government. I'm just calling attention now to one feature—the one of consequence to us now—the success of Congress in liquidating this war."

"Some liquidation," I said.

"Over $3,000,000,000," he said, "of assets in this one place. Not all, of course, could have ever been liquidated probably. Though there has been in earlier times, as you perhaps remember, talk of considerable profit from selling government ships. But that talk is not very loud just now."

Inflation Run Mad

"And every dollar," I said, "spent in a way to boost prices of labor and eat up materials we could have had for building; all contributing to the general famine for workmen and building materials. Inflation of prices," I said, "of the worst type—reaching all over the country!"

"And credit inflation," he reminded me. "Don't forget that in connection with the subject we're now discussing."

"Some liquidation of war!" I said.

"It would have helped—the billion dollars we should have saved here, at the least—quite a bit in refinancing our debt," he said.

"I should imagine so."

"Yes. But I gave you this," he went on, "as a first example of how Congress, our board of directors, went about the liquidation of the war so far as one department of preferred creditors was concerned; the men who, as the saying goes, helped to win the war, and whom Congress, and the rest of us, too, felt we owed a debt to. It's a large class, of course. And it wasn't confined, either, to the shipping board. There were millions and tens of millions and no doubt hundreds of millions of money paid out to these preferred creditors through the War and Navy and other departments. You no doubt read of some of them in the newspapers."

"Those camps and hospitals that kept going along up after the armistice—that would never be used! And all that!"

"Yes. More or less self-revolving bodies that nobody stepped in to interfere with in their revolutions until they were completed."

"Congress," I said, "is a natural liquidator of war!"

"It's not all Congress, by any means," he said. "The executive departments kept out of the way of these revolutions of these self-propelling bodies," he told me, "most successfully." And he stopped, making his pencil marks.

"That's one class of preferred creditors," I said finally. "What's the next one?"

He didn't answer me at once—but sat still, looking down, marking on his menu.

"Before I go on to that," he said then, "I want to make this point: War," he said, "among other disastrous things, means the destruction of capital—as you well know. And with capital, credit! And the continuation, instead of the liquidation of war, means exactly the same thing—the continuation of the destruction of capital. And I don't have to tell you, as a business man, that there is nothing more dangerous to civilization to-day than the destruction of capital and credit just now."

"I should say not," I told him.

"If you look across the water now, what do you see—all over Europe?" he asked me.

"What do you?" I asked back. "A lot of madmen dancing up and down. Gone crazy!"

"From what?"

"You tell me."

"From thirst—you might say."

"Thirst?" I said. "Thirst for what?"

"Capital. They're yelling like fever patients—about the rights and wrongs of men and socialism and a general division of property in general. But what they want, and know they want, and have got to have before they can come back from barbarism to civilization, is just one thing—capital! And they know it as well as anybody—the reddest minded of the lot.

"It would be the world's greatest joke, if it wasn't such an ugly dangerous thing—revolution going smash because of the lack of the very thing it was aimed against, capital, the machinery necessary to keep modern civilization in operation."

"I suppose so."

"Yes," he said. "There hasn't been a time like it in the history of the world. And so, if any part of these ships we have built, especially since the armistice, are unnecessary, or if they are to be wastefully or extravagantly run—then," he said, going right on, "you are destroying capital and credit by government action, aren't you? And for the purposes we're considering, the Government might as well be in the business of burning dwelling houses secretly by night, while pretending to build them days."

"When half the population is outdoors without houses!" I chipped in, getting his idea.

And he nodded.

"Now then," he said, "move on to the second class of the preferred creditors of our war under its liquidation by Congress."

"Yep," I said. "What are they?"

"We called the others, the men at home who helped win the war."

"Yes."

"Let's call these the capitalists who have helped win the war."

"That's a dangerous word—capitalists—to use round promiscuously," I told him. "You just have to say it to throw any good popular politician or labor leader into a fit on the sidewalk anywhere."

"Especially in connection with the war," he answered, looking up and smiling that sudden smile again.

"Yes."

"Well—investors, then!" he told me. "We'll call them the investors that helped win the war. How's that?"

"Which investors?" I asked him.

"In the railroads."

"Oh, yes," I said, waiting.

"Now you know what happened in a financial way," he went on, "from the government standpoint, when the Government took over and operated the railroads, starting with the beginning of 1918?"

"I don't know as I do, in detail."

"The first six months," he said, "took out from the Government $120,000,000; in the government year from June 30, 1918, to June 30, 1919, it took $360,000,000."

"Going up!" I said.

Railroad Investors

"Yes. At the rate of fifty per cent. And in the three-quarters of a year from June 30, 1919, to March 31, 1920, it went to $775,000,000."

"More than all our government taxes in 1914!" I said.

"Yes. And a total to that time—March 31, 1920—of $1,255,000,000."

"That's it, eh?"

"And since that, about $800,000,000 has gone out from Congress in specific appropriations—to close up the government railroad operations to next September."

"Equal to one more year of the old-time Federal Government expenses," I said.

"And in addition," he went on, "there are indefinite appropriations of $300,000,000 more."

"Making in all?" I asked him.

"About two and a third billions, which will be laid out on the railroads."

"But some of that," I said, "will come back—from the railroads to the Government."

"A billion dollars or so, we hope," he said. "But when? The government money will go out during next year. But when will it come back?"

"When will it?"

"Practically speaking, not in any amount for years."

"Why should that be?" I asked him.

"Preferred creditors again!" said my man, smiling that sudden unexpected smile once more.

"The investors, that is," I said, watching him; "the owners of the railroads who helped win the war."

"Yes," he answered me. "You couldn't make them responsible for war conditions, you couldn't exactly conscript their capital for war, at the time you took over the railroads."

"No."

"And you couldn't throw the roads back into the investors' hands at once after it at a dead operating loss of hundreds of millions a year without some safeguard; or at least Congress thought so."

"And the constituents of the congressmen."

"Naturally," he answered me. "Were you here in Washington during that railroad legislation?"

"Not to see it," I said.

"It was worth while, just being here. It was a strange congressman—especially from east of the Missouri River—who didn't have the most prominent citizens of his district in close touch with him in that period on some phase of the railroad bill. To say nothing of the labor people looking out for the railroad-labor interests!"

"So you claim they robbed the country!" I said.

"I claim nothing of the kind," he answered me. "I don't claim they intended to or wanted to even. It was what Congress didn't do—principally—more than what it did do—just as in the shipbuilding business."

"How?"

"In the first place," he told me, "they didn't liquidate the war—as far as railroads went—for almost a year and a half after the armistice."

"Yes."

"And in that year and a half the Government made at least three-quarters of its total loss in the railroads."

"A total loss of over a billion?" I asked.

Influence of Shippers

"Very likely, in the end, when it's all totaled up; and tied up its credit for as much more indefinitely; and left us in the position with the railroads that we are in now—which may be as bad as or worse, I believe personally, than the one we were in before Congress gave back the roads to private management at all."

"How?" I asked him.

"Before that it was straight government operation—which was bad enough!" he explained to me. "Now it is private operation on government money."

"For the benefit of the preferred creditors, the investors who won the war?" I said, getting it. "With government credit?"

"Yes," he said. "And you know what that means—and for that matter has already meant, and is meaning all the time. It's meaning continual attempts at further extension of government credit, in every way possible, to finance the railroads. Scarcely a month goes by but the railroad managements are after a quarter of a billion dollars or so more of government credit to back them."

"Over and above what you've spoken of?"

"Yes," he said, marking up his menu, which looked now like a crazy quilt. "They're going right on. Apparently there's no limit to what they will ask. And there's a certain justice in what they ask, too."

"What justice?"

"Because of what the Government did to the railroads—helping out another set of preferred creditors—who have had a lien on Congress for years and years."

"Who is that?"

"The shippers of freight," he said. "The strong active business men in every congressman's district, who want to get the cheapest possible rates of freight and have been getting them always through the Government."

"Until they starved the railroads," I said, "you mean—of capital!"

"Exactly," he told me. "Crippled and broke down the machinery of transportation in this country in a lesser way but just the same kind of way as that by which the breakdown of the big machinery of Europe is throwing it back into semi-barbarism since this war—for the lack of capital! For now the railroads, as you know, haven't got equipment and haven't got the means to buy it, a good share of them, at the prices since the war. So they come to the Government—who they claim

YOU'LL hit it right when you tell your dealer, "I want a pair of Ivory Garters." You'll say so, once you slip them on and realize the cool comfort and agreeable relief Ivory Garters bring to hot and tired legs.

Made without metal, Ivory Garters will not rust. Without pads of any kind, Ivory Garters cannot hitch, or press your shins. Their exceptional lightness relieves your legs of carrying more weight than necessary to hold your socks up smooth and trim. Special construction adjusts them naturally to any leg at a correct angle that grips securely without binding.

Month after month, from sun-up to sun-down, Ivory Garters ride serenely, unobtrusive, out of mind, yet always on the job.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

It's worth it to your peace of mind to take this little flier. Say "Ivory Garters" to your dealer and feel your spirits rise.

did this by too low freight rates before the war—and put it up to the United States to finance them directly with its own credit."

"And in the meanwhile," I said, "we have car shortage—and all the country tied up for lack of transportation."

"Of course," he said to me. "And you know what that means. It means idle labor and high prices everywhere from shortage of goods—a shortage not in the country as a whole but where the goods are wanted to be consumed."

"I know," I said. "Extra high prices for special shortage everywhere."

"And it means, too, a tie-up of general credit in the country at large," he said, "at this time, when Europe is jumping crazy from lack of capital, and we ourselves have all the credit burden we can stagger under; a tie-up of our credit that's tremendous! Nobody can figure it. But it means loss every day to every man who's in business or owns securities. If you want to see it working watch the stock list every evening."

"It's eating up, in one way," I said, "you mean, the capital of the country. In high prices and high interest rates—and cutting down production."

"It's just that much more inflation."

"And the Government is responsible for it? So far as this railroad-car shortage goes?"

"Certainly," he said; "it must be. The Government's been working to satisfy the claims of the shippers of the country for more than ten years. And now at the end of the war we're getting the full benefit of the preference."

"But they're going to raise the freight rates now," I said. "The Interstate Commerce Commission is bound to do this under the new law."

"Sooner or later," he said.

"I understand it is coming very soon," I told him.

"Say it comes to-morrow," he answered. "It will come at least ten years late. How soon do you think we shall feel the practical effect of it in our transportation—and in the credit and price inflation, which comes from this particular cause?"

"It won't be very soon, I imagine," I told him.

"No. It will be some little time before prices of commodities are affected by the loosening of the tie-up in our national transportation system."

"And these are the people," I said, "who fill the Congressional Record day after day with orations on the high cost of living."

Billions in Railroads

"You can't blame them for that," he said. "They have no idea of what their direct action in the government finance is going to mean. They don't even know—and can't—their total appropriations, till they are all done. How can you expect them to calculate the indirect general consequences of their acts? It isn't fair to expect," he said. "I mean it! But," he said then, "to get back to what we were talking about. Now we've got two and a third billion dollars in railroads now—indefinitely."

"About half of which might have been avoided," I went on, "if Congress had got busy as it should have, liquidating this war, instead of letting it drag for a year and a half."

"And then, incidentally," he told me, "settling it overnight you might say, in a kind of panic at the last hour.

"So in the end, in the liquidating of this war—with these two first classes of preferred creditors we've been talking about—you see where we've landed—or we haven't landed, rather."

I waited for him.

"We will have put out five and a third billion dollars of assets into these two things—the shipping board and the railroads—that we can count now."

"To say nothing of the future," I said.

"Yes—and about three and a third billion dollars of that five and a third billion will have been put into these two places since Armistice Day."

"Some liquidation of the war!" I told him.

"Of course," he said back, "you must remember this: Some considerable part of that would have had to go out anyway. But a very great proportion of it could have been held back for the Government. However, it's there now, that's certain; and instead of being available to pay government debts with and to ease up our financial situation, it's out now swelling up the total of government credits."

"For the benefit of these two preferred creditors—of the war."

"Yes."

"All right," I said. "There's those billions gone—or tied up. What's next? What's next in the line of preferred creditors?"

"What would be?" he asked me then. "Who would you say, if you were a congressman? You've taken care of the man who helped win the war; of the investors who helped win the war. Who'd naturally be next?"

"Who?" I asked, looking up at him.

"What about the men who won the war?" he asked me.

"The soldiers' bonus, eh?"

"Yes."

"That isn't going through the Senate," I said—"not this year."

"No. Evidently not," he told me, "but that doesn't mean, by a good deal, that it isn't going through finally—or something worse! You've got to remember these men are the strongest of all our preferred creditors—with the strongest claim—and they come to Congress after the other creditors' claims have been settled."

"That's the argument, eh?"

The Results of a Bonus

"That's the way it came up, in point of time, the soldiers' bonus after the two others. And that's the main argument that comes to a lot of congressmen from the men who are behind the movement. And it's an argument that counts: If you've done this for the rest, certainly you won't refuse a few hundred dollars apiece for the men who fought; you can't refuse to give them financial compensation for what they lost by war—like all the rest. Especially when the price per capita is so much less."

"But it would be going into the billions," I said—"the cost of this!"

"So did the others."

"All, right out of taxes."

"So were the others really. The difference," he said, "is merely that these fellows got in late, after the others—when it was clear that there would have to be special taxes to take care of them if they were going to get what they wanted."

"More taxes," I said, "on top of what we've got. It doesn't sound very good, offhand."

"It's better," said my man, "in my opinion—for one reason, anyhow. You can see the thing. You've got it out in the open—these billions—where you can figure partly on what they will be."

"Partly?"

"I meant by that," he said, "for the present—before other similar demands come in. And you can't figure it all out yet—even the possibilities in the present bill to say nothing of what may be brought forward next session. That deferred bonus in insurance," he said, "which they propose, for instance—if all of them should choose that option the final cost would be several times the calculations on the cash bonus. And incidentally you can imagine what the effect on the insurance companies of the country might be."

I looked at him.

"But the answer to that is probably," he said then, "that everybody would prefer cash—very nearly."

"Three or four hundred dollars a head," I said.

"Whatever they finally agree on. And that would be worse in some ways, though it cost the country directly less to pay it. It would be worse in its indirect effects anyhow—its effects on the matter we are most interested in now—on this matter of liquidating the war."

"In what particular way?" I asked him.

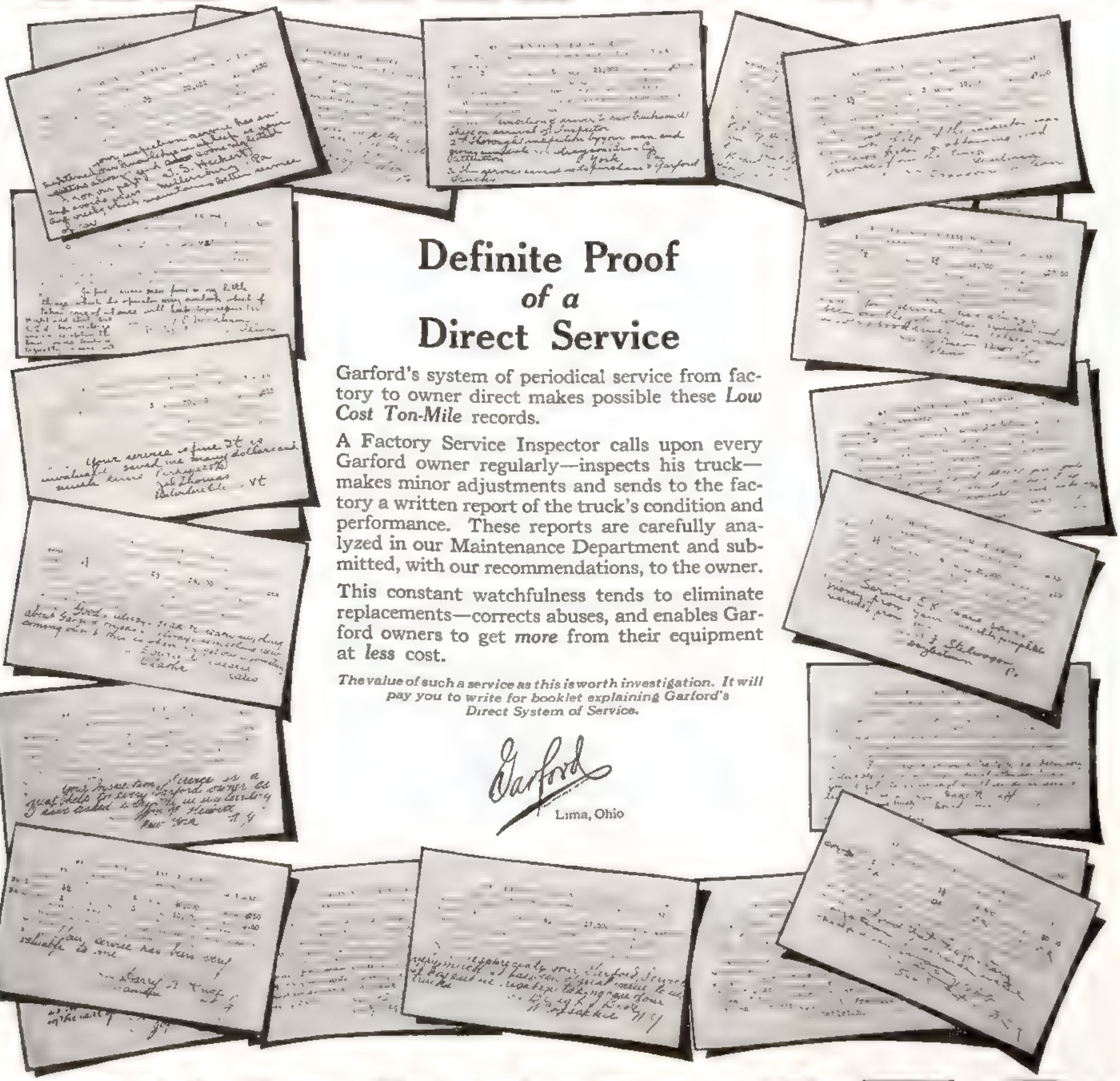
"Well, you take the cotton crop, for instance—and the young negro soldier from the South, getting this free clear money out of the Government, this fifty dollars or so at a time in cash. Where would it tend to take him, probably?"

"Where?" I asked, watching him.

"Where's he going now? Where's all agricultural labor going, when it can, these last years? Into town, isn't it? Out of the country—either temporarily or permanently if it can. And if the Southern negro laborer should get even a small amount of money, like fifty dollars in cash, in regular installments, what would be the probable effect on the next two or three cotton crops—or those during the years in which

(Concluded on Page 68)

GARFORD



Definite Proof *of a* Direct Service

Garford's system of periodical service from factory to owner direct makes possible these *Low Cost Ton-Mile* records.

A Factory Service Inspector calls upon every Garford owner regularly—inspects his truck—makes minor adjustments and sends to the factory a written report of the truck's condition and performance. These reports are carefully analyzed in our Maintenance Department and submitted, with our recommendations, to the owner.

This constant watchfulness tends to eliminate replacements—corrects abuses, and enables Garford owners to get *more* from their equipment at *less* cost.

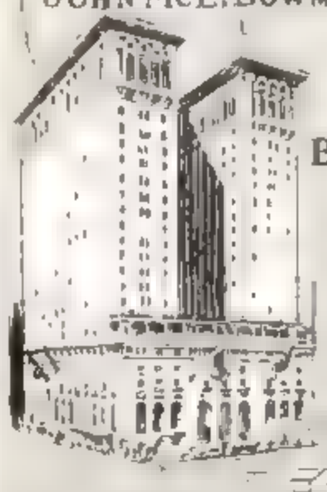
The value of such a service as this is worth investigation. It will pay you to write for booklet explaining Garford's Direct System of Service.

Garford

Lima, Ohio

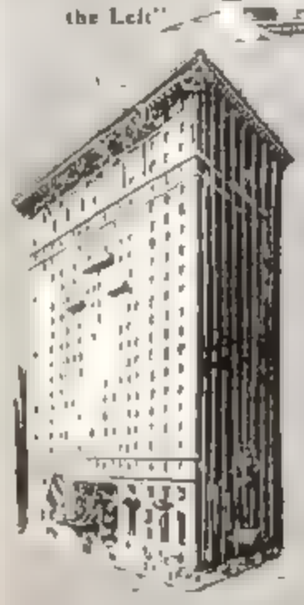
TRUCKS

Pershing Square
New York
The World Center
of
Great Hotels
Under the Direction of
JOHN McE. BOWMAN President



THE BILTMORE
Under Mr. Bowman's personal direction
Adjoins the Grand Central Terminal

HOTEL COMMODORE
Geo W Sweeney Vice-Pres
Direct Indoor Connection with the Grand Central Terminal
"Get Off the Train and Turn to the Left"



THE BELMONT
James Woods Vice Pres
Opposite Grand Central Terminal

MURRAY HILL HOTEL
James Woods Vice Pres
A Short Block From the Station
Plan of Proposed New Building

Also
THE ANSONIA
Edw M Tierney Vice Pres
Broadway at 73rd St.
In the Riverside Residential Section

Each of these world-famous hotels assures the stranger in New York every comfort, luxury and convenience—made possible by the combined efforts of a group of the best hotel managers in the world.

PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 66)

they proposed distributing this bonus? And if the cotton crop went off much more than now, what would happen to the cotton mills of this country, and England, for that matter? What would happen to us all in prices of cotton goods? And the same kind of thing would be felt in all agricultural products—with the present tendency of agricultural labor to lay off and get into town as soon as it gets a little stake to do it with; to say nothing of the little-needed encouragement of the part which stayed at home to take its work easier.

"You can give plenty of reasons in favor of the whole thing," he went on—"for the fighting soldiers especially. There's a certain argument of justice in it, especially from the way the matter has come up, after all the others. But you know and I know what it does to industry, to credit, to prices and to labor—all this government interfering, following the unsettlement of war. In all these things you get exactly the same results. You bring about, without anybody's really seeing it, apparently, the most dangerous thing that can happen in the world to-day. You're not liquidating your war; you're continuing it. You're destroying capital. And that means you're extending credit, raising prices, playing the devil with the world in general—by the act of the Government itself—when the world is crazy enough, heaven knows, on its own account, following this war."

Conditions Not Improving

"What are you doing in the soldiers' bonus proposal, in effect?" he asked me. "You're taking the capital the Government must have—can scarcely get along without now—and destroying it."

"Destroying it?" I said after him.

"As capital," he answered. "When they got it it would be no longer capital. It would be spending money—nine times out of ten. From just the smallness of the amounts that would come to them at a time. And what does that mean? Less capital—more credit—more inflation in every way. The most dangerous thing in the world to-day," he said, pointing his pencil at me and stopping short.

"Are there any more?" I asked, after waiting a while.

"What?" he said, looking up.

"Preferred creditors."

"Those are the big ones," he told me after a minute.

"All right," I said. "What's the next thing on the program?"

"Why not," he asked, looking up at me, "see where all this is going to leave us in our one big main general campaign of liquidating this war?"

"Go ahead," I told him.

He sat for a minute or so with his eyes glued on the point of his pencil, held in the deep dot he had made in the center of his menu card.

"Now then," he said finally, "you said that you'd been looking into the matter of the expenditures of the Government for this year closing this month—at the end of June. What did they tell you about them?"

"Apparently," I answered, "they're going to have a small deficit of current expenses over current receipts—some few hundred millions."

"That's what I understand," he told me.

"Why?" I asked him. "Are we going to run into another deficit in the next year?"

"Well, no," he said. "Apparently not. Of course the appropriations aren't completed yet, but I think the Treasury can hope to have a few hundred million to the good on June 30, 1921. About as much, I should say, as they will fall behind this year."

"Well," I said, "it's something to think you probably won't have another deficit. It's better than that."

"How much better?"

I asked him to explain.

"Don't you see," he said, "how this will leave us on our main question on June 30, 1921?"

"How?"

"We won't have liquidated our war a particle—so far as the Government is concerned. We'll be hardly a dollar better off than we were June 30, 1919—seven months after the armistice. In fact, we shall be worse off apparently, to the extent of tying up of assets which we might have liquidated."

"Then we have failed," I said, "in your opinion, in the main big operation—of liquidating—of getting free from this war?"

"Absolutely," he said; and sat silent for a time while I let that soak in.

"Well," I asked finally, "what's our next trouble?"

"The big one."

"What's that?"

"What we started to talk about in the first place—our credit situation—the peak of our load."

"The peak of our load?" I repeated—and waited for him.

"You understand what all this has done," he asked me then—"all these billions of war expenditure, during and since the war? What all expenditure for wars, past or present, must do?"

"In what way?"

"They all destroy capital, don't they? They take the saved money which would normally go back into business, and use it for nonproductive purposes."

"I suppose they do."

"I think almost everybody would admit that. It diverts just so much money that would otherwise have gone into new machinery and new credit. Did you ever try to realize what $5,000,000,000 a year in government expenditure means?" he asked me.

"I don't believe anybody can realize it," I told him.

"Except in a way, by comparison. You can say, for instance, that our annual wheat crop and our annual cotton crop—even at present prices—could both be put in there, so far as their money value is concerned, and leave a good wide margin besides. There would be at least the value of those two crops lost in government expenditure in outgo which will bring absolutely no returns."

The Pressure on Liberty Bonds

"Not only that," he said, "but the expenditure of that money, in practice, takes just so much labor and material—in many instances—adds just so much by government competition and interference in all kinds of ways with the normal labor and commodity market."

I nodded, watching him.

"But that isn't all; nor the high point," he went on.

"The peak of the load?" I asked him.

"No," he answered.

"Where is that?"

"Have you noticed," he asked me, "lately, the cost of money and the prices of Liberty Bonds?"

"I guess," I answered, "nobody's missed that."

"What does it mean?" he wanted to know.

"It means," I said, "we're all up against the credit dead line."

"And that we're pulling ourselves out," he continued, "by the most obvious means—our Liberty Bonds. Who holds them," he asked me—"the great masses of them?"

"The big holders, I've heard."

"The banks and the big corporations," he said, nodding, "and business men generally. And now, when credit is continually tightening, where do these people go—the big corporations and business men especially, for the money they must have?"

I guessed right.

"Yes," he said, "to their Liberty Bond box—to the securities which yield the least interest and sell the highest! And that throws the burden right back again to the place where it started."

"The Government's credit," I said.

"Exactly. There's where we are coming up to the peak of our load. Now then," he said, poking harder and harder into his hole in his menu card with that sharp pencil of his, "let's go back where we started from. We have a war, we've said, to liquidate—before it liquidates us! That's our chief job. The Government starts out to liquidate it. It doesn't do so; and will not have done so a year from now—on June 30, 1921."

"No."

"Now then, on June 30, 1921," he asked me, "what will be the situation which the Government will be facing?"

"In what way?" I asked him back.

"In its own credit situation."

"Go ahead," I said. "What will it be?"

"We said," he asked me, "that the Government had out, in total borrowings, how much altogether?"

Eight Billions Coming Due

"About $24,000,000,000, you mean?"

"Yes. In what form?"

"About two-thirds of it, I understand, in long-time bonds."

"Yes. Roughly, $16,000,000,000."

"That leaves $8,000,000,000," I said, thinking.

"Yes. Where is it?"

"You tell me," I said.

"In short-time notes."

"Due when?"

"The latest date," he said, "is in May, 1923. The date for the taking up of the Victory Notes."

"Eight billion!" I said over to myself.

"In all."

"And the prices sagging—on government securities."

"Naturally," he said, "with the weight that is being focused on them now."

"Eight billion!" I said over, half to myself, again. "That's as much almost as two whole Liberty Loans."

"On top of from $4,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 of annual taxes," he said.

"How will we go about raising it?" I asked.

"Your old machinery for peddling out the Liberty Bonds must be pretty well scrapped by this time."

"It is somewhat out of repair," he said, digging down deeper and deeper with his lead pencil.

"And you haven't got that great patriotic swing you had in wartime!"

"That's what I mean," he said, "by the peak of our load!"

And bearing down at last too hard upon his lead pencil he broke its point off finally. He put it back in his vest pocket.

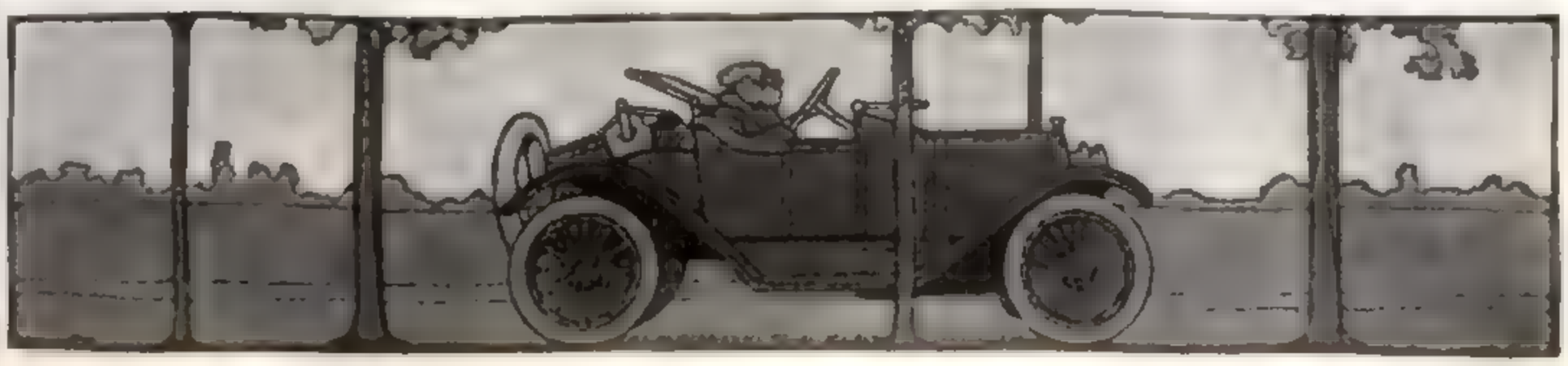
"But it can be done yet," he said. "It isn't technically so hard as the financial problems during the war. It can be done still if the American people will only get a government which will really start to liquidate this war."

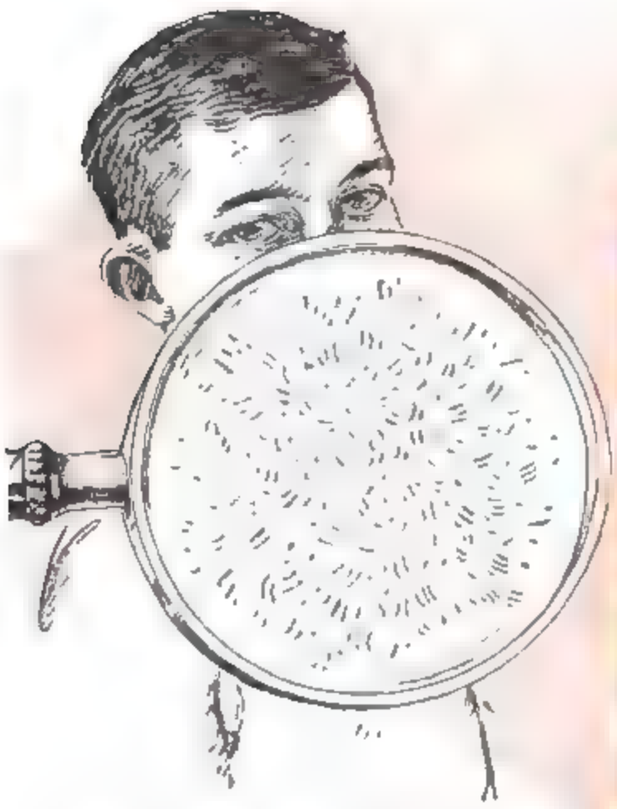
"How?" I asked him.

But he was getting up now to go, looking at his watch.

"We might take that up later," he said, "but that's too big a subject to start into now.

"Except to say this much—that if Congress will only cut out its preferred creditors and keep our gross Federal tax receipts at least as high as they are now the thing will be simple enough, and this country—you and I and all of us—will be spared some unpleasant financial consequences that may come to us if the whole United States Government keeps going rambling along, regardless of consequences, the way it has so far since Armistice Day."





Palmolive lather instantly emulsifies the oil coat on the beard. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs 15% of water. This makes each hair easy to cut.

In the Palmolive Laboratories we studied years to overcome the faults in shaving. We tried 130 formulas before we achieved Palmolive Cream—the scientific solution.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes, and thus lubricates the shave. Palmolive is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils.

New Facts on Shaving

Hot towels and finger-rubbing eliminated

This is to show you a new kind of a shave. A shave such as you've never before known.

Send us no money. Simply mark and mail the free coupon. We will send you a trial tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, free and post-paid.

Note what a difference this cream makes. No hot applications are necessary. No hot towels. No rubbing the beard with the fingers.

You simply put a bit of the cream on your face, whisk it up into a lather with the wet brush—and your beard is ready for the razor!

Remove the oil coat on the beard

Every hair of the beard has a natural coating of oil. Palmolive lather instantly emulsifies the oil.

Then the beard quickly absorbs water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

This achievement alone cost us 18 months of effort. And we tried out 130 formulas.

The ordinary lather fails to cope effectively with the oil coat on the beard. Hence, men have had to apply hot towels and rub with the fingers—to *force* water through the oil coat.

Hot towels make the skin too tender, and with Palmolive are not needed. Finger-rubbing means delay, just when men are most in a hurry.

Stays foamy 10 minutes

The ordinary lather dries too quickly on the face. And this causes irritation of the skin.

Palmolive is different. It stays moist and foamy 10 minutes. You don't have to re-lather.

A mere bit is ample for a shave. For Palmolive multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A cream so active has never been heard of so far as we know. There's enough for 152 shaves in our 35c size.

Also a lotion

Palmolive is lather and lotion in one. It contains palm and olive oils, which soothe and refresh the skin.

No other application is necessary after shaving with Palmolive. Your skin feels so fine and cool after the use of this lather that you won't think of using the usual lotion.

Try it free

We don't ask you to accept our word for the marvels of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

We are willing to let the cream prove itself, at no cost to you.

Therefore, we offer you a free trial tube. Send no money, only the coupon, and you will receive a trial tube absolutely free.

Take advantage of this opportunity. Learn what science has done to make shaving quick and easy.

You will wonder how you ever put up with old-time methods when you have tried Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

FREE

A trial tube to every man to show what a difference Palmolive makes. Mail the coupon today. Learn what it means to use a lather that instantly emulsifies the oil coat on the beard. And a lather that contains both palm and olive oils. Mail coupon for free trial tube. Do it now before you forget.

Copyright 1930—The Palmolive Company

The coupon brings a trial tube

The Palmolive Company,
Dept. 129, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Please send me a free trial tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

YOU *could not* motor without electrical ignition. You *prefer not* to motor without electric starting and lighting.

Yet, not many years ago ignition was experimental and electric starting and lighting were unknown.

Auto-Lite pioneered in the vigorous development which made these things *practical* for modern motoring efficiency and pleasure.

Thus in a few years Auto-Lite has wrought for itself the distinction of being the largest producer in the world, of automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition systems.

For an institution to attain such pre-eminence in its field bespeaks one thing above all others—Quality of Product.

This is emphatically brought home to a million and a half owners of cars equipped with Auto-Lite by the *invariable consistency* with which Auto-Lite functions.

Be sure your next car is Auto-Lite equipped.

OFFICE AND WORKS
TOLEDO, OHIO

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION

Willys Light Division of Electric Auto-Lite Corporation: Manufacturers of Electric Light and Power Plants for Farms, Etc.

DETROIT SALES OFFICE
1507 KRESGE BLDG.

AS I REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 15)

Late in my father's life some scribbler chanced to learn—I think likely from an article in Notes and Queries, wherein the incident was kindly mentioned—that he once made a midnight pilgrimage to Longfellow's home, before they had become personally acquainted, for the purpose of touching the gate latch upon which the elder poet had so often placed his hand. On that incident an article was written contemptuously ridiculing my father as a hero worshiper and a silly sentimentalist and with sweet amiability was forwarded—of course anonymously—under inclosure as a personal letter. I wish the writer could have heard my dear father's comment.

"It is," he said to me, "quite true that I performed that act of homage; and so far am I from being in any way ashamed of having done it, I wish only that my poor, tired old heart and brain were still able to feel what they felt then. Longfellow was a man, a gentleman, a benefactor of his race, and one of the purest, gentlest natures that ever kept with men. I thank God I once had the sensibility to feel for him as I did! No youth could ever have a nobler exemplar. And I think that after all I still feel the same about him in my heart of heart, but I am old and broken and wearing out and cannot show it as once I could and did.

"When I recall such incidents there comes to my mind, with a pain I cannot express, comprehension of Goethe's full meaning in the lovely lines, lines which I first heard from the lips of Longfellow and which nowadays I sometimes murmur to myself:

"Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of hate, love's deep devotion,
Oh, give me back my youth again!"

The ways of anonymunculæ are even as those of a serpent upon a rock or of a ship in the midst of the sea. At about the time of that paltry publication disparaging Winter as a sentimentalist another of the noxious race demanded from him by mail a considerable sum of money—to be paid through an intermediary—as an alternative to publication of an article "telling all about the poverty of your family and how you worked on a tugboat."

Spite and Venom

"It is," said my father to me, "a singular commentary on the democracy of our time and country when it can be supposed that any American could be ashamed of having been born in poverty and of having worked hard in order to live honestly and get a little education, that any man would actually pay to have those facts suppressed."

I asked my father what answer, if any, he intended to send through the specified intermediary.

"I have already answered, signifying that this would-be blackmailer is quite free, as far as I am concerned, to go to hell—and adding that perhaps a better price may be obtained for the article he mentions if its writer is careful to mention that my maternal grandparents, poor old Captain Wharf and his wife, after lives of humble but honorable and onerous labor, fell into abject want and, being both past the great age of ninety years, died in the Gloucester Poorhouse, while I was an almost friendless waif of the water fronts.

"These vermin," he continued, "have invariably two traits in common: They are cankered with envy and they believe that the rest of mankind are as vile, cowardly and contemptible as themselves. For more than forty years, every time Alfred Tennyson published a new book some unknown wretch sent him a letter of scurrilous vituperation. There is a kindred spirit somewhere over in Brooklyn who every time I bring out a book hunts it through for the inevitable misprint or trivial blunder, finds it and sends me an unsigned note of derisive abuse..

"When I published a letter several years ago relative to clerical misrepresentations of me as being an enemy of the stage and expressed concurrence with Clarendon in his opinion, I received more than fifteen anonymous letters from clergymen abusing me for my belief.

"When Dick Mansfield was slowly recovering from an almost fatal attack of illness he received an unsigned communication bitterly reviling him and expressing profound regret that he had not died. Every man in public life has more or less the same experience in this matter. It is saddening to reflect how depraved and despicable human nature can be. I have often wondered, with Winwood Reade, why it was not created by Omnipotence incapable of anything but nobility and goodness. But alas, it was not!"

If Winter had heeded the wish and advice of Longfellow his career might have been different. That good friend counseled him to remain in Boston, and was willing to purchase for him a newspaper in Cambridge if he would stay and edit it. But my father disliked—and to the end of his days—the New England ways and the smug, self-adulatory atmosphere of Boston, and was eager to seek pastures new. In December, 1859, accordingly he went to New York, where after a little while—but not before he had learned what it is to walk icy streets with soleless shoes and to sleep in doorways and on park benches, alone, hungry and cold—he obtained employment as subeditor of a once famous paper, The New York Saturday Press.

He was then a little more than twenty-three years old. He had already made a reputation for himself as a political speaker—especially in the campaign for Frémont and Dayton, 1856, during which, because of his extraordinary faculty in commanding respectful hearing and in holding the attention and winning the approval of crowds, he used often to be sent into the roughest districts of Boston, sometimes in company with the brilliant, fearless, combative Anson Burlingame—afterward the champion of Sumner when Preston Brooks assaulted him—but, more frequently, alone. Also he had already gained much experience on newspapers—among them The Gloucester Telegraph, The Cambridge Chronicle, and The Olive Branch, The Star-Spangled Banner, The Saturday Evening Gazette, The Evening Transcript, The Traveler, The Express and The Critic, all of Boston—and to the end of his life fifty-eight years later he labored in journalism and literature with indomitable courage, fervent zeal, marvelous resource and incessant industry, writing for several years under the pen names of Mercutio and Mark Vale, as well as under his own name.

One of the earliest of my father's New York friends was the brilliantly capable but cynical journalist, Henry Clapp, Jr., who owned and conducted The Saturday Press and who employed him on it. To him Winter was in all the period of their intimate association a constant joy by reason of his wholly unconventional, vital and original habit of thought, his extraordinary resource and fecundity as a writer on general topics, and on occasion the pungency of his satirical editorials and paragraphs. Exercise of his inimitable facility in satire was reserved by him to bad things—moral or artistic—and to the persons doing them.

"Satirical ridicule," he often said, "is the one always dangerous weapon—the one that always cuts deepest."

A Good Fighter

In later years, when he devoted himself largely to the writing of dramatic criticism, he frequently employed it upon actors and managers presenting obnoxious plays—sometimes with effects that reverberated in the editorial rooms and business offices of The New York Tribune, on one occasion causing the harassed editor of that journal to exclaim ruefully: "Winter, you can raise a bigger blister with fewer words than any other man that ever wrote!"

"Whenever old Clapp knew I was at work on a bit of satire," my father told me, "he would keep vigilant guard, like a sort of grim old bird over a nestling, fending off intruders and interruptions, sucking away at an ill-smelling pipe while we were alone, and furtively and eagerly watching me out of the corner of one of his bright, glinting old eyes. He was terribly embittered, and the sharper the satire the more he liked it. If he thought what I wrote was especially good he would himself take it over to the printers and order it set up in type."

Clapp—withered, bitter, grotesque, seemingly ancient, a good fighter, a kind heart—was the prince of those celebrated New York Bohemians of 1859–61, about whom so much—chiefly false and derogatory—has been written, and he possessed a faculty of terse, cynical gibing that left him almost without friends—a faculty which is indicated by his designation of Horace Greeley, whom he knew well, as "a self-made man who worships his creator," and his statement that "virtue is its own—and only—reward." Among the mass of papers left by my father I find this unfinished beginning of a sketch of Henry Clapp, Jr., and the Bohemians:

"No more wretched experience than that of Henry Clapp has occurred in the literary life of our country, and few things are more discreditable to the press than the venomously vindictive attacks that have been made upon him in it since his death. During his active career Clapp was amply able to speak for himself. Few if any of his detractors would have ventured to assail him when he was able to reply. His death, then, might at least have been received in silence and his memory be left unassailed. But detraction will not suffer for it. His faults were many and obvious. He sometimes misused his fine talents; he dissipated his power; and he was more than once perversely wrong in conduct. He was also—though his detractors always have overlooked this trifling fact—a human being like the rest of us, and he was not—as some of them are—hypocritical. The last years of his life were fraught with terrible suffering."

Clapp's Epitaph

"He began as an advocate of Temperance—or rather of Total Abstinence. He subsisted largely on tobacco and coffee. After the failure of all his hopes and ambitions, when he had become entirely embittered with the world, broken-hearted by failure, conscious of his own shortcomings, of the defects that had ruined him, he took to drink. Such help as a few of his old comrades could give he had. It was but little they could do, and it availed still less.

"Theodore Hagen took Clapp into his house for a time, and after he had left that refuge, Hagen told me, there were found in the closet of Clapp's room very many vials that had contained chloral. The poor man must have lived on stimulant by day and the hypnotic by night, and he must consequently have been much of the time on or over the verge of insanity.

"For a time after leaving Hagen's home he drifted in the backwaters of journalism and Bohemia. Then failing utterly he was taken to Blackwell's Island, where he died, and where he was buried in the Potter's Field. When this became known a few of his old associates"—they were, William Winter, the chief mover; G. S. McWatters, George Butler, Charles Delmonico and Stephen Fiske—"privately subscribed to defray the cost of removing his body to the island of Nantucket, where, in 1875, it was given proper burial in a little cemetery overlooking the sea."

The following epitaph, which the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson declared to be the most touching he had ever read, was written by Winter for a monument to Clapp—which, I believe, has never been erected.

HERE RESTS
HENRY CLAPP, JR.
JOURNALIST—SATIRIST—ORATOR

IN EARLY MANHOOD HE WAS A WORKER FOR RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, AND THE SLAVE

IN LATER YEARS HE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF

BORN IN NANTUCKET, NOVEMBER 11, 1814
DIED IN NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1875

FIGARO

Wit stops to grieve and Laughter stops to sigh,
That so much wit and laughter e'er could die;
But Pity, conscious of its anguish past,
Is glad this tortured spirit rests at last.
His purpose, thought, and goodness ran to waste;
He made a happiness he could not taste;
Mirth could not help him, Talent could not save.
Through cloud and storm he drifted to the grave.
Ah, give his memory—who made the cheer
And gave so many smiles—a single tear!

"Such an end to such a mind as Clapp's might reasonably have been expected to

(Continued on Page 73)

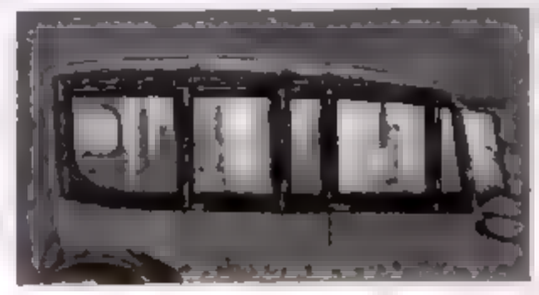
Who Owns Your Car?

You or the Weather?

DON'T let bad weather cheat you out of the use of your car. It is in bad weather that you need it the most. Get an Anchor Closed Top for your open car and enjoy motoring all the year round. An Anchor Top converts your open car into a real glass enclosed automobile of true comfort and elegance. It gives you a real closed model for the cold winter. And for fine summer weather your Anchor Top can *easily be lifted off* to give you a light and airy touring car.

Have Two Cars in One

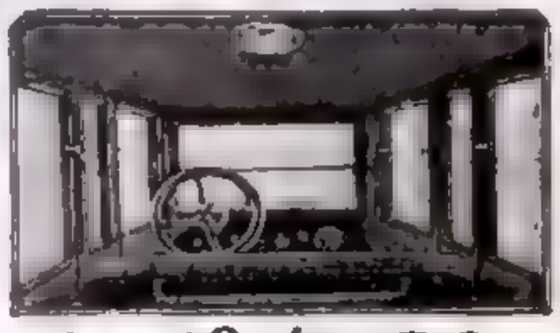
Get your money's worth out of your car. Make it usable and comfortable every day of the year, regardless of weather. You'll appreciate it all the more this winter when it is enclosed with an Anchor Top. Let the weather be what it may, let cold, snow, sleet or rain come any day, you always have your comfortable, good looking closed car to step into. And in summer you have your open car again.



An Anchor Top ends the nuisance and unsightliness of side curtains. Converts your open car into a custom-like closed car of comfort and beauty.

Be Wise—Order Early

Now is the time to order your Anchor Top. The supply is limited and they will be hard to get in a little while. Note the list of cars below for which there are over 20 models of Anchor Tops. Tell us which one you drive and we'll send you all information, including prices.



Sedan Anchor Top Coupé

Glass-Enclosed

Each Anchor Top harmonizes perfectly with the style and type of the car. Each top has dome light to illuminate the car. And each is upholstered with rich whipcord lining. An Anchor Top fits right on the regular body irons. No squeak or rattle. Doors and windows fit tightly. Will not sag.

20 Models of Anchor Tops for
Reo Buick
Essex Ford
Dodge
Overland
Maxwell
Chevrolet
Willys-Knight

FREE BOOK

Let us send you our free illustrated booklet describing Anchor Tops in all styles and models. With it we will also send you price and names of nearest Anchor Top dealer. The free book will show you how fine Anchor Tops are designed, built and finished. Write for it today. Mail the coupon or postcard.

ANCHOR TOP & BODY CO.
346 South St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio
Fine Coach Builders for 30 Years

ANCHOR TOP & BODY CO.
346 South St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Without incurring obligation I would like to see illustrated literature and price of Anchor Top for

Make of Car _____
Model _____
Name _____
Address _____

TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

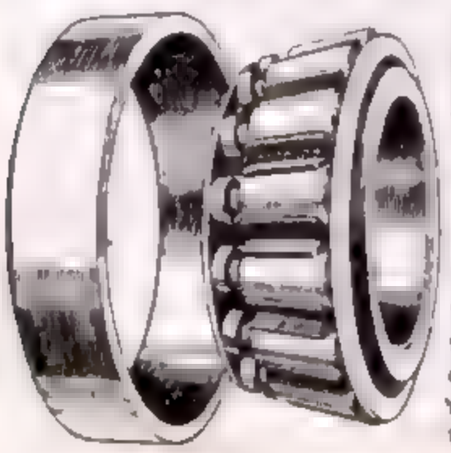
UP!!

Up hill in low! The load on driving gears and their bearings jumps 700 per cent! Think what stubborn resistance to shock and wear is demanded!

But Timkens turn the trick! Their taper, their big factor of safety, the fact that they are engineered in, not merely installed, and their take-up for wear bring them through the most strenuous automotive career as good as new.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are for the *tough* jobs!

At Points of Hard Service



Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are used in the great majority of motor vehicles at points of hard service:

Transmission — Pinion Shaft
Front Wheels — Differential
Rear Wheels — Steering Knuckle
Rear Axle Gears—Worm Gear, Internal Gear, Bevel, and Double Reduction

This leadership is established on the tapered principle of design, quality of manufacture, performance on the road, and service to the automotive industry.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Plants manufacturing complete bearings at
Canton Ohio Columbus Ohio Birmingham, England; Paris, France.
General Offices, Steel Rolling and Tube Mills, Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Trailers, Tractors, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

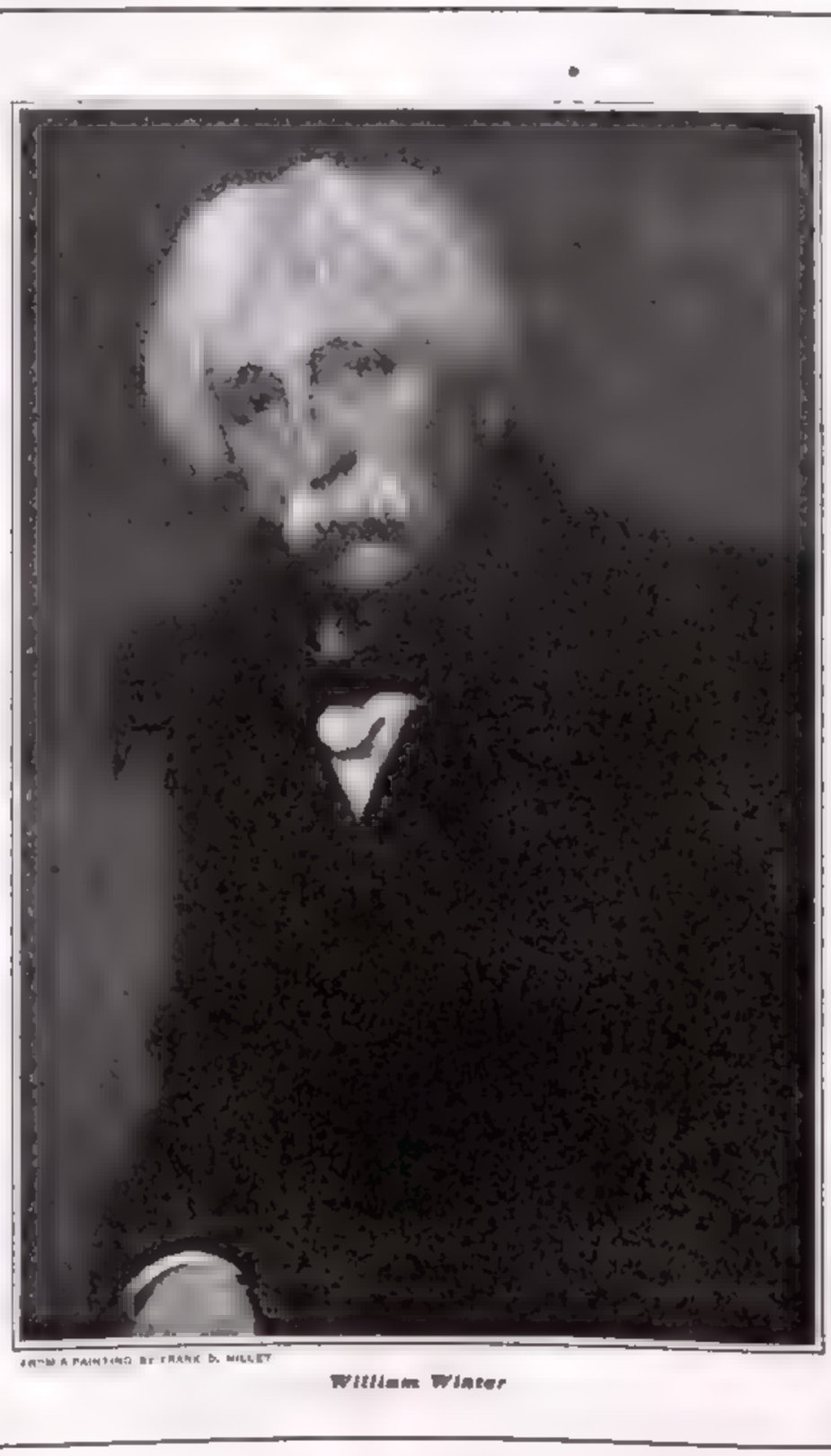
(Continued from Page 71)

awaken pity rather than to confirm malice. It did not. I venture accordingly the reminder—which perhaps will be observed—that Henry Clapp was a human being.

"The same thing, let me add, is true of George Arnold, Frank Wood, Edward Wilkins, Fitz-James O'Brien, Charles Browne—Artemus Ward—Henry Neil, Ada Clare and other persons who formerly wrote for the newspapers of New York and who were associated more or less with Henry Clapp.

"They were men and women having the virtues and defects of our common nature; and being now long in their graves, they are, I should have supposed, entitled to some slight portion of that sweet Christian charity which is thought to be the noblest attribute of regenerated humanity and which is so much extolled in theory but so little exhibited in practice.

"I will add the further suggestion, as an appropriate and salutary one, that it would likewise be a good plan for the various scribes who from time to time unburden their minds so freely concerning those dead friends and associates of mine to consider whether, in fact, they know anything whatever about those persons, and whether it would not be well for them to possess themselves of at least a little of the truth before they write any more."



FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK D. MILLET

William Winter

Among the other friends of Winter in his early New York days were T. B. Aldrich, whom he first met in Boston, in August, 1855; George Arnold, Fitz-James O'Brien, William Law Symonds, one of the most brilliant intellects that have appeared in American literature, who died early and who is now almost forgotten; Henry Giles, whom, like Aldrich, he had previously met in Boston and for whom he always entertained a profound admiration as a marvel of mind; Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, Edward G. P. Wilkins, Edward Howland, Frank H. T. Bellew, Charles Gayler, Charles B. Seymour, Richard Henry Stoddard, George Henry Boker, Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

None of them was ever dearer to my father than that true poet—as Longfellow called him—George Arnold, who died in 1865, and whose manly character, careless good humor, blithe temperament, personal beauty and winning manners made him attractive to everybody. My father collected the poetical works of that genial, gentle comrade and published them with a memoir in 1866, and he has commemorated him and their friendship in two poems of exquisite tenderness and beauty—one designated by its subject's name, the other called A Reverie. There probably are many valuable letters from my father to the gentle Arnold still in existence, but I have not yet been able to recover them. Perhaps if these words chance to be read by those who now possess them—or any others written by Winter—they will send them to me for use in making the life upon which I am at work. Among my father's myriad papers I have, however, found the following single letter to him from Arnold, which with its appended note is worth preserving:

January 8, 1862.

My dear "R. M.": Though I have completely lost sight of you personally ever since the time of A. D.'s reception and my semi-involuntary flight from New York, I have seen from time to time statements of your whereabouts and doings; and have been pleased by these odd ends of evidence that you are still in the flesh. Now I learn that you have the Dramatic Column of The Albion, vice clever Harry Neil, poor fellow—second Pfaffian who vacated his chair too early—and the main object of this epistle is to request you to send me your organ weekly, that I may keep up with the theatrical sphere of to-day—and indulge in visions of the remote and early stage in Boston and London.

Further, I desire to offer you my sincerest congratulations upon having what you know I always yearned for—a man child to caress, to spoil, to educate and to love. My dog, though something talented, hardly sits at the fireside of my heart as a kid of

Speaking of Heat

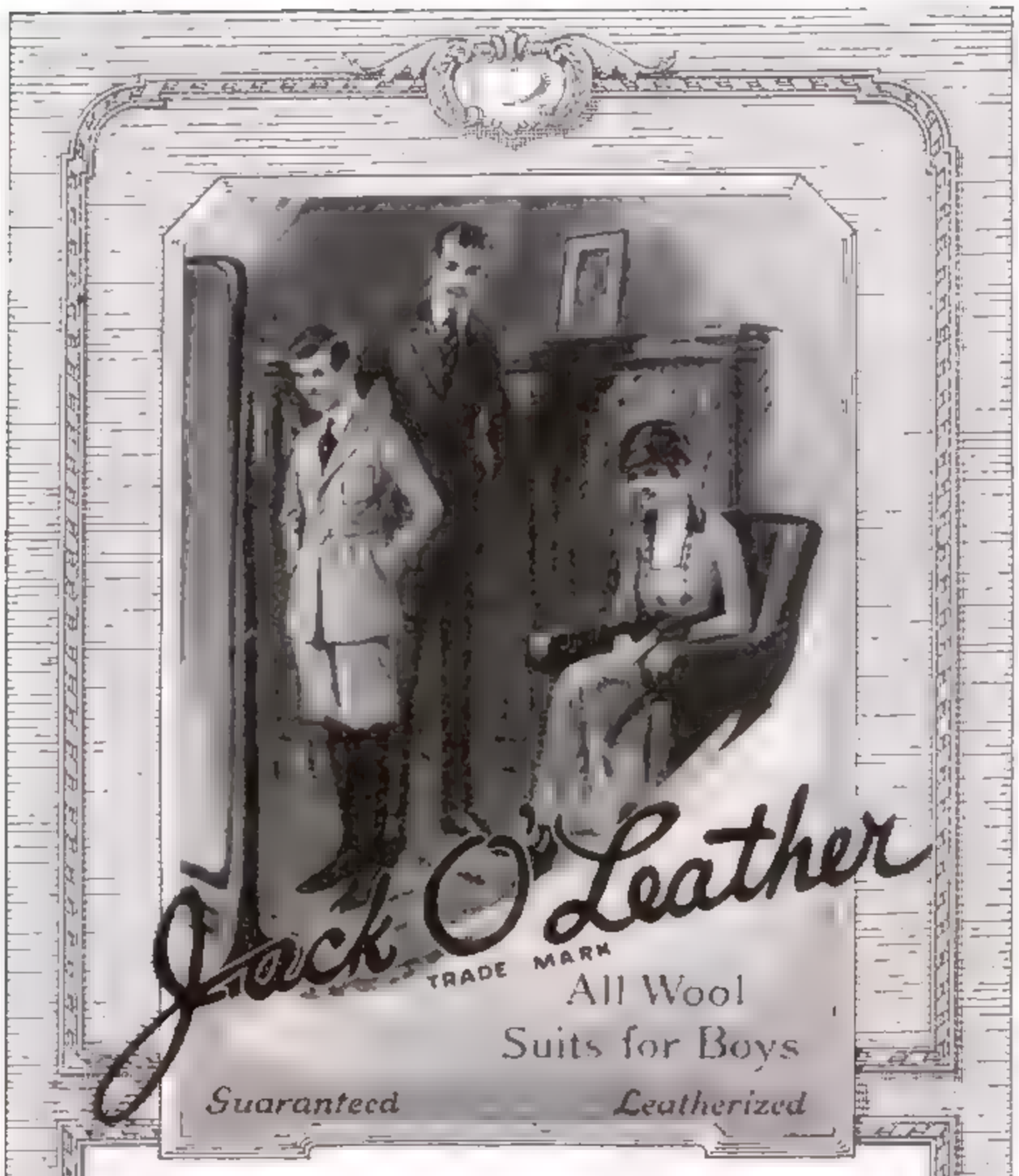
WORK! That's where I get the Croix de Guerre, and this summer heat doesn't bother me either. Heat never bothers a busy man. It's the bird in the bleachers that gets sunstroke—not the pitcher or catcher.

Come on, Heat, you can't bother me so long as I have plenty of work and a CINCO cigar. This sweet, mild CINCO gives me just the necessary relaxation—it rests, provides a momentary recess for new business thoughts that send me back to work more fit. Heat! Nothing to it if I have plenty of work and a CINCO—the most restful cigar in America.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1850

STICK TO CINCO IT'S SAFE

© O. E. & B., Inc., 1919 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LEATHER INSIDE-
Style Outside

BUYING a boy's suit is no trifling matter these days. There's style—fit—material—durability—and most important of all, *economy*, to consider.

For two very important reasons thrifty mothers are buying Jack O'Leather Suits for their boys.

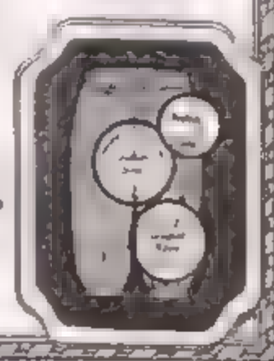
One is that Jack O'Leather Suits are strictly *all-wool*—and you know the wearability of pure wool. And the other is that they are lined at the strategic, hard-wear spots—knees, seat, elbows and pockets—with strong, pliable, washable leather.

Leather Doubles the Wear

A Jack O'Leather Suit actually outwears two ordinary suits. The leather linings not only protect it from inside wear but deaden the wear from the outside.

The Jack O'Leather dealer in your city is displaying a variety of smart styles in Jack O'Leather Suits for boys from 6 to 18 years. Jack O'Leather Suits cost no more—yet they look better, wear longer and are guaranteed.

The Diagrams tell the Story
"Leatherized" where the wear comes with a lining of soft, pliable real leather at seat, knees, elbows and pockets.



J.J. PREIS & CO.
636-638 BROADWAY
New York City

mine own would; and I wish you exceeding great joy of the young Winter. Is it not odd to think of you as a Heavy Father and of me as a Rustic? Yet my conditions have hardly undergone the revolution yours have seen. I drink my applejack and smoke my pipe as profusely as ever. I am as profane, as irresponsible, as metaphysical and—thank God—as rebellious as ever. Why not rebellious? Am I not imprisoned in the Hote de Warren?

If you find it in your heart to remember me so far you will do me good by addressing The Albion to your old friend and chum of yore, GEORGE ARNOLD.

Strawberry Farms,
Colt's Neck P. O., New Jersey.

Note on the above:

"A poem of mine, called Orgia; the Song of a Ruined Man, had attracted much attention, and my old chum was accustomed to address me as the R. M. I was subeditor of The New York Albion at the time when he wrote this letter. He was a dear, good fellow! He would sometimes sing couplets of Orgia, with a whack-fol-low chorus—and the effect was exceedingly comic.

"After his death I collected and published his Poems. He died in 1865."

Of Winter's friendship with T. B. Aldrich I need not in this place say much, though much very easily could be said of it, because it was in this place that he first published his delightful chapter of recollections of Aldrich—a chapter which, I recall, it greatly gratified him to have the editor of THE POST declare to be the perfection of reminiscence.

An Early Aldrich Letter

My father, as I know, wrote many letters to that dearly loved brother poet, and their youthful and unrestrained interchanges of confidence would surely be interesting and instructively significant now. I had expected that all his letters to Aldrich would be available for my use, but to my great disappointment Mrs. Aldrich informs me that the early ones have been burned. Hawthorne once wondered what we should do without fire and death. For my part, there are times when I think we should do very well indeed—especially when it comes to writing biography—without fire. However, I possess a large number of Aldrich letters—probably the finest collection of them in existence.

The following, though written before Winter left Boston and before the association of the Bohemian days, I think pleasantly indicates the affectionate relations of "Tom and Will," which "began in almost a romantic way," and which notwithstanding the vicissitudes of time, care and trouble, which so often deaden the emotions, endured unchanged for more than fifty-two years—and likewise it gives a self-drawn picture of the young Aldrich which should be preserved:

NEW YORK, June 25, 1855.
105 Clinton Place.

My dear Friend: Nature made a *faux pas* when she christened you Winter, for you are as genial as Spring, warm as Summer, and as rich as golden Autumn! You are, in fact, a sort of Indian Summer, and I like you more and more. Your description of yourself was capital, and your several letters were delicious. You write prose like a Roman. I know I shall fail in giving you a picture of myself, though I have a gentleman of the press to assist me. The following outlines of my supposed outer and inner self are from the goose quill of a New York editor who once treated me so unfairly that I was obliged to rap him over the knuckles with his own weapons—types—and he didn't like it. But do not imagine, my dear friend, that I am all his fancy painted:

"Mr. Aldrich, we should think, is on the junior side of twenty summers. He is, we believe, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Portland, Maine. He is of medium stature, has an intellectual countenance, and judging from our slight intercourse with him we incline to the opinion that he is impulsive and irrascible—like all the sons of genius and of song. We had the pleasure of introducing him to the public as a young poet of great merit, and he, after he had become somewhat offended with us, had the pleasure of turning up his [illegible]"

Now instead of being "irrascible"—he spells it wrong—I am the personification of patience and the very picture of good humor. When I am neither of these, then I am pensive. This gent, as you say of The Churchman, is a sort of mule, and the magnitude of his ears is perfectly astonishing.

Picture in your mind's eye the following and you will have me:

An individual of medium height—somewhat like Master Slender, because of recent sickness—with an impudent ease not at all displeasing; rather dark, curling hair and uncertain gray eyes, with something like twilight in them. His black coat is looped in front, partly from habit; the immaculate white collar is turned down; the neckerchief is tied negligently, and has a half-dissatisfied look. There is no jewelry about him, save a modest gold ring, plain, on his little finger, given to him by "A dearer one yet than all other."

The wearer of the said arrangements is not the least foppish, but he insists on looking gentlemanly and occasionally indulges in straps. He is, moreover, thoughtful in his mien—for he has read many books—and is prone to meditate as he walks the streets, which often places him in imminent danger of being flattened by the omnibuses. Take him all in all, he is not bad looking, nor is he the worst mortal that ever called William Winter friend. So much for myself. Now for something interesting.

Your letters are not read to that dearer one, for unhappily she is nearer you than my poor self, being at Portsmouth. Not having been home for a year, you may imagine how I long to behold the quaint gables of the beautiful old town; how I yearn to clasp hands and bosoms that love me. Then I will tell her of my new friend, and she will love you, Will.

Gratitude makes a poor critic, and I may have overestimated Prentice's poetry. But I am certain you will like his Closing Year, the Lines to a Lady, and those Written at my Mother's Grave. His most poetical poem is in The Knickerbocker Gallery, one of the finest books ever published and a rare tribute to one who has treated me kindly, Mr. Louis Gaylord Clark, editor of The Knickerbocker Magazine. Have you seen the volume?

Youthful Judgments

You were not wrong in your idea of Griswold's Poets. It is a poor affair. Half of the poetry (?) would have been rejected by a country editor, and the biographical notes are weak. I frequently meet him. He says he has a new volume of Poets in contemplation. May their shadows never be less!

I am glad that you admire Tennyson. He is a king of simplicity and beauty. I read his Two Voices every other day. The Princess is a masterpiece; the man that fails to appreciate it must have very little soul. The Battle Ode is the worst thing I ever saw of his—and that is grand.

I have read your seven poems. They are all fine. The Vision of Life and Men I shall admire forever. Indifference is the least pleasing. Pardon my oraclelike way of criticising.

"The Bard" in my book is meant for Gerald Massey. I have some of his poems in his own MS. His ballad of Babe Christabel is wild and full of Keats-like imagery. You must have seen some of his writings.

While I write sweet sleep must be upon you; those "boots of funeral polish" are probably drooping at your bedside, "like violets after rain." And those black pants, with straps, have swooned upon an adjacent chair—for it is very late. The wind that comes in at my window brings the tones of a neighboring clock, which has just sounded one. I must stand a few minutes at the window to look at the camping ground of the Angels, with their starry watch fires burning, and then "To sleep, to sleep—perchance, to dream."

Good night, my dear friend,
T. B. ALDRICH.

I know this is dull enough to give me a prominent place in Pope's Dunciad—you like Pope—and that it is a very poor return for your brilliant letter, but a headache, and a proclivity for sleep, do not improve one's wits, which even at the best are only so-so! TOM.

The following almost random excerpts from letters by Aldrich, all written close together and more than a quarter of a century after the foregoing, show that in his case the boy was indeed father to the man,

(Continued on Page 77)

Why Ice Cream Is Good

EVERYONE wants ice cream that is "just right." And what a multitude of virtues that "just right" covers!

Rich, creamy ice cream, smooth and velvety, with delicate flavor and enough body so that it stands up well in the hottest weather—that's "just right."

Cream, rich in butterfat, lacks the body necessary. Klim Powdered Milk, concentrated milk solids, supplies the proper body without thinning. Klim Powdered Milk is a guarantee of perfect ice cream, for by its use the ice cream maker is enabled to get proportions exactly right — and in making ice cream, proportions are everything.

The ice cream manufacturer has long used powdered milk because it has been his guarantee of the richest, smoothest ice cream it is possible to make.

Klim Powdered Milk is pure, fresh milk of high quality in powder form. Nothing is added, nothing is taken away but water. It is in no way a substitute for milk, but milk itself. It contains no chemicals or preservatives.

When restored to liquid form by replacing water as directed, Klim becomes *fresh* liquid milk again.

Housewives quickly recognize the advantages of Klim. It guarantees a reliable supply of fresh, pure milk at all times under all conditions. It eliminates all wastage. Make it up in the quantity desired, when desired. It saves the ice bill and is not affected by climatic conditions.

Klim may be used in every way that liquid milk is used. It makes cocoa, tea, and coffee richer. Serve it as a beverage; use it in cereals and desserts. Depend on it for all cooking purposes.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.
CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LTD., Toronto

Klim is not sold in bulk. It comes only in 1-lb., 2½-lb., and 5-lb. sealed cans

How to get KLIM

Send us the coupon and $1.25 for our special trial outfit of 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk—sent postpaid. We will also send you our free Booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Hundreds of distributing agencies are established to supply you quickly and regularly with Klim Powdered Milk. After you have tried Klim and like it, our nearest agency will arrange to supply you regularly.

SPECIAL TRIAL OUTFIT

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. (8)

Enclosed find One Dollar and twenty-five cents ($1.25)—(checks, money orders, or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (full cream) and 1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity, when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Send me Free booklet, "The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk."

Name____

Address____

City____ State____

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Columbia Six

FAME—FAR FLUNG

The distance fame travels is the most certain indication of the worthiness of a man or a manufactured product. Thousands gain a local reputation—hundreds a national. But world-wide fame is a rarity won only by very exceptional ability or merit. The Columbia Six is one of the few American built cars to achieve real international fame.

Even more impressive is the fact that it is today used not only in every great country but it has penetrated to the out-of-the-way far corners of the earth.

You will of course find scores of Columbias in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Rome, and Tokio. You will also find them in Madagascar, the Straits Settlement, the interior of China, and India.

We ascribe this world-wide liking for the Columbia first to its appearance, which appeals to the foreign buyer's love for beauty and individuality; second, to the absolute reliability of the car and its freedom from service troubles, which enable it to give the same consistent, troubleless service ten thousand miles away from the factory as it does near at home.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

for they exhibit exactly the same tone of mind, and also they give interesting glimpses of the writer who, of all my father's friends and comrades in the distinctively Bohemian group of long ago, "was at once the most potential genius and the most original character"—Fitz-James O'Brien:

PONKAPOG, MASSACHUSETTS.
September 7, 1880.

Dear Will: I have delayed acknowledging your last note because I was reluctant to give up the idea of writing the O'Brien Reminiscence. But—I am obliged to give it up. I lack the time not only to do the actual writing, but to verify the many dates I should have to mention. For example, O'Brien wrote his story, What Was It? while spending a week with me in my rooms at No. 105 Clinton Place—but what year, month or week it was would take me a week or a month to ascertain. The date of its publication in Harper's Magazine would not settle it, for O'Brien might have first offered the story elsewhere, or the editor might have kept it several months before printing it. Of course I could not afford to send you a hasty, inaccurate sketch—your own part of the work will be so careful. I prefer the disappointment of not doing anything at all.

O'Brien's Hazy History

Bayard Taylor had an interesting chance interview somewhere on the Continent with O'Brien's father and mother. Is there any record of it? The article I prepared for Harper's Weekly in 1862 was returned to me—I distinctly remember my disgust. The MS., which lay in a drawer of my worktable for two or three years afterward, was either lost or destroyed at the time I moved to Boston.

In the years 1858–59 O'Brien and I were very intimate; we never let a day pass without meeting. I recollect that I treated this period in detail in the missing paper. I wish that you had it, or that I could lay hold of the ghost of it in my memory.

. . . . . .

October 15, 1880.—If you were in that other chair perhaps I could tell you a lot of pleasant things about O'Brien. But recollections of him somehow fly my pen when I sit down to write. I do not recall a poem of his entitled Basil's Falcon.

In Hayes' The Ballads of Ireland, Page 58, Vol. I, there's a lyric called Loch-Ina, which O'Brien told me he wrote when he was quite young. It is a musical bit, after the conventional Irish fashion, and might be interesting as a specimen of O'Brien's early verse. I bought the work on account of this poem, which is printed anonymously. If it will help you any I will copy the lines for you.

I don't know in what year O'Brien was born, nor in what county. I made his acquaintance in October, 1853. I think he came to New York in the early part of 1852. In those days he was trimming the wick of The Lantern—a newspaper—which went out shortly afterward. O'Brien once told me that he was a graduate of Dublin University and that on leaving college he inherited $40,000, all of which he handsomely spent in the course of two years. A two-horse brougham and a high-stepping actress—Bucephalus and Melpomene—seemed to have been too much for him. They have been too much for many a fellow.

James K. Osgood wrote to me the other day touching a photograph of O'Brien. I suppose Osgood turned my reply over to you. Sol Eytinge, who knew O'Brien well, could make an excellent likeness of him, with the aid of the woodcut which was published in Frank Leslie's shortly after O'Brien's death. By the by—O'Brien and I applied at nearly the same time for a place on General Lander's staff. My application was perhaps a week or ten days in advance of O'Brien's. General Lander, who was an old friend of mine long before the war, telegraphed me at Portsmouth, offering me a staff appointment, with the rank of lieutenant. In the meanwhile I had left Portsmouth. My grandfather's house was closed and the telegram lay unopened. Receiving no answer, General Lander gave the post to O'Brien, who a few weeks later was killed—error—mortally wounded—lived two months. As Clapp used quaintly to put it, "Aldrich was shot in O'Brien's shoulder." For years afterward I had a vague sort of feeling that I ought to be dead.

Yours ever,
TOM.

. . . . . .

October 31, 1880.—The absence of O'Brien's name from the official list of U. S. officers is easily explained. He was killed before his commission was signed, and consequently his name and his rank, which was purely prospective, were not placed on record in the War Department. He was, in fact, a volunteer aide-de-camp. In November, 1861, I occupied for three or four days a similar position on General Blenker's staff, accompanying him on a reconnoissance in the place of Edward H. House, who was ill. I had arranged with House to report an expected battle which, fortunately for me perhaps and certainly for The Tribune, did not take place.

McClellan's Compliments

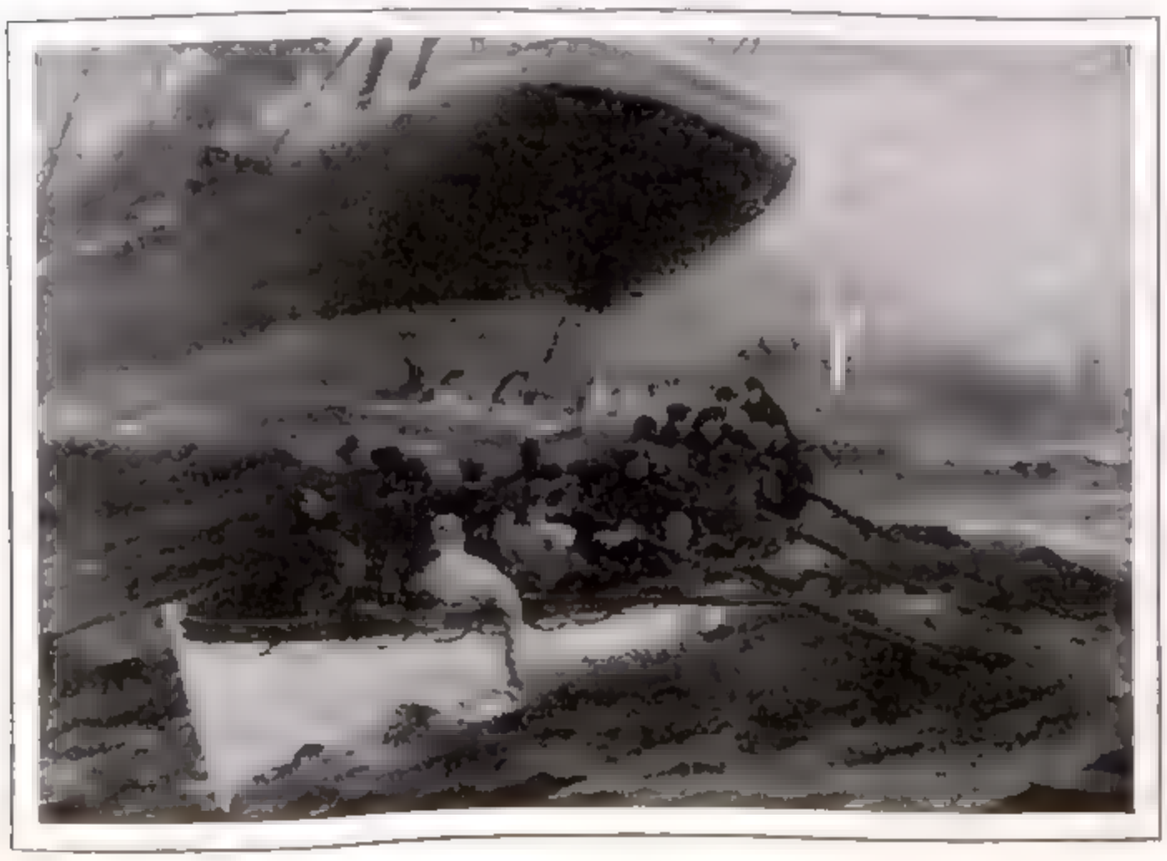
I think Waud, the artist, was also a volunteer on that occasion. We were treated as members of the general's military family, living at headquarters and occupying positions near his person on the march. I fancy that this was O'Brien's footing at the time of the Bloomery Gap affair—where O'Brien received a fatal wound.

In the complimentary telegram which General McClellan sent to Lander was there not some mention of a captaincy for O'Brien? I remember seeing the original dispatch, but it was all so long ago. One thing is clear: O'Brien was never a regularly commissioned officer. He gave his life without price.

I think this explains the matter. O'Brien's commission ought to have been sent to him when he was wounded.

General Lander was not a free lance. I believe he was a colonel in the regular army, Engineer Corps, brig. general of volunteers, and, if I'm not mistaken, major general by brevet.

I have just returned from watching at the deathbed of my uncle, Mr. Frost, a



Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

IF you are the least bit *critical* about the way your clothes are carried and kept—you will come straight to a Belber Wardrobe Trunk this summer.

You'll find that it meets traveling needs to the last dot of style, convenience and practical value.

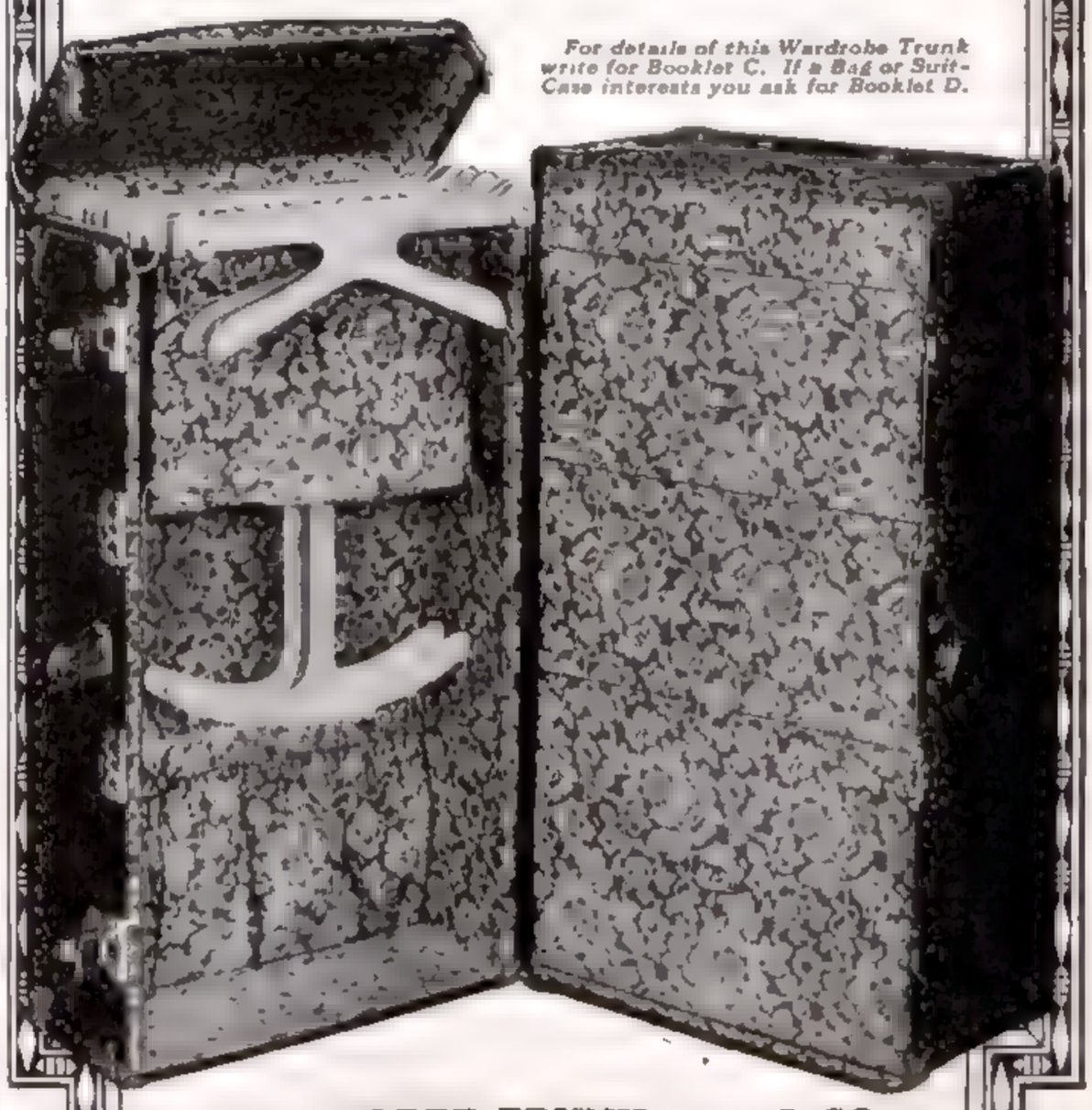
A Belber Wardrobe Trunk is closet and dresser combined. Clothes hang up on hangers—place for shoes, for hats, for underwear, for laundry, for small accessories. Everything kept neat and orderly—nothing mussed or wrinkled.

No more trouble to pack it than to hang things in a closet—and you needn't unpack it at all. Simply take things out when you want them and place them back again when you are through.

The Belber name on a Wardrobe Trunk, a Bag, or Suit-Case is the *dominant* guarantee of smart metropolitan style and of quality beyond question.

Find the dealer who makes a specialty of Belber Luggage. You can trust him to give you full value for your money.

For details of this Wardrobe Trunk write for Booklet C. If a Bag or Suit-Case interests you ask for Booklet D.



THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sales Offices and Factories: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Woodbury, N. J., Pittsburgh, Oshkosh, Wis., Minneapolis, San Francisco

faithful good friend of my boyhood, and I am heavy hearted.

. . . . . .

Among the characteristic letters from my father to Aldrich during later years, which have been preserved and are kindly made available to me by his widow, are the two that follow—one of which indicates the wretched dejection of mind from which my father sometimes suffered during the years immediately sequent to the death of my brother Arthur, who was frightfully injured in a coasting accident and died in horrible agony a few days later—a bereavement that broke my father's heart and all but killed him.

STATEN ISLAND, February 25, 1891.

Dear Tom: I received your beautiful book last Monday about midnight—just as I finished the writing of an article on Lawrence Barrett's lovely performance of Harebell, the Man o' Airlie. And I had my first read of it as I sailed across the bay between twelve and one. Since then I have read it again; some things in it many times. My fancy is particularly taken with the dramatic sketch of Pauline Parlovna. It is full of poetic passion. The picture called Act V is magnificent. Croydon is perfect. All through The Bagatelle the touch is Horatian—and any touch better than Horatian would be too good for me.

I paused long upon the sense of exquisite style that there is in the last stanza of Alec Yeaton's Son and the last stanza of The Letter. There is a single couplet in The Reading—that one about the Dodo—that would make the reputation of any humorist. The time has been when, perhaps, I could have expressed all that such exquisite writings make me feel. I cannot do it now. All I can say is that I thank you for the book and shall always sacredly prize it. When I read such things as Echo, A Touch of Nature, and The Shipman's Story, my own verses seem to me as lifeless as a stack of faggots! I greatly wish that you had written your name in this book. Perhaps you will write it. God bless you.

Ever yours,
WILLIAM WINTER.

P. S.—I send a letter that I wrote on the night of Larry's Ganelon, but held back—thinking it had perhaps more feeling in it than an old cynic ought to show.

Enclosed with the foregoing:

Very late at night—almost at odds with morning, which is which—after Lawrence Barrett's Ganelon.

January 5–6, 1891.

Dear Tom: It was an unexpected and a great delight to me to see you this night, and to get a greeting from you. I should have come up to your box to pay my respects to your wife and to see you again, but I had to leave the theater . . . in order to write about the performance; and of course I was anxious and preoccupied. But I must write a line to tell you how glad I felt when I saw you. I am getting old and lonely, and when I see the face of an old friend my heart is deeply touched. You are one of the few old friends that are left to me. They are very few. I cannot endure new people.

It is a torture to be introduced to anybody. A lot of commonplace people have been let loose, and the world seems to be full of them.

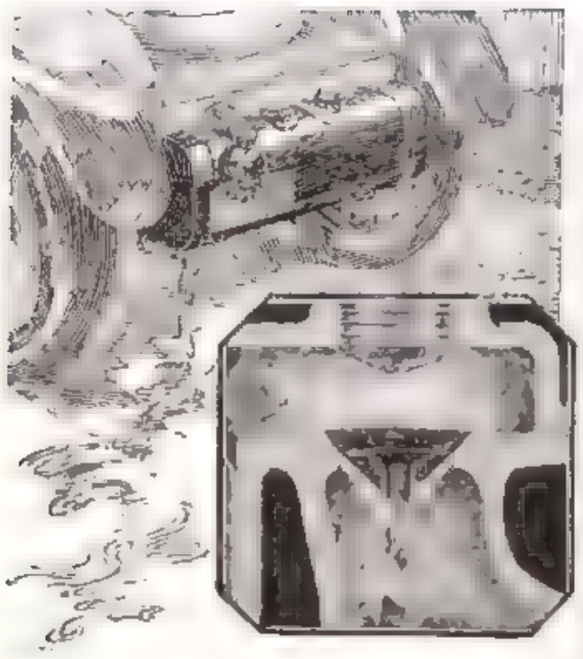
The sight of you awakens not memories alone, but feelings—and I seem to be aroused and made something like myself. For generally, Tom, I must tell you, I am a mere drudge. I work and work. I write and write.

I labor sixteen hours a day and make a poor pretense of sleeping through the other eight. I deny myself everything—that is to say, I don't want anything, and so it is easy to do without it. I am very industrious—and the results make me smile! It is near dawn and I have been writing hard and proofreading and I think I must go to roost. God bless you, my dear Tom! I've a thousand kind things to say and I say them in that.

Did I ever tell you how delighted I was with Wyndham Towers? It is eloquent, pictorial, human, beautiful, tragic; and the style of it is delicious. I'm not much of a poet myself, but I know something about it in other persons, and I was charmed with that poem. Good night and good morning!

Thine, WILLIAM WINTER.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Jefferson Winter. The second will appear in an early issue.



Two places for Gas to leak out

The Tank and the Valves

A STEADY drip from the gas tank would make any car expensive to run.

Yet you might just as well have that steady leak as to have valves which do not close tightly. Gas is wasted there just as surely as from the dripping of the tank.

60% of cars today have carbon scars upon their valves and valve-seats. They have tiny hills and ridges which prevent the valve from closing.

Not only do you lose gas, but you lose compression and power—you strain the engine at tasks too great for its weakened power.

You can't just wipe this carbon off, it is almost flintlike in its hardness—it must be ground off and ground off correctly, every 2,000 miles.

Grind your Valves with Clover

Clover Valve Grinding and Lapping Compound is the thing to use. It is fast cutting and smooth working. It is a solid oil mixed with an even and sure cutting abrasive. It won't run and leave abrasives to cut without proper lubrication. It contains no emery, no glass, no destructive grit.

If you turn your car over to a garage for valve grinding, specify Clover—good garages will use it even without your asking.

If you do it yourself—and it's easy and interesting—send for samples of Clover and for the Clover Instructional Bulletins No. 75 and No. 80. Written by a famous automotive engineer, they explain the operation, step by step—interesting to mechanic and owner alike.

Experts agree that Clover is the best compound for cylinder lapping, fitting piston rings and for use in machine shops and factories.

CLOVER
Grinding and Lapping Compound

Chicago Norwalk San Francisco

CLOVER MFG. CO.
109 Main Street
Norwalk, Conn.

Technical questions gladly answered

Please send me the Clover Instruction Bulletins and samples of Clover Compound for—

[ ] Car Owner [ ] Distributor [ ] Tractor
[ ] Utility Engines [ ] Manufacturer [ ] Garage

Name _____

Address _____

THE BROTHER ACT

(Continued from Page 13)

"Out of our line," Carew objected.

"Sure it is. Mine too. What of that? You can do it, can't you?"

"Get your men," said Carew.

Peterson rounded up the others and they made a sensational pyramid, including a one-foot-to-head, the horizontal fall and the roll from the shoulders at the end, after which Peterson and Gailey did some single and double falls and backs, and Carew and Chass did some fancy risley work, or foot busting. They had not tried the trick for three years, but carried it off very well.

"You guys ought to go on the stage!" one man cried. "You guys are aces!"

The act should have been good, performed by such athletes, but the praise pleased its recipients as much as if they had been stuttering amateurs.

Chass had seen the girl in the crowd, and after the performance noticed that she spoke to Peterson, who had once roomed in the same house with her.

"I didn't know you were athletic," Chass heard her say.

"I can turn a few easy tricks like these. They don't take much steam."

"Who were the others?"

"Oh, just some young fellows I know."

"They seemed to me very wonderful. Who was the young man who threw somersaults from the other man's feet?"

"In that risley act? His name is Avery."

"There he is now," she said.

Chass had been debating whether or not to join Peterson. The next moment he learned that the girl's name, according to Peterson, was Meet Miss Kate Aberdeen.

After that he rose earlier every morning so as to lift his hat to her before breakfast and if possible speak to her. Then he began coming earlier still so as to reserve a place for her at a table and have two words with her. She instantly stopped that, but before the end of the week he was walking along the lake shore with her in the evening, or sometimes when the weather was especially hot and they had dressed for the beach entering the water with her, where he undertook to teach her some new strokes in swimming.

He had told Kate something about himself. She gathered from what he said that he was an actor. Later he expanded slightly upon the information.

"I work with Slim Carew," he told her proudly.

"What part do you have?"

"Me? I'm a catcher. We're trap workers in a brother act. We're whipping an aërial into shape."

"And what is a trap worker?"

"Why, a trapeze artist. I'll say we have a swell feature. It's a kind of dive for life like what the Olson Brothers give, but my partner throws himself further, and turns a third somersault with a full, and I'm farther off at one side and have to swing in farther to catch him."

"I don't believe I understand."

"You wouldn't unless you saw it." He glanced at her face, uncertain whether he dared make the suggestion. He decided against making it, but the next moment impulsively asked her: "Why don't you come over to the gym and see it? Saturday afternoon would be a good time. I'll come and get you, and you can sit on a roll of mats and watch us. How does that sound?"

"Why, I believe I'd like to."

Chass called for her Saturday afternoon, took her to the gymnasium and went through his act with Carew. He thought he had never performed better. She sat where he could glance at her now and then. He saw that she followed his movements closely, even when Carew was increasing his spectacular preparatory swing.

On the way back to her house he asked her how she liked the act. He knew it must have pleased her, but he wished to hear her say so.

"I don't feel that I have the right to criticize your work," she said. "I know so little about gymnastics. It looked very difficult. I mean your part, not the other man's. I could see that your swing had to be timed exactly, or you wouldn't have been in the right place to catch him. That last little movement you made meant a great deal."

"The one at the beginning of the last swing where I bent backward?"

"That's it."

"It sure did. We're the only team in the profesh that's turning so close a trick."

"What I wondered was, what there is ahead of it for you. Does it lead anywhere?"

Did it lead anywhere? It would have led to the top of the bill and extra added attraction money, but the Carew act had long been a headliner. He felt his enthusiasm oozing from the ends of his fingers.

"It's a swell act. It will go big."

"How about ten years from now? How far has your partner got? He has been in the work all his life, you told me. What has it brought him? What will it bring you at his age?"

"You think it isn't big enough?"

"It's big enough for Mr. Carew, but not for you, because you can do bigger things. You've gone as far as you can go in this work. If you stay in it all you can hope to do is do as well as you're doing now. That isn't enough."

Chass had never been overconfident of his own value. The praise implied was pleasant, but it raised instant questions to which he could see no answer.

"I don't know how to do any other work."

"Why don't you learn? Why don't you take up work that you can keep on doing better and better?"

"I'll look round for something as soon as we come in next time."

"Quit first and look round later. Quit now. The longer you wait the harder it will be to change."

"I'd have to separate myself from my bread and butter."

"That's what I mean, bread and butter!"

"But what if I couldn't find anything to do?"

"But you can!"

"You mean, you'd quit yourself before you knew?"

"I'd quit so quick it would make Mr. Carew's head swim!"

"Even if you hadn't any money saved up?"

"The best reason of all for changing. Bread and butter was right! I believe in taking a chance. I don't mean that one ought to give up a good position just for the sake of making a change. But here you are, doing as good work as you will ever do. You've been Mr. Carew's partner for seven years. You're at the top of your market, yet all you've really earned is your expenses. I don't call that being successful. But of course it doesn't make any difference to me. I'm just telling you what I think. I believe in taking a chance—sometimes."

"I do too," said Chass.

But he did not believe in taking chances. He did not like uncertainty—did not like to face unfamiliar problems. He was his mother over again in that respect. He almost promised the girl, but not quite, and went home undecided. That night he dreamed that he had given up his work with Carew and could find no other to take its place. He woke with his mind filled with fears.

His mood of doubt persisted. The girl had advised him to make a change, therefore he must cut himself loose from Carew and strike out toward a larger future. But he himself did not believe in this larger future. He himself preferred to remain with Carew. He was not afraid to quit Carew, but he saw only disasters ahead if he did quit him. He did not know what he ought to do.

After dinner he walked out with his partner along the Lake Shore Drive. Carew began baiting him about the girl—as usual, in heavy pleasantries that made the boy writhe. He walked in silence beside the older man, sullen and resentful. Perhaps Kate had been right. Perhaps this partnership held nothing further for him, and his future lay elsewhere. And then of a sudden he found himself brought face to face with certainty. Approaching them he saw the girl. She was with Peterson. After that he

(Continued on Page 81)

Shatter the Darkness with this Sure *Light*

PRESS forward the self-locking switch of this French Ray-O-Lite Flasher—and brilliant, lasting light pierces the dark. You need it at home, motoring, camping, *everywhere*. Make sure that Mister Ray-O-Lite guides your purchase.

Select from the many styles and sizes, according to your need. All are strong and sturdy, to stand severe usage. The lens, reflector and lamp are designed to give greatest penetrating light, and to be proof against minor accidents. The switch automatically locks when "off" to avoid possible short-circuits and waste of battery.

For most satisfaction, use them with French Ray-O-Lite Batteries. Then you have a reliable, complete, portable source of electric light.

Look for Mister Ray-O-Lite when you buy. This familiar character is your sure guide to light that is bright and lasting. He is on all French Ray-O-Lite Flashers. Most dealers have them.

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON CO., Madison, Wisconsin

NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY DALLAS
MINNEAPOLIS ATLANTA

(66)

French Ray-O-Lites and Dry Batteries

Um-m! Toasted Angelus Marshmallows

Made by the Cracker Jack *People*

"One taste invites another"

TOAST some fluffy Angelus Marshmallows over a picnic fire. You'll find there is nothing more delightful than those puffed cubes, dainty and mellow, when you toast them to a golden brown.

Angelus Marshmallows reflect the finest skill of the confectioner's art. To make them so light, fluffy and dainty requires expertness born only of years of experience. Then we lock them within a wax-sealed, triple-proof package which we originated to keep them pure and fresh for you.

Angelus Marshmallows are one of the purest, most wholesome confections. Float one on your cup of cocoa; use them whole to add appetizingly to your cakes, puddings, salads and cookies.

Send for this free recipe book, edited by Janet McKenzie Hill and containing a score of delightful marshmallow cake, salad and dessert recipes.

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows and other "RELIABLE" Confections
CHICAGO and BROOKLYN

Here is a delightful summer-time dish. Cut Angelus Marshmallows into small cubes and sprinkle over your dish of ice cream.

(Continued from Page 78)

hardly knew what he did. He knew that he left Carew abruptly and took to some manner of flight, and that later he found himself tossing upon his bed in his room. But this was much later—after darkness had fallen.

He called upon Kate the next evening. He was conscious that he was at his worst, but he felt he had to talk to her. She was not in the same abnormal state of mind, and was able to guide the conversation in safe directions. But she made the matter of his choice of a future entirely clear to him. She did not wish to make light of entertainers—they were needed in the world. But she did not intend to marry one. She did not use just these words, but Chass understood her very well.

Upon his return to the hotel that evening he gave Carew the greatest surprise of his life. He told him that he could get somebody else to do his catching for him. He was through with trap work.

III

"PUT your left hand on the mat. Not that way. That's better. Now throw your right leg up in the air. Throw it up sharply. That's better. Now try throwing that right leg still higher, while at the same time you spring off sharply with your left. Watch me."

The time was eight-thirty, the place the gymnasium at Shawmut University. Chass was instructing the members of the class in elementary tumbling. Most of the members were sophomores, but the section included two or three advanced freshmen and two or three upper classmen.

The man he was coaching, a senior named Evans, was trying to learn a left cart wheel.

"Now watch me. Did you get that? Spring off with your left leg and keep right on turning. When both legs are in the air land on your right hand, and then keep on turning until you land on your right leg and then on your left. At the finish you can bring yourself upright quicker by giving a smart shove with your right hand. Don't be afraid. Nothing can happen to you so long as you keep your arms stiff."

After Evans had gone as far as he could he turned to one of the freshmen:

"Try that roll again, Adams. Your form is still bad. Draw in your feet more and hit the mat with your shoulders. I can't let you try diving until you brush up on that roll of yours. Try it again. Duck your head. What do you think you are? A pile driver? You struck that time on your box and nearly knocked off a corner. Try it again. That's better. Now practice at that. You can't do anything in tumbling until you learn the roll."

He turned to the group of white-clad spectators:

"How about it, you fellows? Let's see that flip-flop now. Most of you had it down pretty well. Start her up, Jones."

The student named ran out upon the mat, raised his arms and leaped into the air in a back flip, after which he brought his feet together and saluted. The others followed, repeating the movement, with the exception of the two men at the end of the line, who balked when they came to the mat.

"Never mind, Pierson. Put on the mechanic again. All you lack is confidence. Not too tight. Now watch me. I throw my hands upward over my head like this. See that? Try it. Just that first movement."

The student threw his hands as high as he could, but did not carry them far enough back.

"You forgot what I told you. Throw them up sharply and keep them going in a back sweep, at the same time curving your body backward as if you were bending the crab. Watch me. I keep my arms straight and stiff except at the shoulders, curve my body backward, land on the mat on my hands. Then I jump with my feet sharply, throw them over my head and bring them down under me again. Watch me again. Now try it yourself. I'll hold the ropes and keep you from coming a buster. Don't be afraid—I'll hold you."

Pierson made another attempt, but without success.

"You didn't keep your arms stiff, and when you turned on them they let you down. If I hadn't had the ropes on you you would have bumped your box. Fix your mind on holding your arms stiff. Try it again. Don't be afraid. Remember, I'll hold you.

"That's better. You almost had it that time. You'll make a kinker yet."

"What's a kinker?"

"A kinker?" Chass laughed at his unconscious return to the argot of Carew Brothers. "A kinker is a professional acrobat, but professionals also sometimes refer to gymnasts as kinkers. Trapeze performers are always gymnasts. Clowns and tumblers are acrobats."

The bell now rang for the end of the hour and the class made a dash for the showers.

"The professor is some kinker himself," said Pierson.

"I'll say so! Did you see him do that combination swing this morning?"

"I'll say that was some swing!"

"If I was half that good I'd go on the stage."

"Here too," said Adams. "I wonder why he doesn't?"

Chass had been very lucky. Had it not been for the shortage of teachers he never could have become an instructor in the department of physical training at Shawmut, and might even have had trouble in finding work of any kind. Many vaudeville performers have trades. When they come to leave the stage they have only to return to their old tasks. Chass had entered the profession as a child and knew no other.

He was fortunate in another respect. Because he was liked by his students, he found himself liking them and liking his work. The three months he had spent in the Shawmut gymnasium were the happiest of his life. Added to his happiness was that associated with his friendship with the girl. He could no longer see Kate during the week; the distances were too great. But he saw her on Sunday and sometimes on Saturday. She seemed pleased at the success he reported.

"The work doesn't pay very well," he told her.

"Money isn't everything. You are in a place where you can grow. If I were a man I shouldn't give too much attention to the money part. I'd look ahead."

That conversation was now nearly three months old, but portions of it still remained in his memory. His salary was not large; compared even with what he had been receiving from Carew it was not. But as Kate had said, the money was not everything.

He had been at Shawmut for three months, but it was nearer five since he had last seen Carew. The time seemed more like five years than like five months. He had grown so far from Carew and the old life that the applause of audiences lay in another world. Carew had become a distant remembrance. Chass did not know where he was—did not so much as know the name of his new catcher. He was one of the unrealities, along with the red carpet and the footlights and spotlights. Then of a sudden he became a vivid reality.

Chass tarried for a moment to roll up the mat and to fasten the mechanic and its ropes safely against the wall out of the way of the nine-o'clock sections. He himself had no further work until ten. He expected to clear the floor and then do a little studying at his desk.

Upon returning to the office he found Carew waiting him. Carew was the first to speak.

"Morning, Chass. Walking past and thought I'd see how you lived. What are you looking at me like that for? Think I was dead—or what?"

"Glad to see you," Chass managed to say. "How did you know I was here?"

"Me? Peterson told me. Remember Pete? Worked with Gailey in that double-trap act. Out of the business now. Happened to see him on the street and he told me you were a professor here."

"I'm not a professor," Chass replied carefully. "I'm an instructor."

"Same thing."

Chass had it dully in mind to instruct Carew about the difference between instructors and professors, but decided that Carew would not see any distinction.

"How are you getting on?"

"Not so good. Beason eloped last night with an heiress from the Gold Coast. That act of ours sure is hoodooed."

"I don't know Beason."

"Beason? He's my catcher. Your job."

"What will you do?"

"Search me. I wired Hendricks, but he can't get here until to-morrow. Remember Hendricks? You didn't see him much, but he used to work with me in a return act. He's a good catcher. We could work together fine if he were here.

"It makes it pretty bad for me, Beason flying off the handle like this. Here we are topping the bill, and now he turns me down. It makes it pretty bad."

"Where was this? Not in Chicago?"

"Milwaukee. I came down on the early train."

"I'm glad I'm out of it."

"You don't happen to know of a good trap worker who could help me out to-night? I could fix up a standard double with him for a feature trick. I'm an old-timer."

"I don't know of anybody," said Chass.

"If I don't give them a show I'll break my contract and maybe queer myself with the circuit. They can sue me for damages too. If I lose my contract and get in bad with the circuit and have a lawsuit on top of that I can see my finish. It's bugles for me."

"They can't blame you for what another man did."

"They can if he's your partner. The act of one partner binds both. It's just the same as if we both eloped, except that he's got the girl and the money and all I have is the debts."

"Why don't you ask Peterson? Wouldn't he help you out?"

"He would, but he can't. Pete weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and looks like an alderman. Forty pounds in five months."

"I don't know of anybody."

"I thought maybe I could get you."

"Not me."

"You can take the five-o'clock train and make it in time. My act comes early, so that you can be back to-night. I'll stand the taxis and all that."

"It wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

"I'm an instructor."

"What of that? You were a trap worker before, and they didn't object. Besides, who is going to know? Your name on the bills will be Beason. You can blacken your eyebrows and work up a good sunburn with Number Seven and nobody will know you from Adam's hired man."

"Not me."

"Have a heart, boy. I'm headed for the rocks."

"Sorry, but I can't."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Don't make up your mind, but think it over. I'll have a taxi outside at half past four so as to make the five o'clock train. Think it over. If you see any way to help me out just jump into the taxi. I'll meet the train at the station and take care of everything."

"I can't come," said Chass.

"Anyhow, think it over."

"Don't send any taxi for me."

"Just on the chance," said Carew. "Anyhow, I'd like to have you present in case I pick up somebody. I'd like to have your ideas about him."

Chass sank back into his chair with a feeling of relief. He heard Carew's footsteps down the hall, heard the outer door close behind him. He was profoundly sorry for Carew, but he knew that he would not go to Milwaukee that evening to see his act. But Carew thought differently. So sure was he of Chass' actions that he stopped at the administration building on his way out to leave a note for the president. The note had been written in Milwaukee the night before. For as I have said, he had known the mother.

Chass had made up his mind that he would neither appear with Carew nor see him. Nevertheless at half past four he climbed into the waiting taxi and two hours and a half later found himself greeted by Carew in Milwaukee.

"I can't go on with you," he told Carew. "But I'll see your act if you want me to. Who is your man?"

"Have you had your supper?"

It had been the custom of Carew and Chass to dine frugally, or not at all, before a performance.

"A sandwich and a cup of tea in the diner."

"Then let us go directly to the theater."

"I can't go on with you."

Carew made no reply. The sandwich and the cup of tea to him were language requiring no comment. He led Chass to the waiting taxi, drove him to the theater, took him back into the dressing room with him.

Had Chass known more about the business of the theater he would not have worried much about Carew's predicament. The Carew act had lost a partner by elopement. What was that but good advertising? That was no liability; that was

IF FLIES
Were as Big as Babies

it would be easier to guard our little ones against them. They get into the home in spite of all our precautions. And one fly may carry a million microbes. Use MILTON for sterilizing baby's feeding bottles—anything the little hands are likely to touch. MILTON *kills* germs deposited by flies. Apply it to places where they are apt to collect.

2 SIZES 50c and $1.00

EACH MAKES GALLONS

Does 101 Things and really does them

MILTON is a combined germicide, antiseptic, sterilizer, deodorizer, stain-remover and bleach—differing from anything ever before known.

MILTON *is just* "MILTON"

Scratches and cuts are cleansed of infectious germs and soothed by MILTON. Irritations of the skin and mosquito or insect bites are relieved by it. Stains in linen or cotton garments (not silk or woolen) are easily removed with MILTON. Tile and porcelain fixtures are kept clean and sanitary with little effort.

Safe in the Nursery

MILTON is not poisonous, will not burn the flesh, cannot take fire or explode, yet is marvelously efficient.

Get the booklet with each Bottle. Write for it, if your Druggist or Grocer does not yet sell MILTON.

ALEX D SHAW & CO
New York
General Sales Agents for the United States

For seashore and country

The "Brighton" is a very attractive, long-wearing shoe for summer, at a third the price of leather shoes. It is made of extra quality Top Notch duck, white or tan, with a corrugated, white rubber sole of exceptional durability. For general outing wear, for yachting, tennis, etc., this shoe will give you great satisfaction. It is a Top Notch product, made by the manufacturers of the famous line of Top Notch rubber footwear.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
"BRIGHTON" & "GYM-BAL"

The "Gym-Bal" shown below is an athletic-looking shoe for men and boys, made in white or brown high grade duck, with neat leather trimmings and ankle patch. Its corrugated, non-slip, dark red sole of the finest rubber possesses twice the durability of the ordinary rubber sole, making the shoe a big money saver, particularly for boys. Write for the name of the dealer who sells these shoes in your city. Identify them by the Top Notch cross on the sole.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

New York Boston Chicago
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

an asset. Carew alone, deserted by an eloping partner, was worth more to vaudeville than Carew and his partner together.

Carew knew this, but Chass did not. He might have guessed it, but his mind was so filled with unreal pictures of Carew's ruined future that he could not see the reality.

"I didn't bring my clothes," said Chass.

"You'll find everything you need laid out ready for you. I thought you probably wouldn't come loaded, and sent out for clothes. I ought to know your sizes by this time. We're dressing about as we used to do—Tuxedo suits, silk shirts and fancy shoes, sticks, gloves and Panama hats. I've been opening without laying off any of the junk, but if you'd rather we can lay aside our hats and sticks. We'd have to do it later when we double."

"We'll keep them on," said Chass.

"Suppose we wear the hats, but lay off the sticks."

"Either way."

"Here are the bandages for your wrists and the powdered resin and the grease paints. I spoke of Number Seven. There it is, all you can rub on. If you want it yellower use some of that Number Sixteen."

"I'll make out," said Chass.

The act of Carew Brothers was scheduled for eight o'clock. The boy called them at the quarter hour and again at five minutes. Carew opened as usual. Chass then did a forward full twister with variations, followed by an easy but dazzling spotter, after which the two doubled in the aerial that they had practiced at the Axminster. No performance could have gone more smoothly. After the show Chass jumped back into his own clothes and was rushed in a taxi to the station for the last train south. He reached Chicago shortly after eleven and was in bed before midnight. He was glad that he had helped Carew, but he did not intend ever to repeat the adventure.

He would have slept less soundly had he known that Dean Woolsey and Professor Gould were in the audience and that they had returned to Chicago on the same train. Upon reaching his desk the next morning he found a note waiting him from his immediate chief. The note was a terse inquiry as to whether he had performed in vaudeville the night before, and if so, why.

The interview that followed was most painful. Chass tried to explain the circumstances, became confused, forgot which direction was east, and ended by confessing the truth in such halting style that fifty untruths were implied. The interview ended with his suspension from his duties.

He returned to his room excited and sullenly resentful. It did not occur to him to wonder how two serious-minded men like Dean Woolsey and Professor Gould had happened to be attending a vaudeville performance in Milwaukee the night before.

Waiting him in his room was a day letter from Carew offering him a two-fifths interest in the act, which was receiving at the present time three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Coming at such a moment, the message seemed as if inspired from heaven. Chass gathered his goods together, arranged with his landlord for their forwarding, and boarded a surface car for the station, where he remembered to wire Carew an acceptance of his offer. He reached Milwaukee in time for the matinée performance.

IV

THE Carew aërial act was topping the bill at the Priceless, and would remain at that theater for a week. Chass and his partner were again in Chicago. The feeling of Chass toward Carew had become simpler, more elemental, more endurable. He had despised Carew, feared him, resented his pleasantries; but he had not wished to inflict punishment upon him. That older feeling of sullen resentment by now had quite left him, replaced by an active dislike that had in it something of the blackness of the pit. For he now associated his partner—even if incompletely—with his later wrongs.

Carew knew that Chass hated him. He had known of his old resentment in its season and expected to recognize his later moods as they appeared.

"He'd quit me if he dared, but he's afraid to. He won't hurt anybody. But if I was in a trick like mine with a woman who had a grouch like his I'd be scared."

He had in mind the ensemble portion of their act, and especially that portion in which he worked up a great momentum on a swinging trapeze, and then, releasing his hold, described a triple somersault and pirouetted through the air to where Chass arrived, hanging by the knees to catch him. At the time of Carew's flight both performers were swinging to and fro like uneven pendulums. The difference of a fraction of a second in the time of either pendulum would result in Carew's getting a broken back. As it was, he made his somersaults and his full twister, straightened out sharply, extended his arms over his head at the exact right moment, felt palms leap to resined wrists, and a tenth of a second later instead of being dashed to the floor was carried upward in a great arc until stopped by gravity.

"A man may have a grouch, but he won't throw you down," thought Carew. "But a woman—maybe yes, maybe no. Not for mine."

Chass had not attempted to reach Kate since his return to the stage. She had made herself clear about vaudeville. She did not leave his mind. He thought of her at morning, noon and night. But always the thought of her was followed by the thought of that which had sent him from her. He might have remained her friend. Carew's great need and his own reckless folly had destroyed all possibility of friendship. For he did not know yet of Carew's treachery.

He did not hope to see her during his stay in Chicago. Nevertheless he found himself scanning the audience for her face. She did not attend many vaudeville performances, but there was a chance that she might have been watching the bills for the Carew act, if only out of curiosity. The chance at best was a slight one, but it was a chance.

To his stunned surprise he did find her in the audience. She was seated in the front row of the orchestra, slightly to the left of center. He recognized her instantly, one among the crowd though she was. A moment later he saw that Peterson was with her. After that he hardly knew what went on about him. He heard Carew say something about the heating, saw him don his Tuxedo suit, automatically donned his own. He heard their act called, stood in the wings watching Carew open it, and when his cue came entered upon his own tasks.

Knowledge comes to men's minds in two ways. Sometimes it steals upon them as gradually as morning light. But sometimes it flashes upon them like lightning at night, that which was invisible becoming of a sudden illuminated to its darkest corners. Lightning flashes are not accidental. They have causes that are as far-reaching as the causes of daylight. But they are sometimes unexpected and startling. The sudden arrival of knowledge likewise.

As Chass ran out on the stage he put away the thought of Kate, put away the thought of his unhappy dismissal as instructor, put away the thought of Carew, whose great need had been at the bottom of it.

Then suddenly as by a lightning flash he perceived the relation between that dismissal and the man before him. That had not been an accident—the presence of Dean Woolsey and Professor Gould in that Milwaukee theater. They had known he was to appear. Carew had told them.

Carew had whined about being in need when he had not been in need. He had induced Chass to help him and then had betrayed him. He was worse than a traitor. Chass had been blind, but he saw clearly enough now. He knew Carew now. It was at this moment that the angel Cacho took possession of his soul.

He went through the preliminaries of the ensemble, keeping his swings studiedly out of time with Carew's. Then using the glide he had developed he both raised and lowered his body until he was hanging from the bar by a knee lock. After that he automatically picked up the rhythm of Carew's trapeze, which by this time was sweeping from side to side in an increasingly long arc, until he, too, was swinging deeply.

The moment was approaching when Carew should release his hold and come whirling and twisting through the air. Chass knew exactly how long he would have to wait for his chance. He knew that in two more swings Carew would release his hold. There would be a startled intake of the breath from the auditorium, and as Carew's whirling body shot through its trajectory he would swing toward its path more slowly until at the moment of extending his arms he would have stopped.

What if he were to arrive too late? The slightest movement of his body either at

(Concluded on Page 84)

B.READ

Little Women

will find proper nourishment for good health, for correct weight and a happy disposition—in Bread.

"Bread is without a doubt the cheapest and most healthful food that can be produced for human consumption," is the way one great writer put it recently.

There is half a pound of carbohydrates (fuel and energy) in the wheat flour used in making a pound loaf of Bread. There are 1½ ounces of protein to build and repair the body machinery.

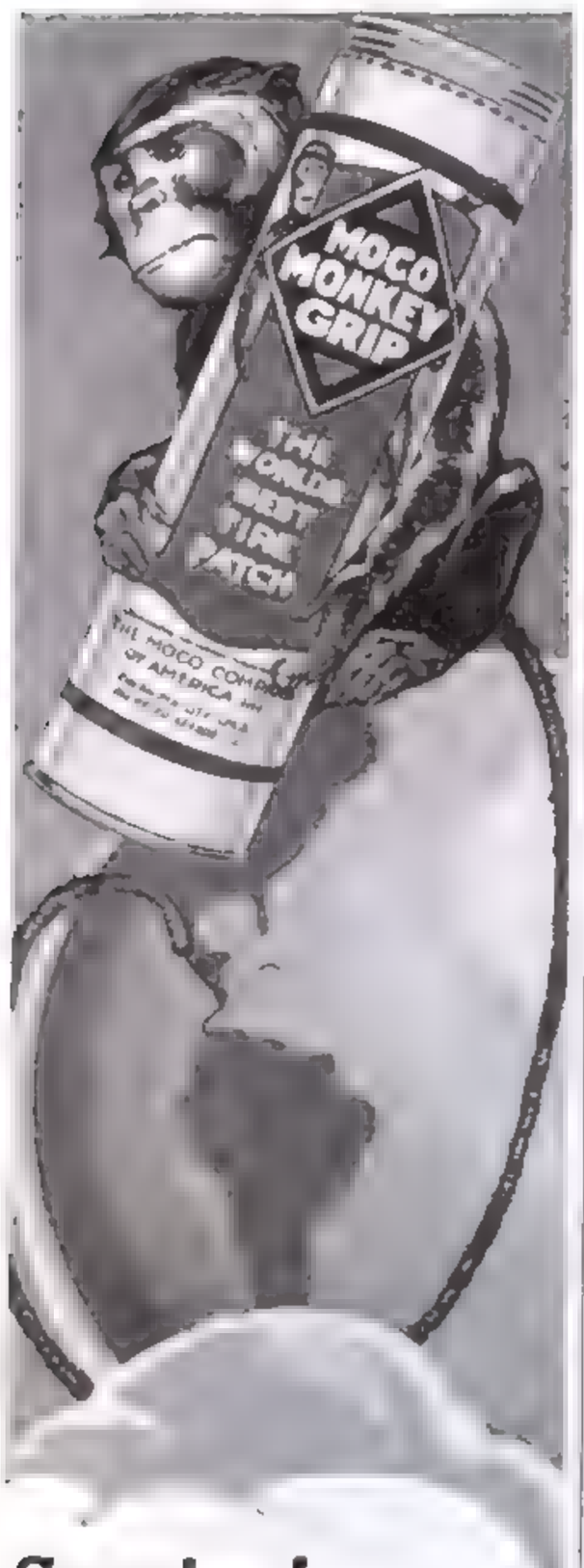
Then there are amounts of fat and sugar, mineral substances (phosphorus) to make bones and teeth, and a certain quantity of Vitamines—that vital element to make the young grow, and that keeps those advancing in years fit and energetic.

Bread is your best food—eat *more* of it

Nearly all bakers use
Fleischmann's Yeast
because it makes the
best Bread.

Get This Book!

"65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread" It will help you vary the family menu and cut the High Cost of Living. From your baker or grocer, free, or from the Fleischmann office in your city.



Service!

From Egypt to Japan—from Sweden to Cape of Good Hope, Monkey Grip, the World's Best Tire Patch, is on the job. All over the world, it's the best friend of Motorists whenever a tire goes "blooie."

Carry your service station with you. KNOW that in 3 minutes any puncture can be permanently repaired. If you've ever had a tire patch creep or loosen, it's because you failed to get genuine Moco Monkey Grip. "So-called" patches can be made for half the cost, but they won't work half as well. Get the genuine—Guaranteed to stay put.

60,000 dealers, garages and filling stations sell Monkey Grip in America; thousands sell it abroad. 3 sizes: Touring $1.75; Medium $1; Cycle 60c. Buy the larger size and save money.

SPECIAL!

Your dealer should have Monkey Grip. If not, send $1 and your dealer's name for a 100-Puncture Package Postpaid.

The Moco Company of America, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mt. Vernon, Ill. Augusta, Ga.

MONKEY GRIP
"The World's Best Tire Patch"

(Concluded from Page 82)

the apex of the swing or in midflight would throw him out of time. He would not even have to move his body. All he need do was to fail to move it. At the apex of each swing he bent backward slightly. All he need do was to fail to bend backward.

He entered upon the final upward swing. But as he did so, because of the thought that was in his mind, he involuntarily glanced at the auditorium toward the spot where the girl was sitting. He had heretofore kept his eyes on the stage. She was so close that he could see the expression upon her face. This time he did not see Peterson at all. The girl's face was all he saw, and the look in her eyes as they met his. Then glancing upward he saw Carew.

At the end of the swing he failed to bend backward the usual distance. He could not at that moment have completed the movement had every audience in the world been watching him. But a moment later he would have given his life to cancel that act of omission. For he knew that the girl had understood it.

His mind leaped ahead as the downward swing began. This time he did not see the ensuing action in pictures. He heard it in sounds. He heard the swish of his own body and the lower note as it slowed up. Then he heard the swish of Carew's body and the higher note as it increased its speed toward him. Then before his own swing had receded six inches he heard the dreadful sound from below as Carew's body struck the stage. He heard more than this. He heard the intake of breath from the audience, and then the moment of silence followed by the tangle of noises as the spectators placed their hands over their eyes. Some of the noises would be screams. The women would scream—some of them. The scream he heard loudest was the girl's. That scream he would never forget.

The sounds he knew he would hear would be sequential, following one another—time must elapse between them. But the act of his imagination in hearing them was instantaneous, like the action we see and hear in a dream between two watch ticks. He had heard them all before the first sound was ended or the second so much as begun.

He was still at the apex of his swing. The omission which was to cost Carew his life was still too young to be timed.

In the course of a descending swing an athlete can modify his speed slightly through the movements of his body. If he makes such and such a movement at such and such a moment he can retard his swing, and he can increase it slightly likewise. Chass knew this, and he knew precisely the utmost effect that he could hope for from such a movement. The best he could do would be too little—he knew that well. But another possibility shot into his mind—that of bringing himself by a daring feat into Carew's path at a later point than the one rehearsed. By slipping from the knee lock to a hock lock he could extend his reach materially. The action, however, would retard the swing. Even from this new position he would have to reach to the full length of his arms and be very alert—ready for anything that came.

Those in the audience who were watching Chass—and Peterson was watching him very keenly—saw him change his position at exactly midflight with a swiftness that some of them could not follow. He had been hanging from the bar by his knees. Suddenly he was hanging from it in a hock lock by what seemed to them to be his heels.

Carew had already launched himself, whirling, from his trapeze, had made his somersaults and twist, had straightened out sharply, at the exact right moment had reached for the cloth-bound wrists that were to support him. As usual he held his fingers extended ready to close at contact. But nothing was there to grasp—he had fallen short. The thought flashed across his mind to kick out in an attempt to complete another somersault, but he knew instantly that he was in a hopeless position for any such movement. The only thing to be done was to throw down his arms sharply in an attempt to bring his feet under him from the opposite direction. This he instantly did.

Those watching the trick closely saw Chass slide into the hock lock; saw Carew straighten out and with arms extended reach for him before he was yet near enough to be reached; saw Chass stretch forward toward his path, saw his hands leap to the other's wrists and the other seemingly try to wrench free from his grasp. Then they saw—if they knew what to look for—the lightning-like movements of the catcher as he whipped Carew into a cut-away, the added somersault of the flyer, and Chass' own somersault as he himself cut away and landed heavily on his feet beside Carew.

"Lord, what a feat!" cried Peterson. "He fell short, and then saved his flyer by a hock lock! Did you see Carew fight him?"

But the girl did not reply.

Chass accompanied Carew to the dressing room, also without speaking; nor did Carew speak to Chass. It was not until they had resumed their street dress that Chass broke the silence:

"I intended to kill you. I don't know yet why I didn't."

"I know it," replied Carew.

"You tipped off my people that night."

Carew glanced at his face, but saw no uncertainty in it, any more than there had been in the level tones of his voice.

"I couldn't get along without you, and that's the truth. I thought you knew it before. It wasn't as if you had left a good job for a poor one. You're making more in a week with me than they paid you in a month."

"Money isn't everything."

Chass' tones were level, almost calm—but they were also dead, passionless, uninterested.

"When did you find it out?"

"I saw a girl I used to know in the audience. She's out there now. She's with another man."

Carew did not have to ask her name.

"I intended to kill you. Next time probably I will."

"What good would that do? You won't kill me, Chass. You can't kill me. Don't you know that? We should worry. Let's forget it and start over. I'll help you with the girl. She'll come round."

"We won't talk about it."

The older man made no reply, not knowing what to say. He busied himself looking over the gloves he had just removed, as though they needed inspection.

"I said I probably would next time. But there isn't going to be any next time. I quit you once before. This time I'm quitting you for good."

"You won't bring the girl round that way, old man. Anyhow, in the morning will be time enough. Sleep over it. Get a good night's rest, and then if you want to quit me in the morning I won't say a word."

"The man was Peterson."

Someone knocked at the door. Upon opening it Carew saw one of the ushers from the house.

"Which of you guys is named Avery?"

Carew indicated Chass.

"A note for you," said the usher.

"Lay it on the table," replied Chass.

"The lady said there was an answer."

Chass took the note in his leaden fingers, turned it over dully, read the address. His name was upon it—he saw the writing, but the hand was an unfamiliar one.

"The lady said give you the note and wait till you read it, see? That's me."

Chass opened the missive, glanced at it, threw it on the table. Then as something of its content became understood by his mind he took it up again and inspected it more closely.

Carew, watching him, saw the blood mount into his face. Then he saw him begin searching in his pockets for something he seemed not to find.

"Use mine," he said, proffering him a lead pencil.

For a moment he thought that Chass would not accept the loan.

"Better take it, boy. The lead pencil isn't me."

"Thanks," said Chass.

After writing a few words on the note he gave it to the usher. Carew judged that they were important words, because he saw him pass the messenger a coin to insure their delivery, but it did not enter his mind to speak teasingly of them.

"Need any money?" he asked.

"No, thanks."

"Drop in and see me before you go to bed."

"No, thanks."

"I intended to kill him," said Chass. "I don't know yet why I didn't."

He was seated in the parlor on Dearborn Street. The tones of his voice were level and dead, but the girl was listening as though they had in them enthusiasm and power.

"Did you hate him as much as that?"

"I hated him black in the face."

"But you don't now?"

"No."

"It came over you suddenly. I didn't understand why, but I saw it begin."

"Before I could wink twice. Not the hating, but the other. I have always hated him."

"But the next minute you were sorry, and saved him. It was the finest thing I ever heard of."

"I wasn't sorry. I got scared."

"You were sorry. You might have been killed yourself, but you didn't think of that. You saved him."

"All I did was to let myself down farther."

"I know—using that dangerous lock. And he nearly spoiled it for both of you—I saw that too."

"He wasn't expecting me. That's what made it seem dangerous. He had just started to whip down his arms so as to land better."

She looked at him a little while, as if considering what she should say next. He noticed that her eyes had grown kinder and less troubled, so that he could gaze into them longer without turning his own away.

"How did you find it out?" she asked at last.

Nothing had been said of Carew's act of treachery, but Chass understood that she was speaking of it.

"While I was in my last swing. It just came over me. I can't prove he did it, but I know he did."

"It will make it harder for you to keep on with him, I should think."

She looked up at him, flashed the light of a half smile into his eyes, then looked down again. The kindness in her misty eyes had something to do with it—her nearness also—but it was the vibrant note in her voice that moved him into self-forgetfulness. He had been conscious of all that lay between him and her. He had measured the depth of the chasm, had felt the hopelessness of its breadth. But when she spoke in that vibrant tone of his continuance with Carew, implying her paradoxical acceptance for him of that false future, he forgot about the chasm.

"I'm through with all that. I'm going into something with a future in it. I'm not going back to Carew."

"I think you ought to finish your week with him. You haven't the same excuse for quitting that the other man had."

"I have a better one."

"How better?"

"He only quit because that Gold Coast heiress wanted him to. I'm quitting because you want me to."

"But I don't want you to quit."

"Then I won't."

"Not to-night. Not for three days. Not until he has a chance to find another catcher."

"But after that?"

"After that you may quit. Your place at Shawmut hasn't been filled. I know, because I asked. My boss is one of the trustees. I think they'd be glad to have you back. They didn't understand."

"Was it you who got me that offer?"

"All I did was to call their attention to you; not as a favor to you—to them. I think you ought to see them."

"Then I will."

"They liked your work and liked you. There's a future at Shawmut for you."

"How much of a future?"

"That depends on how hard you're willing to study."

"Would it be a future for two?"

"If you work hard enough."

"For you and me, I mean."

"I'd have to study hard too."

"I will if you will."

"You should say, 'I will if you will if they will.'"

"Then I will say it like that."

"I'd love to," said Kate, "if they will."

They told me at the Axminster that Carew has had four partners since Chass left him, and that he has not been pleased with any of them. They said also that he is now obliged to divide his profits on a fifty-fifty basis.

"What has become of Chass Avery?" I asked.

"Oh, Chass is dead and gone to heaven. He married an angel woman who wanted him to quit the stage and become a professor in some college. They say he's studying medicine. And him the best catcher in the business!"

Give the man who swings the shovel a fair chance

It is just as true of workmen as it is of baseball players—that not one in a thousand naturally uses his strength to best advantage. The manager who lets players hit as they please ends the season in eighth place. The employer who lets men shovel as they please punishes both men and payroll.

There are a few simple rules that apply to almost every kind of shoveling:

1—Place your men in pairs, not alone, and not in large gangs. Two men together will shovel twice as much as two alone.

2—Never make your men carry shovel loads. Shovels are for digging, casting or spreading, not for carrying. One step should be the limit while shoveling.

3—See that your casting distances are as short as possible. Never make your men throw further than:

12 feet horizontally with long handle shovels.—10 feet horizontally with short handle shovels.
8 feet vertically with long handle shovels.—6 feet vertically with short handle shovels.

4—Rest is necessary. Have two ten-minute periods of complete relaxation—midway between starting work and lunch and midway between lunch and quitting time.

5—A good shoveler will do his biggest day's work with an average load of 21 lbs.

6—Do not have men own or select their own shovels. Give them shovels appropriate to the weight of material and type of work.

7—Buy the best shovel obtainable. A shovel that loses its balance tires your men and cuts down the work. A blade that wears short takes less than a full load. A blade that gets dull, nicked or turned does not penetrate the material properly and wastes time. If the blade is cut or bent, part of the load sticks and has to be rapped off. A shovel should be strong without needless weight. By changing to the proper shovel and proper methods a man has been known to increase his output three-fold.

Red Edge shovels are the highest-priced first-cost shovels on the market, and the lowest in ultimate-cost. Not only because they last two or three times as long but because they let the man take a full shovelful every time.

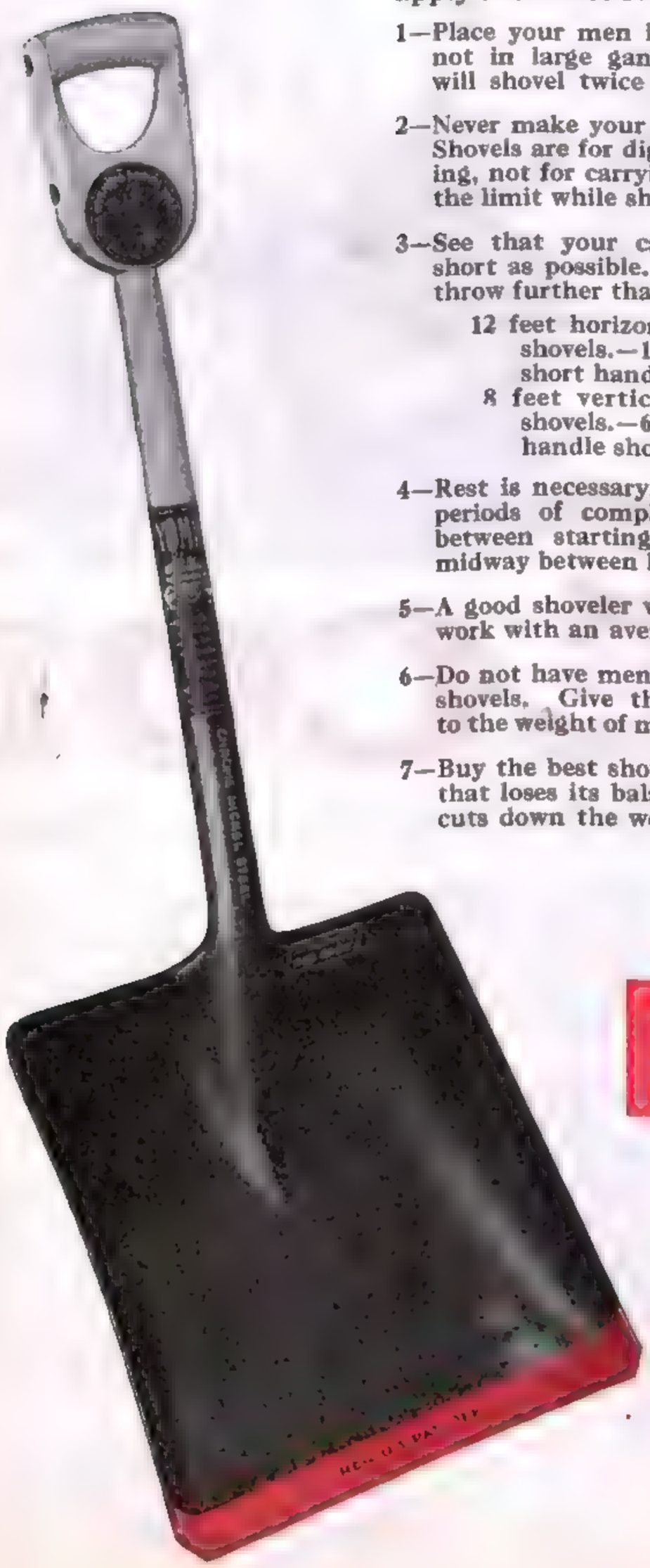
The blades are of Chrome Nickel steel, heat-treated, as hard as tool steel and as tough as spring steel. The completed shovel is given severe tests before the Red Edge trade-mark can go on it. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

The finest shovels that can be made, they save time, muscle and money.

Whether you buy shovels one at a time, by the dozen, or by the carload, Red Edge shovels will cut both your shovel cost and your shoveling cost.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form. Ask our distributor—probably the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania



WYOMING

RED EDGE

SHOVELS – SCOOPS – SPADES

Econ

Doing More In Less Time A

WHEN 97 Overland Sedans in all parts of the United States, with all weather and road conditions, recently averaged 25.2 miles per gallon, they illustrated dramatically the Overland economy which comes through the squeezing of the last inch of mileage from the last drop of gasoline.

The same combination of nimble stamina with economy won the famous Los Angeles-Yosemite contest this year, with the remarkable average of 35.1 miles per gallon. The contest covered 355 miles, ending at Camp Curry in the Yosemite Valley, and included 100 miles of twisting mountain roads. The winning car was a stock Overland touring car with standard *Triplex* Springs.

In the same contest a stock Overland Sedan finished first in its class, with an average of 27.6 miles per gallon.

WILLYS-OVERLA

Sedans, Coupés,

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada

romy

Aess Cost—*That* Is Economy!

THIS record was made with experts driving, and cars carefully adjusted. But normal experience shows that any driver can rightly expect great economy, not merely in gas saving but in tire and mechanical upkeep as well.

This distinguishing Overland economy and stamina is due entirely to the use of the best alloy steel in the chassis, plus the remarkable riding qualities of *Triplex* Springs which protect the car and passengers from the wear and tear of road shocks. These springs permit light weight, and insure an ease on tires which results in high mileage.

When you drive an Overland you get the maximum mileage *with comfort*, for every dollar of your investment. You can accomplish more, in less time, at less cost.

NL, TOLEDO, OHIO

To and Roadsters

© John N. Willys Export Corporation, New York

Pre-ignition—the chief cause of engine knocks is like striking the piston with a sledge hammer. Climbing hills in high gear becomes almost an impossibility. This drawing shows how the blow is struck against the uprushing piston.

That familiar pounding or engine knock

The danger signal of trouble

LISTEN to cars in traffic or on hills—often it is knock, knock, knock. Cylinders miss because spark plugs are fouled. Carbonized valves cause loss of power.

Carbon is the primary trouble-maker. The commonest cause of pre-ignition and poor engine performance, affecting almost every car.

Wherever motorists gather, the talk is of carbon. Then you hear of engines which carbonize so rapidly that they have to have the carbon removed *every five hundred miles*. Yet many cars are able to run for thousands of miles without carbon removal.

What causes excess carbon deposits

Improper lubrication is the greatest cause of excess carbon deposits. Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. Large quantities of black sediment are formed which have *no lubricating value*. Even when first put in the engine, at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is usually too thin to prevent leakage of unburned gases past the pistons. In consequence all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. The oil escapes past the pistons, fouls the plugs, valves and explosive chambers. Carbon rapidly forms. Bearings may burn out, knocks are incessant, power is feeble.

Though carbon deposits cannot be prevented entirely, carbon deposits can be *greatly reduced*.

How the sediment problem was solved

To produce an oil that reduces sediment to a minimum, engineers experimented on the road and in the laboratory for years. They evolved the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat.

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. This is graphically shown by the two bottles in the sediment test at the left. Veedol is specially manufactured to maintain proper lubrication even with low-grade gasoline. In spite of this poor gasoline now in use, Veedol maintains the piston seal, preventing piston leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase. It reduces evaporation from 30% to 70%—giving long mileage per gallon of oil.

Make this simple test—buy Veedol today

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline. If rapid carbonization is not prevented, it means that the piston rings are played out and must be renewed by a repair man.

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Every Veedol dealer has a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for your car.

The new 100-page Veedol book on scientific lubrication will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

"One of the chief causes of automobile engine troubles is cheap oil. The motorist who drives up to a garage and takes any oil that is offered, is measurably shortening the life of his car. By paying a little more for an oil of known quality, the average car owner can do away with a large percentage of his engine repair bills."

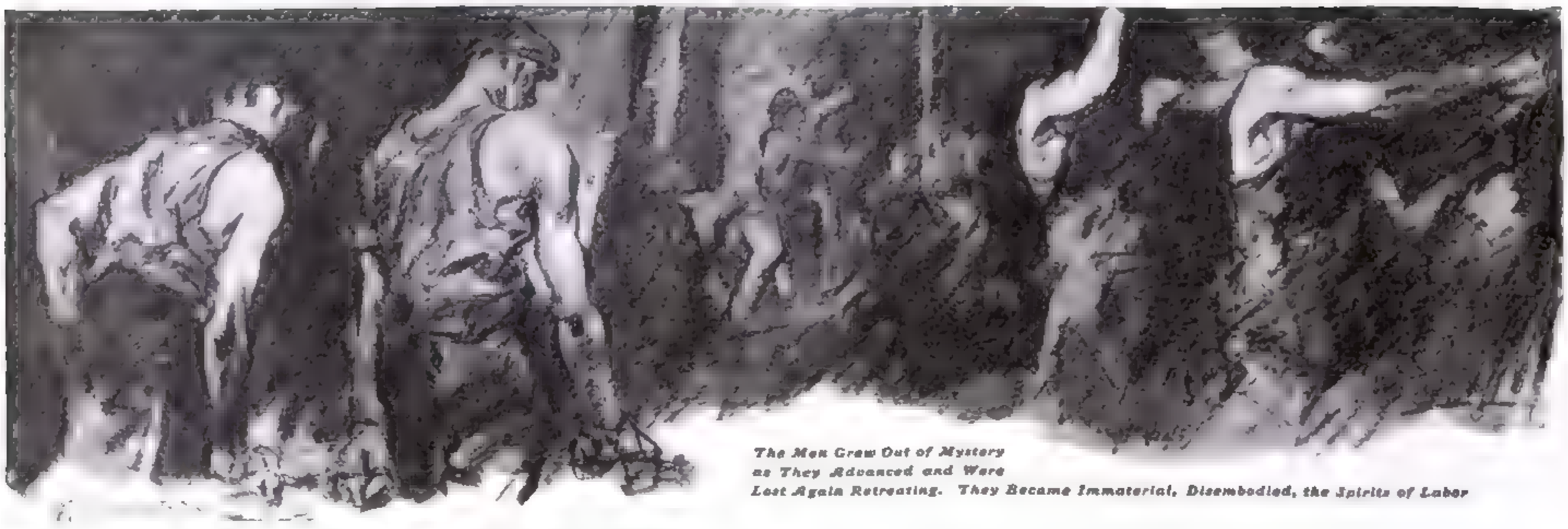
(Signed) A. LUDLOW CLAYDEN
Consulting engineer, author of leading papers on the gasoline engine.

TIDE WATER OIL
Sales Corporation
1520 Bowling Green Bldg.
New York City

Branches and distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

STEEL

(Continued from Page 25)



The Men Grew Out of Mystery as They Advanced and Were Lost Again Retreating. They Became Immaterial, Disembodied, the Spirits of Labor

paper. There was a general lull, which failed, however, to be communicated to a youthful figure of which Howard, for the first time, became aware. He was at once young and assured, mature in bearing; his movements, inspecting the converter under heat, were quick and pointed. His slender body, in a flexible sweater, bent easily to difficult angles of view; his questioning voice was crisp and exacting. It was, Howard gathered from a hail, Campbell, the steel blower.

The latter shortly came up to him. Yes, he had but left boyhood, his face was smooth and sensitive, the mustache above his fresh mouth beginning, yet his gray eyes were as steady as the gaze of Lapigne at Dorchênes; his expression had a decision that had nothing to do with the irresponsibility of youth. Campbell hoped gravely that there would be no trouble with the day's blowing.

"If there is," he explained, "it will come with the first. I've got a helper who can't always set a tuyère straight, and there's a lot of patching on the walls. We use ganister here, and not silicon brick, for lining the converter. I like it well enough, but sometimes ——"

He showed Howard the pounded ganister rock in its buckets. The flow of iron had begun with showering sparks like clotted crystals of gold from the cupola, and this, too, Campbell supervised. The ladle more than half full, he signaled that he had enough metal; the opening of the cupola was stopped, and along the runner the liquid iron hardened and turned from red to gray.

A shovelful of fine coke and sawdust was thrown into the ladle, and a crane, moving with the exact control of a hand, a finger, swung the ponderous container to where it was weighed. Noting the result on a ruled paper Campbell was absorbed as he turned away, and silently Howard followed him to a chair directly across the shop from the converters and shut in by an iron rail, with a nest of handles, levers and dials, where he depressed the vessel to be filled until its opening, like an intolerably fiery eye, was in a position to receive the charge from the suspended ladle.

"The blow should be finished in eighteen minutes," Campbell told him; "I ought to get my light after three or four."

He glanced at his watch, recorded the time; and suddenly a solid column of fire and smoke, of coruscating sparks, shot up with a hoarse deep resonance from the converter. It dominated the shop, drowned the other sounds, and the lurid smoke, eddying from the hood of the stack, smothered the pale bars of sunlight. The irresistible volume of heat and energy, the thunderous clamor, recreated for Howard the detonations and exploding shells of artillery fire. Campbell was sitting quietly, his right hand lightly holding the lever which controlled the blast, his eyes fixed unflinchingly on the glare over the converter.

"That's the carbon." He indicated the thick flame.

Then his attention became more set; his face, red in the reflection, was somber. Howard in turn glanced at his watch. Five minutes had passed and there was no change, nothing that could be called light in the column of fire. It increased in force; a veil of sparkling gold, sliding dryly over the converter, fell gorgeously, like all the riches of the earth. But there was no relaxation, no satisfaction, in Campbell's fixed stare. Eight minutes passed, and Howard was conscious of a spreading uneasiness in the shop; a molder straightened up from a flask and watched the blowing; the superintendent stood beside him.

"He'll have to get busy now," he muttered, strained and apprehensive; "have to get busy damn soon."

The roar rose and subsided, the sparks diminished, then fell in new floods. Twelve minutes passed. Campbell muttered a tense sentence, which Howard largely lost, about the lining, the tuyère holes and the bath. Then—but it was only two minutes short of twenty—even he saw, flickering at the mouth of the converter, a flame as clear as the sun. There was a sigh of relief.

"There it is; there's your light!"

It held and grew, thrusting its brightness upward into the thicker glare.

"You'll see the other die," Campbell continued; "then, if you watch closely, you will notice the light sink, and after that I'll get the boiling flame. A quiet period'll follow, and a drop, where you break ——"

He was interrupted by a disturbed exclamation from the shop superintendent:

"It's gone!"

The light had vanished. The scattered groups of men were now singly intent on the converter. Dahl had appeared, reserved, quiet and concentrated. Suddenly Campbell shut off the air and tilted the vessel forward.

"The patches are coming off," he asserted; "give it three hundred more."

The ladle was swung forward and the three hundred pounds of iron poured. It was useless; nothing followed but the turbid stream of ignited carbon and smoke. The converter was now depressed at a sharper angle and the blaze escaped into open space. It seemed every second to grow increasingly violent, wild, unmanageable. Howard saw arms, bodies, struggling into heavy rubber coats, and a wave of heat parched his face as Campbell stopped the air pressure for a third charge of iron. Dahl nodded but said nothing. There was still another transference of metal, larger than before; and Campbell steadily moved the lever of the volcanic flood. The traces of youth had vanished entirely from his countenance; it was gaunt, inflexible and worn—the face of a man squarely, concisely meeting disaster.

From time to time, point by point, he inclined the converter until the rush of flame spread in a wide arc across the interior. The heat enveloped Howard with a screaming menace; the sparks that fell over him were live steel, small burns appeared on his sleeves; he had the sensation of a bayonet driving into his hand. There must soon be an explosion that would obliterate the shop, the men, turn the works into a heap of waste.

Howard was amazed that in a world of peace, of industry, such a possibility existed; it belonged to war, to batteries of seventy-sevens, and men dead, killed, in every conceivable circumstance of horror. He had no fear, only wonder—a curiosity and sense of being again swept into a catastrophe too large for the scope of individual dread. The shop was filled with a blinding destructive uproar of fire as though the earth's molten heat had burst through the converter. Then, to his enormous surprise, the confusion lessened; the vessel moved back, straightened vertically, and through the haze he again saw the rim of brilliant light. It increased steadily; and he knew that whatever fatality had threatened them was past. Dahl, with a thoughtful lowered head, moved away, and the superintendent of the shop marveled, in relieved tones, at the amount of iron necessary to fill up the holes in the ganister lining. Even the sparks had died away, the smoke had stopped, and the light, like the sun, mounted.

A helper, protected by a piece of bagging, climbed the steps of a charred platform, carrying two lumps of dull silver silicon and heaved them into the converter. There was a short rush of sparks, and then quiet, after which Campbell, pulling a cord at his back, sounded three times a piercing whistle. To Howard it recalled Dan standing in the office of the works manager. How it had stirred Daniel—the signal for the crane at the end of a blow.

The ladle that was to receive the steel was lowered, held, and the black powdered contents of two small crumpled buckets were flung into it; ferromanganese, the mixture. Campbell had jumped over intervening obstacles, thrown up an arm and, beneath it, gazed into the bubbling incandescence. It was like dazzling gold milk, with, playing, dancing over the bath, vivacious flames the delicate color of orange silk, vapors like the silvery tulle at a woman's throat.

The ladle, moving deliberately through the air, was carried from the scales to the floor, and a skimmer, plunged into the slag that had already formed a crust on the metal, was skillfully twisted until the accumulated weight at its end required a wrench of the laborer's body for release. The exposed steel radiated a savage heat that drove the men back, but immediately they returned; the skimmers gathered the floating refuse and bore it in sullen glowing lumps to the floor, where it was casually covered with sand.

"I thought we'd have to pig that," Campbell told Howard. "There's a shank ladle." Two helpers approached with a small receptacle at the middle of an iron bar. It was filled and, moving away, followed by another. "We can hold that ladle an hour for shanking," he asserted; "but in the open hearth it would be dead in no time."

He spoke with an obvious pride in this, his special process; Campbell's voice was challenging, as though a belief dear to him were in danger of adverse comment. The shanking continued in a steady procession of steel poured into ranks of wrench molds. The men's faces, illuminated by the glare of the metal, were at once intent and abstract. They worked mutely, and though they showed the wide differences of opposite races and colors, they had in common a serious concern. The casting, because, perhaps, of the inhumanity and hazard of liquid-hot steel, had the set forms of a narrowly prescribed ritual, the appearance of a worship of Vulcan.

Slowly Howard once more became aware of his essential discontent, the sense of emptiness, that had driven him to the works. He had come not because he was implicated here, but for the reason that Bagatelle had grown insupportable. His interest in steel, for the moment actual and the result of an exceptional mischance, would, he knew, sink again; the whole long-drawn course of production promised only weariness, indifference, such a monotony as he hadn't the courage to face. In his mental disturbance he was but certain of this—he wouldn't add to the dreariness, multiply the bitter impotent failure of men dead in life.

He couldn't join the men in the converter shop, though their existence seemed more satisfactory than anything before him; he could no more be one with the molders and helpers than become an enlisted man in the section he had assembled. Howard had no illusions about the sacredness of the realities of labor; they were harsh, a toiling with conditions and materials harder than the hardest flesh. He wondered a little at the patience of those about him, and at their fidelity; a faithfulness, in the main, far exceeding their best hope of material recognition and return. They gave qualities beyond their understanding, which, against their meagerness of perception, against all the overwhelming weight of the worthless, accomplished heroic ends. They performed in the manner of children gigantic labors.

The activity in the shop diminished, and the hollow clangor of the power-driven tools was again loud, the beat of the air rammers fitful, and the cranes moved infrequently, grinding in their tracks. At last the dusk gathered definitely, preceding the actual twilight; the fires that still burned were blurred and, in the distance, tender; the dusk in the converter shop was blue; along the roof it was lighter, but below, the upright iron cylinders of the cupolas, the ovens with wide-open doors, the hand trucks, the piled flasks and sand and buckets were nebulous. The men grew out of mystery as they advanced and were lost again retreating.

They became immaterial, disembodied, the spirits of labor. And seen this way, like the negroes shoveling coal in the morning, they seemed larger in stature and meaning.

Stripped apparently of their corporate selves, of physical limitations, they were, rather than men, the force, the power itself, of accomplishment. The indefinite space and smoldering fires, the diminishing removed clamor, the glimmer above, the silent passing figure, promised, like a vision, the revelation of a hidden truth; the answer, at least, to his questioning. He was choked by the conviction that now, in another breath, he would understand the sustaining faith of human endurance; he would have forever in his possession the assurance, the knowledge, of the security without which life was futile.

Wouldn't you, too, make this same kind of a shoe?

YOU are a manufacturer, we'll say. The American Man is your prospective customer. You must satisfy him in "style, fit, comfort, wear and cost." To give "the utmost possible value in shoes at a reasonable price," is your ideal. And you know that the Service you render this Man makes possible the success of the dealer who handles your shoes.

What sort of a shoe would you make?

Your kind of a shoe, of course. And *your* kind of a shoe, in all good-shoe essentials, is the sort of a shoe men desire.

You would know that there is a *high limit* to price beyond which *high price* buys only superfluous quality. You would know that there is a *low limit* to price below which *serviceable quality* in shoes cannot be produced. You would put the *utmost* into your shoes at the happy-medium price—*a price that insures the essentials.*

You would make your shoes "good looking." They would have individuality and style. Careful dressing goes with self-respect. American Men are self-respecting.

You would know the importance of "lasting." To "mould" the foot in wood takes the hand of an artist-sculptor. It is very much more than shoe-making. "As is the last so is the shoe"—shape, fit and line.

And *your* shoe, made of selected materials, built by skilled artisans, *would fit the foot.* The foot, after all, is the judge. And fitting well, your shoe would hold its shape. It would be *comfortable.* Nothing adds more to bodily ease than a comfortable shoe.

Ralstons are *your* kind of a shoe—in all ways.

They are made for *you* from *your* ideas with *your* ideals. With your dealer they fulfill the law of successful selling. Good-will is a matter of dealing in values. Your dealer is responsible for "what you get for what you pay." His success depends upon his service to you. This is more than shoe-making and shoe-selling. It is SERVICE—and Ralston 40-year-young service is founded upon the principle —"one must give in order to get."

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

Ralston

However, it still evaded him; at the point of lifting him above all mischance, all doubt, he was left with nothing more than a passionate need, a sensation of blindness before a spectacle of incomparable beauty. It had moved before him, touched his heart and vanished. In its place he remembered the men of his section who, at supreme moments, had firmly advanced against their wills and intelligence and hope of return. It was as though they had been betrayed by a force not planned for their good, their safety, but for destruction. They had, he remembered, cursed, struggled in their hearts, died in attitudes of violent protest; but the other had been stronger than all their inherited instincts.

The obscurity deepened round him, and the fires and the sounds died. Some figures stirred, cleaning the floor by the furnaces, where the dry molds, the copes and drags, were baked. An electric light was moved by an invisible hand across the base of a converter. There was a musty air of wet sand, a sharp odor of scorched iron, the flat taint of coal gas and an acrid smell of charred wood. It was time to go, yet Howard Gage moved reluctantly; this was better than the flowery scent of April, he thought, for it was the breath of the patient valor of men.

XXV

HE WAS driven from the works in the ill-kept car, through the city to the station, over the way, in the manner, that Dan had so often gone; and he had an extraordinarily rich sense of the continuity of habit and blood. It was almost as though he, Howard, were Daniel Gage himself, returning to Bagatelle after an absorbed day with his steel. The train gathering speed as it left the elevated tracks of the city passed through towns like estates with red gabled roofs showing through the thin bright foliage. Men whom he knew instinctively, sober and intent, nodded to him over their evening papers; and automatically he opened the sheet in his hand to the industrial section. The symbols and comparative numerals were for him without meaning, and he crushed the newspaper into the seat.

The feeling called up in him by the converter shop lingered in the form of a not unhappy melancholy. In it the causes of his dissatisfaction, his rebellion, seemed withdrawn; while they were present he was, then, too lowered in energy to care. Such perhaps was the perpetual condition of the men round him whom he had thought of as the tepid victims of an obliterating and insensate machinery. This was still probable, but he began to see that it had little effect on their complacency, their attitudes of import or fallacious assumption of freedom and choice. If they were unaware of their fate they avoided it to that degree.

On the mounting road to Bagatelle Dan retreated from his consciousness and his place was taken by a vision of the Howard Gage who had moved over it in the uniform of a regimental intelligence officer, his spurs dimmed by the rising dust. There were gardeners now busy over the beds that were then declining with the summer's end. The images of that moment returned, vivid and detached, but principally he remembered the luxury of joy, of ease, which he had anticipated. That and Sophie, or the seductive shell of her. So much had been shifted and removed that his severance was complete; his backward gaze at the military presence—but certainly only in appearance—was touched by a quick condescending pity. How small, in spite of what everyone agreed was a tremendous experience, was that young man's knowledge of the world!

He was contrasting this with his present store of illuminating experience when he was obliged to face the query of whether or not his penetration had deepened; and he was forced honestly to conclude that essentially it hadn't. He possessed the material, very fully, for a philosophy and understanding, but he was unable to reduce it to the solidity of fact. He passed the high double hedge with the grass walk between, the up-sloping lawns. There weren't gold pools and shafts of sunlight, but a subdued radiance that had the quality of opening lilacs.

Ahead of him, and then at his side, was the white garage, set in a frame of beginning foliage. He went through the wicket and descended the two bricked steps to the walk. The doors, the windows, were open; no one was visible. The gayety of the glazed chintzes in his room, a great conspicuously brilliant bouquet on a table, made the interior only lovelier. Howard dropped into a chair with a countenance immobile against the mere perfection of trifles—he had been intensely stirred, but for what?

His thoughts, driving in a circle, brought him to the point where, at the Gage works, he had recalled the men of his section in France; and though at that time this had seemed fortuitous he had a sudden impression of a connection before missed. It grew clearer until it was revealed—the steel men, the helpers and melters and ladle men, had become indistinguishably fused with Howard's lost command. They were the same! At once a feeling of familiarity, of stability, returned to him; the steel was unimportant. It was nothing compared to the incorruptible steel that, but without understanding, he had again found. He recreated with a new strong emotion the vast dim interior made by the Gages from material visible and invisible; but it was the invisible which formed the reality of the structure before his vision.

His admiration burned in a quick high flame, a kindling envy for the simplicity, the finality with which the men he was considering accepted circumstances that might have been cast in iron. Not for reward, he continued, not for shouted lies, not even for a comprehensible love—but strangely, bitterly, inevitably, each man alone. That, perhaps, was because their secret was incommunicable, never to be shared. He recalled Campbell, isolated at the levers of the converter, shut off in his solitary responsibility. He again saw the helper, a bent shape lost to middle age, make his way up the steps, with the bagging drawn over his head, heave the silicon into the intolerable heat. The sparks had bathed him in a scarring flood, but the humility of his act conquered the arrogance of their fire.

Howard had found for support an unintelligible mystery; but only this, he recognized, of all wisdom and promise and peace, offered him any stay against accumulating disaster. It must be followed, too, in the last place he would have explored—the Gage Steel and Iron Works. The shops would be operated in the customary manner of his family. Yet not just that—his undertaking demanded success; his security, intangible in conception, demanded the absolute fulfillment of an obligation. The endless service for which he accepted responsibility could only be attached to a faithful leadership. It had been given to Dan, to his own father, to Gage men before them, in kind, duty for duty, trust for trust. The returns of the castings were the sign of what he privately sought; they were the evidence of health, the mark of objectives gained.

He must see Dahl to-morrow and, advancing him as Daniel Gage had planned, minutely discuss what in the works had been superseded by modern engineering, for he determined to make every possible provision for a future extension of the production. Howard remembered complaints of the air furnaces in the iron foundry, a protest of the steel melter against using his open hearth for heats of the softer metal. Campbell, as well, had been on the converter long enough; he would move him up—while he was still young—until his ultimate capacity had been reached, as far as his ability endured. Howard realized of himself that he was infinitely harder than Dan; but the dead man had been different from the other Gages, changed by love. Here perhaps was the greatest mystery of all; and it, too, contradicted the obvious assertions of utility.

It was folly!

However, there was no need for him to elaborate on that—it had been, if not explained, at least dismissed from his questioning. He had been permitted to see love transposed into the form of marriage; his wife had been beautiful, without material cares; everything had supported the permanence of their bond, when it had broken at once—no more than a thread. If Sophie had been different—but that was useless. It was as just to say if he were different.

His gaze, unfocused in mental preoccupation, slowly fixed itself on the flowers placed in a wide bowl. That was a habit instituted by Fanny at Bagatelle and observed, at Dan's insistence, since her death. It would now for a while be kept up by Charlotte, and then stop when, as it must be sure to happen, she was claimed by a

(Continued on Page 92)

These Clothes Make a Happy Child

These every-day, common sense play-clothes give the child its care-free play hour, and free the mother from constant worry over what may happen to the nice suits and dresses. "Slipova" play-clothes are as sensible as overalls for a man's work, but they have the added advantage of being made in stylish cuts and patterns.

Children should be dressed for play in play hours, and for this purpose "Slipova" garments fill the bill exactly. "Slipova" garments are made in so many styles, some plain and some prettily trimmed, that there is a "Slipova" to fit every taste, every purse, and every occasion. They can be slipped on in a jiffy over the child's nice clothes, and protect them from rough-and-tumble wear.

"Slipova" play-clothes are built to stand hard wear, and to make many trips to the washtub. Every "Slipova" is cut full and roomy, with strong double seams to withstand strains, and buttons firmly fastened. You can be sure that each garment is made of standard fabric, by skilled American workmen, and is guaranteed to be fast color.

When you ask your dealer to show you "Slipova" garments, be sure that you see the "Slipova" label sewn in the pocket. It is your guarantee that you are getting "Slipova" fast-color quality. If your dealer has no "Slipova" play-clothes, he can get them easily.

There are "Slipova" *creepers* for the tiny tots; "Slipova" *play-clothes* for rough-and-tumble wear; "Slipova" *rompers* for ordinary play hours; "Slipova" *sleepers* for bed-time wear; and "Slipova" *middy blouses* for girls of all ages. "Slipova" middies are distinguished for their stylish cut and finished tailoring.

To dealers—"Slipova" is the nationally recognized leader of children's play-clothes. Advertised monthly to millions of women. All jobbers sell them.

McCAWLEY & COMPANY, Inc.
253 Church Street - New York City
Export Office: 320 Broadway
Factory: M. W. S. Building, Baltimore, Md.

(Continued from Page 90)

new interest. He had often seen her arrange the flowers, downstairs, in the upper rooms, but she had never placed any on his table before; and the blooms to which Sophie paid attention invariably formed a part of the decoration of hats. There had been no necessity, he decided, for Charlotte to extend her activities to his room; a bouquet meant nothing to him. All his interest was concentrated in another direction.

She was no less repressed than during the evening before; yet, still again, she had varied. Her silence had a touch of willfulness; it was, instead of dejected, stubborn. The unrelieved mourning had given place to a sheer white dress not entirely innocent of embroidery, and through which, at her shoulders, he could see narrow black ribbons that somehow were iniquitously removed from thoughts of bereavement.

She offered every evidence of incurable shallow frivolity; and with an emphasized severity he told her of his serious intention to continue the Gage company.

"Poor father," she said; as inappropriately as possible, he felt. "It was so unnecessary, so badly arranged, for him not to have known that. He used to dream about it. And I heard him discuss it with the servants—if you would leave at the same time that he did in the morning."

"You must realize," Howard went on, "that our present way of living, things in general at Bagatelle, can't continue. I shall be obliged to be away a great deal, particularly in the coming year, and it won't do for you to stay here alone. When I'm round it's no better. You should have people of your own age."

"What age am I?" she interrupted calmly.

"Sixteen," he replied exactly, and then hastened into the protection of his discourse. "Since it isn't possible to have parties yet you ought to go away or have intimate friends here; and there must certainly be a proper guardian, a woman. I haven't seen any of those girls who used to drink up your father's whisky for weeks."

Charlotte told him that she was sick of them. "They're so painfully young and—and superficial."

That, Howard admitted pointedly, surprised him as a disqualification. A week ago she would have retorted with stinging vigor, but now she was oblivious of his sarcasm. And before her abstraction, her lifted query, his animosity was too causeless to be pursued.

He discovered her later propped in the corner of a divan, her feet elevated and crossed, reading; and a spiteful comment of Sophie's about Charlotte's stockings, repeated by the latter, returned to him. "What the devil!" he exclaimed to himself. "Moreland's gone!" Pausing indecisively he frowned down at her as she temporarily rested the book on the floor.

"One of the eternal Elsie's modern descendants?" he asked.

"No," she replied casually; "almost the first of the Rollo books."

He considered this, outside, and it occurred to him that it was a remark capable of a number of constructions. Prepared for other similar thrusts, however, he encountered a resumption of Charlotte's languor, from which she occasionally regarded him with her deeply, romantically, colored eyes. Her repression, he decided, must be an affectation; Charlotte did these things theatrically—she saw herself in various becoming parts and executed them with an emotional satisfaction. The bowl in his room, as May flowered into June, was filled with early roses.

XXVI

IT SOON became evident to Howard that he had a natural affinity for the manufacturing of steel, the management of men belonged to him, and he was at once absorbed in a world the extent and passion of which he had had no conception. Though his initial energy, his plunge into renewed activity, had come from an ideal and intangible source, in the pressure of affairs he began to realize that he was more and more wholly engaged. He discovered at once that his primary indifference to money was not peculiar. Money was not the incentive of the projections, covering a continent, opening to his knowledge; it had, he found, practically no existence on the greatest planes of effort and calculation, but was mainly represented by astounding credits. Where gold was not turned back into the operations from which it proceeded or banked as an economic reserve, it was dispensed lavishly on things of no moment to the brains accumulating it. Mere richness, he told himself, was the prerogative of sensualists and the idle, women and children, the source of broad acres and jewels and imported servants; or it was the means of the ostentation by which the predominantly inferior was so largely impressed. At the finish it procured the scientific medical attention prolonging, for months or years, the exhausted human machine.

He had been surprisingly ignorant about the springs of men's acts, and he looked back with a trace of contempt at the bitterness of his revolt from what had been no more than the surface of life. All his aloofness, which had once appeared so impressive, was only the posture of a—a dilettante. The aspect of hypocrisy that had depressed him after the stripped horror of war existed, he learned, but in the public gestures, the outer circumstances of the world about him. He came by inheritance into the select financial and administrative powers of the country; he was cordially welcomed with an insight into the reality that lay under the national sentimental pretense; and he was fascinated by the epic ruthlessness everywhere hidden from the popular view. The foreground of the lives of the men he now touched, the executives and capitalists, was screened by trivialities; the newspapers were charged with their suave platitudes; their admirable endowments—another outlet for sums without consequence—were caught up in a blast of acclaim from coast to coast, individual habits and eccentricities were gravely recorded; and behind the clamor, the show, contemptuous of the inhibitions so persuasively urged upon others, they conducted the enormous business of politics and power.

What, as well, tangibly held Howard was the fact that he was again in a position of command, he once more exerted power, consequence; that, he dimly realized, was the most insidious possibility existing for the incentive—yes, and the betrayal of men. He hadn't lost his vision of beauty, of transcendent humanity, but he was being forced, he often repeated, to reduce it to practicality. It had dropped some of its mystery; men, he told himself, were individually devoted to what for them represented the height of accomplishment, of success. This certainly was subjected to countless restraining circumstances—birth, stupidity, climate, health, society; but through that devious and dark maze they struggled ceaselessly toward the image of their perfected and happy selves.

In Lapigne, in Colonel Robinet, this took the form of an abstract allegiance to duty; the slightest preserving of their necessary self-valuation urged them into positions of danger, kept them firm against death itself. The superintendent of the Gage converter shop had merged his dreams into a conception of the supremacy of core casting. There were in addition destructive ideals, fatal but no less devotedly, heroically supported—such blind ambitions as Moreland's, and Sophie's cold restless need for admiration.

A perceptible certainty, the air of authority, was increasingly evident in his bearing as the possibility of attaining an eminent place began to form his plans and speculations. In an existence which, reduced to comprehension, was founded on the best interests of a commendable selfishness, he determined to let nothing interfere with his own progression. The war, at least, had freed him from the illusions which it appeared were the principal bars to success. Howard was, in fiber and habit, conservative; suffering enormously from a faulty centralization of command, an autocrat; and, with Dan, he had no interest in Utopias that gave little heed to obdurate fact.

These considerations filled his days, together with the acquisition of the countless technical details of the production and sale of steel and iron castings. He worked ceaselessly, in Pittsburgh, in the West, at Bagatelle with sheafs of reports, comparative tables, quotations, rates and scientific books. They were, for him, exact replicas of the confidential pamphlets, bound in red paper, issued to the officers, including platoon commanders, of the American forces abroad—the strategic plans of his advance.

At first it seemed to him that Daniel Gage had represented the finest imaginable development of his type, at first he had reflected the elder's peculiar loyalty to the Gage works; but now, questioning such an allegiance, it occurred to him that Dan's qualities had limited his scope. Yet when he had reached this conclusion it brought him, in place of a feeling of superior advantage, an unaccountable depression.

Howard was standing—it was an insuperably hot afternoon—at the bottom of the iron steps leading to the charging floor of the open-hearth furnace, discussing a specification with the melter and a chemist, when he was suddenly aware of the oppression of the August heat. It was four o'clock, a tapping would be made within half an hour; and moving away from the fiery energy above he met Campbell, in charge of a sales area, searching for him.

As they walked back toward Dahl's office Campbell went over the substance of a recommendation involving a chain of adjustments; but its purpose escaped Howard Gage's effort of concentration. His mind, it grew apparent, definitely refused the assimilation, then, of any more details.

"I can't make that out," he interrupted sharply; "you'll have to put it into a written report."

XXVII

HE AVOIDED the works manager, and deferring until to-morrow all responsibility he proceeded directly home. The sky was a solid expanse of dull gray haze, with the color and radiation of partly cooled iron; and under it the heavy green countryside was without a stir. Even in his room, shuttered from the day, he found no relief, and his discomfort turned to irritation and then downright anger. Informally clad in flannels, old buckskin shoes with dingy red straps, and a shirt open at his throat, its sleeves uprolled, he went downstairs in search of a more possible condition.

Charlotte he found in airy white, her feet thrust into impertinent brocade mules; and he chose to ignore the fitting remark she made. Naturally, that first year, he had been obliged to work without interruption; but Charlotte, he felt, had been wholly unreasonable in staying at Bagatelle. Everyone else, practically, was North or by the sea; however, she insisted that, still in mourning, she would find it dull beyond words among the summer gayeties.

He stood at the closed glass door to the porch, his back to the room, moodily surveying hedges which from their appearance he might have cast in the foundry, when there were footsteps within and the thin ringing of ice on tumblers. This, he discovered, came from tall mint juleps, crowned with dark leaves and heavily rimed with frost. Howard nodded, momentarily refreshed; but though he had been physically cooled he was still unsettled, disturbed. After a tentative fling at Charlotte which brought nothing more than a slow look of inquiry, he wandered about the lower hall until the advent of dinner—a jellied consommé, a salad of vegetables and a frozen dessert.

Afterward, he was certain, it grew worse. The heat, like the dimness, thickened; it became palpable, a substance almost not fit for breathing. No stars were visible, there wasn't a suggestion of depth above—the haze had lowered until it lay stifling on the earth. He thought for a while of the miserable state of a humanity, either steamed in the caldron of summer or frozen in the January ice; and an appreciable amount of his new sense of importance, of domination, evaporated. He was seated on the tiled edge of the porch, but Charlotte had gone within; and he was surprised to see her reappear, changed into clothes as casual as his own.

"We're going swimming," she replied calmly to his unspoken query.

In the act of proving that her use of the plural had been unjustified he rose with the conviction that any movement was preferable to remaining under the smothering trees. The automobile created a fictitious wind and persuaded him that he'd been wise; on the rim of a smooth blank pool, maintained privately, convenient to a number of houses, he even admitted that Charlotte was admirable.

She approached, indistinct in the gloom, and unnaturally natural.

"Stockings are a nuisance," she declared; "and no one can swim in a skirt." Howard walked over to the diving board and, swaying, launched out, turning rigidly in an arc, leaving hardly a ripple. When he came to the surface he could see nothing, but he heard from across the water Charlotte's smooth, deliberate swimming. Soon she was by his side floating; her arms and extended legs gleamed like a pale phosphorescence; her liberated hair washed across his cheek.

Lying submerged, without a movement, at last relief flooded his strained being; the burden of the day sank figuratively to the bottom of the pool. He was reduced to an utmost simplification of consciousness, no effort was necessary, his only sensation was a physical content. Charlotte turned away, rocking him ever so slightly on the surface, and there was the sound of a dive; upon which she emerged behind him, complaining ruefully.

"Sometime," she added hopefully, "I'll make a swan dive, but so far I've only slapped myself flat."

Energetic, Charlotte swam to the far end and back, so vigorously that the disturbance echoed from the surrounding masonry. Her arm rose whitely and descended, taking the water with a strong drive; then she went down until only the tips of her fingers, close beside him, were visible. These went under.

"It's a bother to come up again," she told him.

Though that, clearly, was an exaggeration, Howard was aware of her continued listlessness; her voice had been dull. He should, he knew, reprove her, exert himself—since there was no one else to do it—for her good. But he had a conviction that it would be unwise; before when he had, well, interfered with her, it had been unfortunate. He repeated silently his assertion that he was not responsible for Charlotte. This was both true and untrue; he wasn't, of course, if responsibility were measured by direct will—he had had no desire to influence her. Yet, thrown sardonically, capriciously together, he had affected her; Charlotte often copied his moods; the worst, he added.

He had never made the least effect on Sophie, though; she had rebounded from him as a ball rebounds from a wall. Rush Tingey's endeavor to bring them together again was nothing more than the expression of an assaulted pride. Then an unpleasant thought took possession of him: If Sophie were married to him now, to the Howard Gage rapidly coming to the appreciation of power, she would understand and value him. Something in him that had antagonized and even frightened her was gone. At present, it seemed to him, in a way he had grown to resemble her.

Now his peace of mind dropped from him, on the water, like lead. With satisfaction gone he swam to the side and, drying his hands, lighted a cigarette. Charlotte followed him; and, demanding a breath of smoke, returned the cigarette sodden. She was sorry, she said, drawing her knees up within the circle of her clasped fingers. The pool returned to its unbroken blank tranquility. It was, she went on, criminal to dress.

"But the pedals of the car would cut your feet."

This, he agreed, was probable. She sighed and rose, hesitating. The night made her alluring; then his interest was lost with an aggravation of his uneasiness.

Charlotte, a towel wrapped in a turban about her head, drove recklessly back to Bagatelle. On narrow inclosed roads the engine made a sullen uproar; it gathered speed mounting hills and fell away beyond against barriers of air. When they reached the garage she stayed so long in her seat that, impatient, he left her for the lawn. Even on the grass the closeness was unchanged. Charlotte called him from the porch; he didn't answer, and her voice rose again, so acutely that he was forced to reassure her of his presence.

"If you don't mind," she said, copying his relaxed attitude.

Suddenly he had a desire to talk, to free himself by words if possible, from the intangible weight pressing on him. Illogically he was burdened by a necessity to justify himself, but for what, to whom, he had no idea.

"I've had the feeling all day," Howard began, "that I have lost something. It's ridiculous, because really in the last four months I got a surprising lot, more than anyone would have predicted or guessed. For one, it's rather generally admitted that I am going to be what most people call successful. You may remember that I didn't want to be that. I insisted that it meant nothing to me. Well, in spite of the fact that I sound so different, I'm not—very much. I know myself better, that's

(Concluded on Page 96)

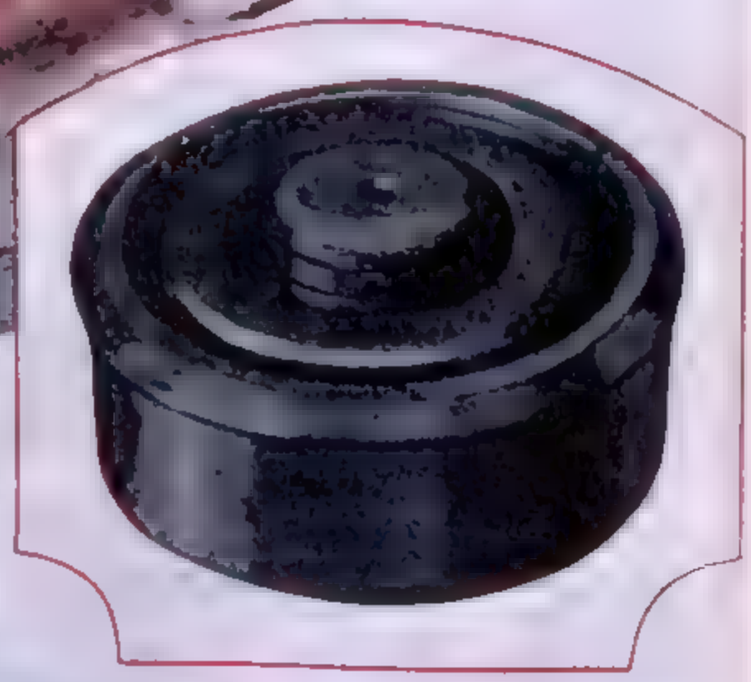
Bake Biscuits or *Anything*

IMAGINE the joy of being able to bake delicious, flaky biscuits in 12 minutes *on an oil stove*. It's done on the "Red Star" Detroit Vapor Oil Stove *every day*. In fact, this new-type, all-the-year-'round oil stove cooks, roasts, fries or bakes *anything any* city gas range will do.

This stove burns gas like a gas stove. How is it possible? Big 8½-lb., grey iron scientific burners convert kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Produce intense heat. There are no wicks or wick substitutes. Can be quickly regulated for any requirement. Positively saves 25% of fuel cost. Each gallon of fuel gives 19 hours of cooking and baking heat.

The Red Star is sold by leading furniture and hardware dealers. Look for the Red Star above the shelf. Write for a copy of our Red Star Book of Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A. 37



The Red Star Burner

Converts kerosene, gasoline or distillate into gas. Mixes gas with air like an automobile carburetor. Produces a double ring of hot gas flame. Burner becomes red hot, a fding intense heat. Consumes all smoke and odors. Made of grey annealed iron. Weighs 8½ lbs. Impervious to effect of constant heating and cooling. Saves 25% of fuel.

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

DENVER ALFALFA MILLING & PRODUCTS COMPANY
McCLAVE, COLORADO

OUTLINE GRINDER DRIVE
Maximum H.P. Required — 250
R.P.M. Drive Pulley — 480
Belt Speed — 7539 F.P.M.

Specified: GOODYEAR BELT
18" 5 Ply BLUE STREAK

Facsimile blue print and un-retouched photograph of Goodyear-belted grinder drive in McClave plant of the Denver Alfalfa Milling & Products Company

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

A Mile and a Half a Minute— and the G.T.M.

High speed, normally 7,539 feet per minute, often rising to 9,000 F.P.M., and continuously severe duty in the delivery of from 150 to 250 horsepower, characterize the service conditions on the grinder drive. Every now and then, with a suddenness that imposes a terrific strain on the belting, wet alfalfa packs in the grinder and throws an enormous overload on both belt and engine.

Every grinder drive in the eleven mills of the Denver Alfalfa Milling & Products Co. is equipped today with an 18-inch, 5-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt. Each of these powerful, long-lived belts has long since demonstrated by trouble-free, economical service its right to the job, but all of them won this service opportunity on the showing made by a smaller Goodyear Blue Streak and a series of drive analyses by a G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

It's nearly five years now since a G.T.M. studied the blower drive in one of the Denver Company's plants, and recommended an 8-inch, 5-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt for that work. The performance it gave suggested to Floyd Wilson, the Vice-President and General Manager, that a G.T.M. could study with profit to the Company those exacting grinder drives on which new belts were used up every six months.

They went at it scientifically, following the Goodyear Analysis Plan to fit the belt to the duty required. Mr. Wilson furnished the analyst with all the factors of operating conditions that would fill out an expert study of pulley dimensions, horsepower developed, speed, load and overload sustained.

The 18-inch, 5-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt which is standard equipment on all the Denver Company's grinder drives today may be studied in its typical operating condition at the McClave plant. It has been transmitting power unfailingly there for two years now—where other belts had averaged six months. It has worked sliplessly—which means, in any transmission, full power delivered—and smoothly, which means, in alfalfa milling, meal uniformly ground.

It has proved its economy in every phase from first cost to this day's grist. Usually, Goodyear Blue Streak Belts involve a slightly higher initial outlay, in favor of lowest ultimate cost. This one, however, cost $103.74 less than its short-lived predecessor. Multiply this by eleven, and add the economies achieved by the trouble-free operation and four times longer life, and the result is the Company's belting profit on Goodyear Blue Streak Belts.

This is the value of meeting a drive condition with a better belt, scientifically specified to the duty required of it. If you have a belting problem, involving either a single drive or an entire plant, the G.T.M. and the Goodyear Analysis Plan are at your command for the utmost in value that we build into these belts that protect our good name. Write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O., or Los Angeles, Cal.

BLUE STREAK BELTS

(Concluded from Page 92)

all, and I know more about life. I used to think when I came back from the war that I was absolutely unsentimental, the only realist within sight; but compared with me now I was a vanilla drop. Then I was frightfully annoyed with any number of things—those idiotic hunt races infuriated me; a little more and I'd been a reformer, a radical.

"Perhaps," he added in a different, a sharper tone, "I was just younger and—and hopeful. I expected too much, I suppose, and was disappointed. If you think it's impossible to grow definitely older in a few months or a few days, you don't know; but you weren't on the Vesle in August, two years ago. It didn't get me, though; I actually believe it sent me home as idealistic, at bottom, as Dan. Laugh if you like. That first afternoon I upset Sophie completely with some mixed nonsense. Even my objection to war was hysterical, optimistic; I hated it because it killed men in so many rotten ways; for the reason that, it seemed to me, individuals were sacrificed. That's not the main objection to it; individually Lapigne and Vincent and General Totten are of no importance; the trouble is that it substitutes emotion, feeling, for mind. Nations go insane, morally, financially and socially, and the harm lasts for a hundred years. It elevates a lot of sweeps like Moreland, and hides whatever is substantial, dependable, in life. It almost ruined me; then—you'll have to put up with the contradiction—it was the means of saving me. I saw something that I thought was beautiful, but when I examined it I found—success or failure, depending on your view."

"You mustn't stop," Charlotte protested in the pause which followed. "If you do it will kill me."

How absurdly young girls expressed themselves!

"Success or failure," he repeated abruptly—"that's the whole question. You'll admit it would be interesting to know. Not that it could make a difference or change the future. Men are always fooled by that—they say what they'll do and what they won't do, and never hear the windy laugh about their heads. Nothing in the world, it seemed, could force me into the Gage Steel and Iron Works. Ha!" His exclamation was neither graceful nor gay. "I'm there."

"I don't understand, quite," she admitted, touching his hand.

However, he didn't explain; his speech, Howard found, after all, was addressed to himself. The answer was not forthcoming.

"It doesn't matter," he proceeded; "no one has a choice. Only, for a moment, I remembered how men's shoulders felt rubbing against mine. It was devilish pleasant. For a while I thought I'd found it once more; I had, too, but it left me; this time for good. Soon I'll even forget about it, fortunately."

Charlotte had turned quietly, with her head buried in an arm, and he was surprised to discover that she was crying. It was so unexpected, so unlike her, that he was shocked.

"You mustn't do that," he told her awkwardly; "it's the heat. I dare say I talked like an idiot."

She sat up, at once defiant and appealing.

"I can't help it," she said uncertainly. "I don't want to, and spoil everything. If you had only stayed hard and self-satisfied it would have been all right. You see, when you kissed me, and then showed so clearly that you were sorry—that damned old Tingey!—I made up my mind you'd kiss me again.

"It was the least I could do for myself—coming down the way I did.

"I thought that if I were patient, and always as pretty as possible, if I took care that you were comfortable, and had mint juleps when it was hot and Scotches when it was cold, some day you'd relent and do it once more. You might make a habit of me. Plenty of men tried. Well, it depended on my patience, but to-night I just crumbled, or melted would be better. I spoiled the progress I'd made—you mustn't think I hadn't progressed—because you were unhappy. Inside I'm raging at myself; now that I've been so silly you won't let me keep your house, and I don't know what to do or where to go. I don't want to go anywhere, do anything—else. And if you think I mind admitting that, you don't know how low I am. I spend hours dressing at you ——"

"Indeed, Charlotte, you ought to stop," he said, perplexed.

"I should never have begun," she replied; "yet in a way I'm glad I did. I want you to know my real feelings. They're simpler than yours, but about the same thing—happiness. Did you know you were bothered by that? But I suppose it's more complicated for men. Happiness—that's enough for me. Or, if you like, call it love; though you said you were done with love. It's an unsatisfactory word, Howard, somehow; we'd better go back to the other.

"I don't know just when it happened, but all at once you were terribly necessary to me; I think it was when I hated you most. Sophie and Moreland had gone off and left us with no one but each other; you hadn't even the steel then.

"I thought of the nastiest possible things to say to you, and I hoped they were so, for then it seemed to me you might get desperate—or careless; I didn't care which. It's nicer, of course, to pretend that I wanted you to be impressively great; but no—I just wanted you. Being nice isn't one of my drawbacks. Not many girls are; at least, not those I know; maybe they were the year before last. They keep it up publicly because men are so pathetically old-fashioned—with people round. Then the day you came and told me that you weren't going to sell the Gage works I had a ghastly feeling that I wouldn't succeed, and that you'd turn into iron right before my eyes.

"You were always hard—a very stony little boy, father told me."

"What about Moreland?" he asked brutally.

"Isn't it funny," she replied; "he doesn't seem to have been of any importance, no more than if I had been the man? I can remember him, I can remember myself, with mild interest. That damaged me, didn't it, Howard? I'm not worth so much now.

"You used to complain because we weren't honest, but you can't say that of me, not now. I didn't choose to be, naturally; it was too great a chance."

She reached with confusing directness many conclusions of his own; and, lighted by her candor, they appeared thin, insincere. He had admitted in the past that, once stirred, her dealing with reality was more searching than his; but he had been unprepared for the whole revelation of her spirit. An act of courage, he realized; in comparison to which his doubts were nothing but a shuffling with the truth. This was simply that momentarily he had shrunk from the payment for what he elected from living. He recalled the ironic fact that he had condemned, to Daniel Gage, precisely such a weakness. What must go must go. Good-by; good-by, Lapigne, or—rather—good-by, Howard Gage, the old Howard of the hot resentments, drunken and inconsequential, unattached. He had been miserable then, yet in the distortion of memory, later to be a recompense, it was all enveloped in a transfiguring harmony.

A particular phrase of Charlotte's returned to his mind—about Sophie and Moreland leaving them together; everything else, too, had led to the same consummation, an effect of fate closing round them.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "If I asked you would you marry me?"

When she spoke her voice was barely audible. "Yes, I'd marry you."

A silence as unbroken as the silent night over them followed. From the stream Howard could hear the diminished whisper of the waterfall. Soon with the autumn rains it would be full-throated; the spring freshets would send it headlong, by the jonquils, as yellow as the sun, flooding the broad pool under the cedars.

The Gages had boasted of the permanence of their steel, Dan asserting that it upheld part of the world; but he had been wrong; there was never an indestructible material. It wore out, crystallized, continually; and other steel, other men, took its place. Birth and death and birth were the links in a strong chain, but integrally they were slight, they stayed hardly longer than the seasons.

The haze was diluted, there was a faint breeze, a movement, a sigh, of the oak leaves, and the misty glimmer of stars. He had suddenly the illusion of a spinning globe, slightly inclined and flattened at the poles. Now he was gazing dizzily down at the sky; and involuntarily his hand gripped Charlotte's arm. Instantly she was pressed against him, holding him. The hallucination vanished, but Charlotte remained.

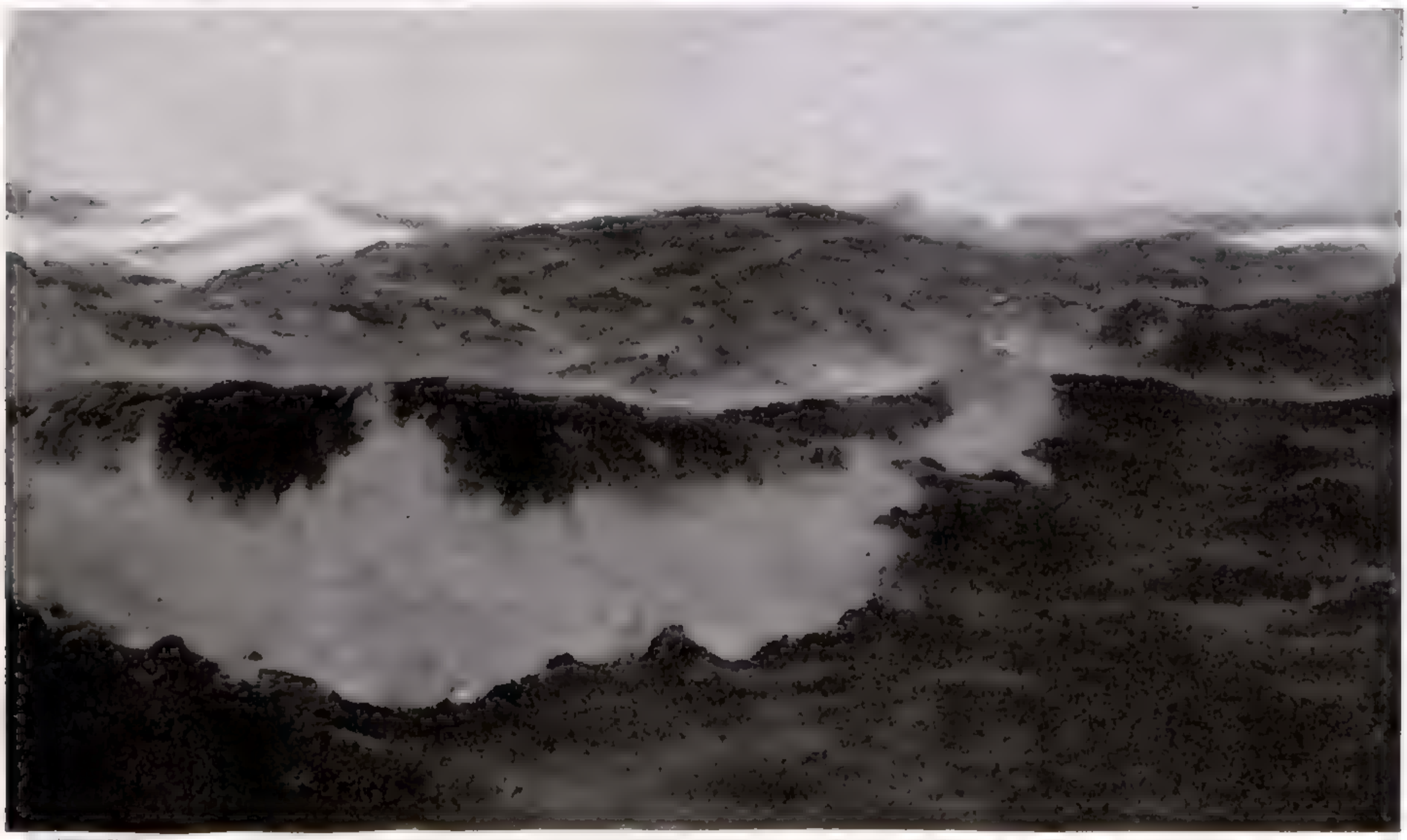
"We'll go away," she decided; "you've been plastered by the heat for weeks."

He assured her that this was an impossibility; however, she must leave immediately. Perhaps, toward the end of September ——

"I kissed you," Charlotte said.

Muffled in her hair the last vestige of his detachment surrendered to her superior generosity.

(THE END)



DUPLEX TRUCKS

BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Patented Spring Suspension prevents damage to Radiator cores—eliminates leaks.
Motor Meter set in Radiator shell prevents loss by theft.

Two Wonderful Runs That Show the Remarkable Stamina and Power of the Duplex Limited

Duplex Limited carrying 3060 pound load from Los Angeles to El Centro via San Diego, 267 miles in 8 hours 26 minutes. Los Angeles to San Diego, 132 miles in 3 hours 49 minutes. San Diego to El Centro, 135 miles in 4 hours 37 minutes. Average speed 34 miles per hour. Entire distance without stop. No relief driver. Rain from Santa Ana to Oceanside. Speed limit observed in all towns in transit.

Duplex Limited carrying 3750 pounds of potatoes from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, 124.6 miles in 6 hours 55 minutes' running time. Elapsed time 10 hours 10 minutes with 3 hours 15 minutes lost by ferry delays. The motor never missed and the water in radiator boiled only once, and that after a 12 mile pull through "gumbo." After a 46 mile run in 2 hours to Port Allen the motor meter registered "warm."

Transportation is one of our big problems. Goods have to be kept moving—and railroad facilities are inadequate. The Truck is the thing—it serves all America today, *and its service is a necessity.*

HERE in this Duplex Limited is the definite practical achievement of the motor truck industry's aim to produce a truck that could freight 1½ to 2 tons at high speed.

This Duplex Limited is no mere city delivery wagon—but a strong rugged *road truck* capable of hauling 3000 to 5000 pounds over city or country roads, and doing it on *schedule* time.

Designed and built for pneumatic tires—not merely equipped with them—the Limited travels easily and smoothly enough for even very fragile freight. Minimum vibration and shock saves wear and tear—and adds longer life to the truck.

Its motor is wonderfully rugged and powerful—and when turning over only about 1300 r. p. m. it drives the truck along at 25 miles an hour on high. Gear ratio is 5½ to 1, insuring high speed at minimum wear on motor and other moving parts.

Electrically equipped throughout—which means economy of gasoline, as drivers will shut off motor when truck is not running.

The Radiator is suspended in patented Duplex Spring Suspension—which allows ¼ inch sidewise and 1 inch up and down movement before radiator touches anything solid. Prevents damage to radiator solderings and eliminates the great source of radiator leakage.

Lamps equipped with Nitrogen bulbs are mounted on radiator to prevent bulb damage by vibration.

Motor meter made part of radiator shell to prevent loss by theft.

Ball bearings used throughout—engineering tests show it requires 29 times less power to move a given load when ball bearings are used. *This means a gasoline saving due to less friction.*

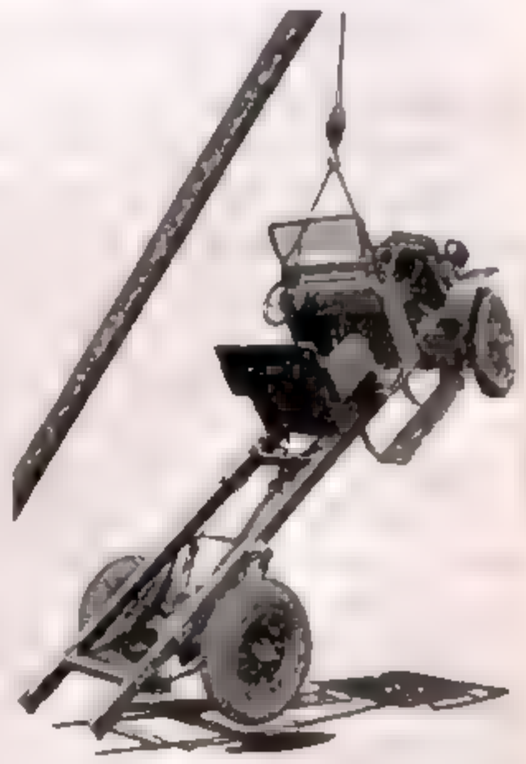
Special flapper valve in oil filler pipe keeps sand and grit out of oil reservoir.

From every angle of mechanical value and economical operation this Duplex Limited is a real truck—the very kind you've been looking for in your business.

Have the Duplex dealer demonstrate the Limited. It *makes good*—and will *cut your trucking costs and give reliable service.* Write for complete details.

If you have heavy hauling to do—write for booklets about the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive—America's Leading Heavy Duty Truck. "DUPLEX DOINGS"—The Truck Owner's Magazine—sent free to all truck users.

The Duplex Line offers a wonderful opportunity for dealers. Write for particulars. Address Dept. 100.



Duplex Limited lifted clear of ground by wire around windshield frame. Strength of steel means safety and less vibration.

Duplex Truck Company

Lansing • Michigan

One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

DUPLEX FOR BUSINESS

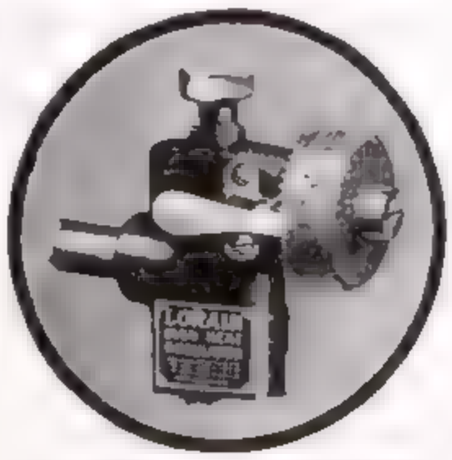
Every afternoon free for pleasure

—yet a delicious meal ready to serve when you return home

Read *how a famous invention has introduced self-cooking and ended pot-watching forever.*

JUST think of it! Having your dinner cook itself while you are spending the afternoon in recreation. That is exactly what women can now do. And thousands of women are already doing it.

A wonderful invention—the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator—makes it possible.



A scientific oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command. You set the wheel—the heat never varies, never fails.

This is how meals self-cook

You plan and prepare your meal—entrée, meat, vegetables and dessert—just as you do now—but without using the top burners at all. You put the entire meal in the oven, set the wheel and your work is done. "Lorain" does the rest.

Then you can leave the house. The meal will cook itself while you are away.

Each dish delicious

The "Lorain" measures out the exact amount of heat required to cook your meal and keeps it uniform. There is no variation. Under these scientific conditions, all of the viands will cook perfectly, just like the famous "Dutch" oven.

None will be underdone; none overdone. Each dish will be cooked to a "turn" and more delicious than you have ever known. There is a delicate new flavor to "Lorain" cooked viands you have never enjoyed before.

By regulating the heat you can cook a whole meal in 3 hours, 4 hours, 5 hours, or 6 hours, just as you desire. And *you can be miles away* from the house while it is cooking.

When you return, it is beautifully cooked—ready to put on the table!

No cooking guesswork

With old-time methods even the most expert cook must depend largely upon guesswork and luck.

Not so when you have a "Lorain" on your gas range. With this marvelous device you always know the exact heat of your oven. And you have at your command the right temperature for each recipe—44 temperatures in all.

Think what this means in baking bread, biscuits and pies. There can be no unlucky days—for every day's baking is as perfect as your luckiest day.

Write for free booklet

The "Lorain" comes only on the six best makes of gas stoves. Note the list printed here. These are six famous gas ranges, as you know.

Go to any dealer for these gas stoves and he will gladly demonstrate the "Lorain" for you without obligation. Thus you will see for yourself what a marvel it is.

In the meantime, write us for our free book, "An Easier Day's Work." Learn all about the "Lorain" and its wonderful success. See how it revolutionizes cooking. How it frees women from pot-watching. How it saves time, work, food and gas. The facts will amaze you. Write for the interesting book today. A postcard brings it free and postpaid.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M Clark & Co Div , Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co Div , Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co Div., St Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 172 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 11)

"You get me," said his friend. And then after a pause he went on with sincerity in his manner: "You know I think you could write the play, Tommy. But unless you get to work on some of your ideas pretty soon, and buckle down to them in earnest, other people will continue to write your plays—and you will continue to josh them and yourself, and your friends will continue to think that you could write better plays if you would only do it. People aren't going to take you seriously, Tommy, till you begin to take yourself a little seriously. Why, you poor, futile, silly, misguided, dear old mutt, you! You don't even have sense enough—you don't have the moral continuity, if you follow me—to stay sore at a man that does you dirt! Now, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Tommy a little more seriously.

"Well now, do you?" persisted his friend. "I don't say it's good Christian doctrine not to forgive people. It isn't. But I've seen people put things across on you, Tommy, and seen you laugh it off and let 'em be friends with you again inside of six weeks. I couldn't do it, and nine-tenths of the fellows we know couldn't do it; and in the way you do it it shouldn't be done. You should at least remember, even if you do forgive; remember well enough not to get bit by the same dog again. With you, old kid, it's all a part of your being a butterfly and a bubble. It's no particular virtue in you. I wouldn't talk to you like a Dutch uncle if I didn't think you had it in you to make good. But you've got to be prodded."

"There's one fellow that did me dirt," said Tommy musingly, "that I've never taken to my bosom again."

"What did you do to him?" asked his friend. "Beat him to death with a butterfly's wing, Tommy, or blow him out of existence with a soap bubble?"

"I've never done anything to him," said Tommy soberly. "And I don't think I ever would do anything to him. I just remember, that's all. If he ever gets his comeuppance, as they say in the rural districts, it won't be through any act of mine. Let life take revenge for me. I never will."

"I suppose you're right," said Dobson. "But who was this guy? And what did he do to you?"

IV

"HE WAS—and is—my uncle," said Tommy, "and he did about everything to me. Listen! You think I do nothing but flitter, flutter, frivol and flivver! And you may be right, and maybe I never will do anything else. Maybe I never will be anything but a kid.

"I was young when I was born. No, that's not one of my silly lines, Jack. I mean it seriously. I was young when I was born. I was born with a jolly disposition. But this uncle of mine took it out of me. I'll say he did! The reason I'm such a kid now, Jack, is because I had to grow up when I was about five years old, and I stayed grown up until I was seventeen or eighteen. I never had a chance to be a boy. If I showed any desire to be it was knocked out of me on the spot. And if I live two hundred years, and stay nineteen years old all that time, Jack, I won't any more than make up for the childhood I missed—that was stolen from me. Frivol? I could frivol a thousand years and not dull my appetite. I want froth, Jack: froth and bubbles!

"This old uncle of mine—he wasn't so old in years when I first knew him, but in his soul he was as old as the overseers who whipped the slaves that built Cheops' pyramid, and as sandy and as flinty—hated me as soon as he saw me. He hated me before he saw me. He would have hated me if he had never seen me, because I was young and happy and careless.

"I was that, when I went to live with him—young and happy and careless. I was five years old. He was my father's brother, Uncle Ezra was, and he beat my father out of money in his dirty underhanded way. Oh, nothing illegal! At least, I suppose not. Uncle Ezra was too cautious to do anything that might be found out on him. There was nothing that my mother could prove, at any rate, and my father had been careless and had trusted him. When my father died my mother was ill. He gave us a home, Uncle Ezra did. She had to live somewhere; she had to have a roof over her head and attention of some sort. She had no near relations, and I had to be looked after.

"So she and I went into his house to live. It was to be temporary. We were to move as soon as she got better. But she did not live long. I don't remember her definitely as she was before we went to live with Uncle Ezra. I can only see her as she lay on a bed in a dark room before she died. It was a large wooden bed, with wooden slats and a straw mattress. I can see myself sitting on a chair by the head of the bed and talking to her. My feet did not reach to the floor by any means; they only reached to the chair rungs. I can't remember what she said or what I said. All I remember of her is that she had very bright eyes and that her arms were thin. I remember her arms, but not her face, except the eyes. I suppose she used to reach her arms out to me. I think she must have been jolly at one time too. There is a vague feeling, a remembrance, that before we went to Uncle Ezra's she was jolly, and that she and I laughed and played together in some place where there was red-clover bloom.

"One day when I was sitting on the chair the door opened and Uncle Ezra came in. There was some man with him that was, I suppose, a doctor. I can recall Uncle Ezra's false grin and the way he put his hand on my head—to impress the doctor, I suppose—and the way I pulled away from him. For I felt that he disliked me, and I feared and hated him.

"Yes, Uncle Ezra gave us a home. I don't know how much you know about the rural districts, Jack. But when an Uncle Ezra in a country town gives someone a home he acquires merit. This was a little town in Pennsylvania that I'm talking about, and Uncle Ezra was a prominent citizen—deacon in the church and all that sort of thing. Truly rural drama stuff, Jack, but I can't help that—it's true. Uncle Ezra had a reputation for being stingy and mean. Giving us a home was a good card for him to play. My mother had a little money, and he stole that, too, when she died.

"I suppose he stole it legally. I don't know. It wasn't much. No one had any particular interest in looking out for me, and nobody would want to start anything in opposition to Uncle Ezra in that town if it could be helped anyhow. He didn't have the whole village and the whole of the farming country round about sewed up, all by himself, but he was one of the little group that did. There's a gang like that in every country town, I imagine. He was one of four or five big ducks in that little puddle—lent money, took mortgages and all that kind of thing you read about. I don't know how much he is worth now, counting what he has been stealing all his life. But it can't be a staggering sum. He's too cowardly to plunge or take a long chance. He steals and saves and grinds in a little way. He is too mean and small and blind and limited in his intelligence to be a big, really successful crook, such as you will find in New York City.

"When my mother died of course I stayed with Uncle Ezra. I suppose everybody said how good it was of him to keep me, and that it showed a soft and kindly spot in his nature after all, and that he couldn't be so hard as he had the name of being. But I don't see what else could have been done with me, unless he had taken me out and dropped me in the mill pond like a blind cat. Sometimes I used to wish he had done that.

"It isn't hard to put a five-year-old kid in the wrong, so as to make it appear—even to the child himself—that he is bad and disobedient. Uncle Ezra began that way with me. I'm not going into details. This isn't a howl; it's merely an explanation. But he persecuted me in every way. He put me to work before I should have known what work was—work too hard for me. He deviled me and he beat me, he clothed me like a beggar and he fed me like a dog, he robbed me of childhood and of boyhood. I won't go over the whole thing.

"I never had decent shoes, or a hat that wasn't a rag, and I never went to kid parties or anything, or even owned so much as an air rifle of my own. The only pair of skates I ever had, Jack, I made for myself out of two old files, with the help of the village blacksmith—and I got licked for that. Uncle Ezra said I had stolen the files and the straps. They belonged to him.

"But there's one thing I remember with more of anger than any other. He used to make me kneel down and pray every night before I went to bed, in his presence; and sometimes he would pray with me. He was a deacon in the church. There are plenty of them on the square—likely most of them are. But this one was the kind you used to see in the old-fashioned melodramas. Truly rural stuff, Jack. He used to be quite a shark at prayer himself, Uncle Ezra did. I can remember how he looked when he prayed, with his eyes shut and his Adam's apple bobbing up and down and the sound whining through his nose.

"The only person that was ever human to me was a woman I called Aunt Lizzie. I don't know really what relation she was to me; a distant cousin of Uncle Ezra's, I think. She was half blind and she was deaf, and he bullied her and made her do all the housework. She was bent nearly double with drudgery. He had given her a home too. She didn't dare be very good to me. He might find it out, and then we would both catch it. She baked me some apple dumplings once on one of my birthdays. I was nine years old. And he said she had stolen the apples and flour from him; that he had not ordered her to make any apple dumplings, and it was theft; and he made me pray for her, and made her pray for herself, and he prayed for both of us in family prayers every day for a week.

"I was nearly eighteen when I ran away. I might have done it sooner, but I was small for my age, and I was cowed. I didn't dare to call my soul my own, and I had a reputation for being queer too. For I used to grin and laugh at things no one else thought were funny—when Uncle Ezra wasn't round. I suppose people in that town thought it was odd that I could laugh at all. No one could understand how I had a laugh left in me. But when I was alone I used to laugh. I used to laugh at myself sometimes because I was so little and queer. When I was seventeen I wasn't much bigger than a thirteen-year-old kid should be I packed a lot of growing into the years between seventeen and twenty-one.

"When I ran away Aunt Lizzie gave me eighty-seven cents, all in nickels and pennies, and there were two or three of those old-fashioned two-cent pieces in it, too, that she had had for God knows how long. It was all she had. I don't suppose he ever paid her anything at all, and the wonder was she had that much. I told her that when I got out into the world and made good I would come and get her, but she shivered all over with fright at the idea of daring to leave. I have sent her things from time to time in the last ten years—money, and dresses I have bought for her, and little things I thought she would like. But I don't know whether he let her have them or not. I never got any letter from her at all. I don't even know whether she can write, to tell the truth, and she wouldn't dare get one of the neighbors to write for her. But if I ever make any real money, Jack, I am going to go and get her, whether she dares to come away or not.

"Well, when I left, the thing I wanted to do was go to school. Uncle Ezra hadn't given me time to go to school much. But I tramped to a town where there was a little fresh-water college that had its own prep school attached, and I did the whole seven years of prep school and college in five years. You see, I had a lot of bounce in me. The minute I got away from Uncle Ezra the whole world brightened up for me. The clouds rolled by and life looked like one grand long joke, and I turned into a kid. I romped through that prep school and that college, and made my own living while I was doing it, and laughed all the time and loved the world and everything in it, and it came as easy to me as water comes to a duck. I came on down here to New York and was lucky enough to get a chance as a reporter, and I've been romping ever since.

"I don't want to do anything but romp. Of course I want to write some good stuff some day, but I want to keep romping while I write it, and I want it to be stuff that has a romp in it too. You say I romp so much I'm never serious. Well, I do have some serious moments too. I have a dream that keeps coming to me. I dream that I'm back in that little town, and that I'm Uncle Ezra's slave again, and that I can't get away.

"Sometimes the dream takes the form of Uncle Ezra coming here to New York to

(Concluded on Page 102)

LONDON DUPLEX

PELTERS

Reversible Leather Coats

In the Shelter Of a Pelter

You are fixed for any weather.
Turn the gabardine side out,
When there's rain or sleet about.
Turn the other side—it's leather—
When the winter winds are lusty
Or the summer breeze is dusty.
Sure a Pelter's fine to hike in,
Motor, hunt, or yacht, or ride in—
Fit to do just what you like in,
It's a coat that you'll take pride in.
Full of zest and youth and verve is
Every Pelter—built for service
When the weather's wet or drouthful.
Smart?
Oh boy, you said a mouthful!
You'll find wear, and style, and shelter
In a Pelter.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

Some store near you—probably the best in town—sells Pelters, and if you don't know which one it is, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

Performance After

Hudson Has Proved It

Remember Hudson made no tests for the mere victory of individual entries.

Even fame as the greatest endurance car was not sought as a principal motive.

Such records as the Super-Six established in traveling 1819 miles in 24 hours, or in twice crossing the continent —7000 miles—in ten days, twenty-one hours, were but incidental to the real purpose.

Not Victory But Knowledge the Aim

It was to prove by such trying tests in the period of a few hours or days the reliability to be expected from normal driving in months or years.

And it was to profit by that experience, so that constant improvements might be made in motor car design and construction.

It is well to note in this connection that though a vast improvement has resulted in Hudsons, those first models which established its fame in speedway and hill-climbing contests remain unmatched by any other car. And doesn't that emphasize the fact that those abilities which mean so much in car quality are still exclusive to Hudson?

They stand for a triumph of type which even before many refinements had brought it up to the Hudson standard of today, possessed a capacity and endurance that no other car has proved.

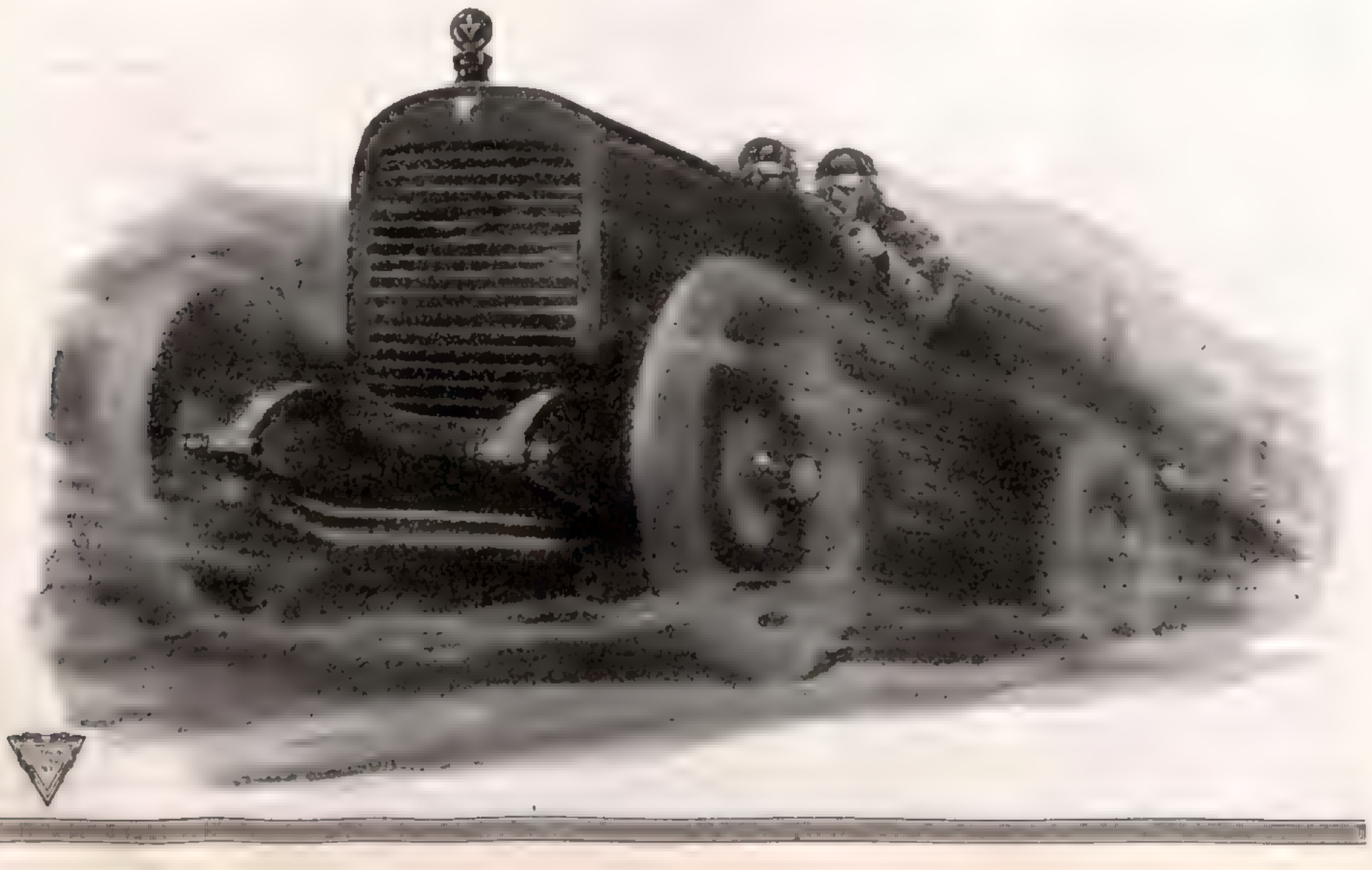
Only the Present Hudsons Surpass Early Super-Sixes

Now is added the confirming judgment of more than 100,000 Hudson owners, who daily see these qualities expressed in the smooth uninterrupted service of their cars.

The true building, taught by Hudson's great tests, accounts for the way it endures the hardest service, free from mechanical annoyance, and year after year retains the same dependable performance ability and distinction in action that made it the largest selling fine car in the world.

And this reliance in Hudson is a tribute to no other car. For its ability is held exclusive through the patented Super-Six motor that no other can use.

(3087)



All the Final Test

Essex Has Proved It

And Essex also is a product of Hudson racing. Its distinctive reliability and performance were born of the speedway. For the same men designed Essex that built the Super-Six. They had conducted the Hudson tests. In the development of the Super-Six they conceived the new light car possibilities of performance and reliability which are today realized in the Essex.

And then they proved their achievement by establishing the greatest of all endurance marks in a 50-hour top-speed performance of 3037 miles.

All Because Hudson Had Taught Them

That explains the unusual expectations everywhere held for Essex.

It is not judged by light car standards. Its records at once focus the greatest interest ever centered in a light car, and set a new standard of quality and performance, which must be lived up to before this great jury of opinion.

Essex has also brought a new meaning to economy. The unusual savings reported by some owners scarcely seem credible. We repeat them, only with the caution that such exceptional results cannot be regarded as average. One owner has furnished photographs of a set of tires that has given 27,500 miles and still appear in good condition. And a score of instances are reported in which tires have given in excess of 20,000 miles on Essex cars. Another owner has made an average of 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline, covering more than 14,000 miles of use.

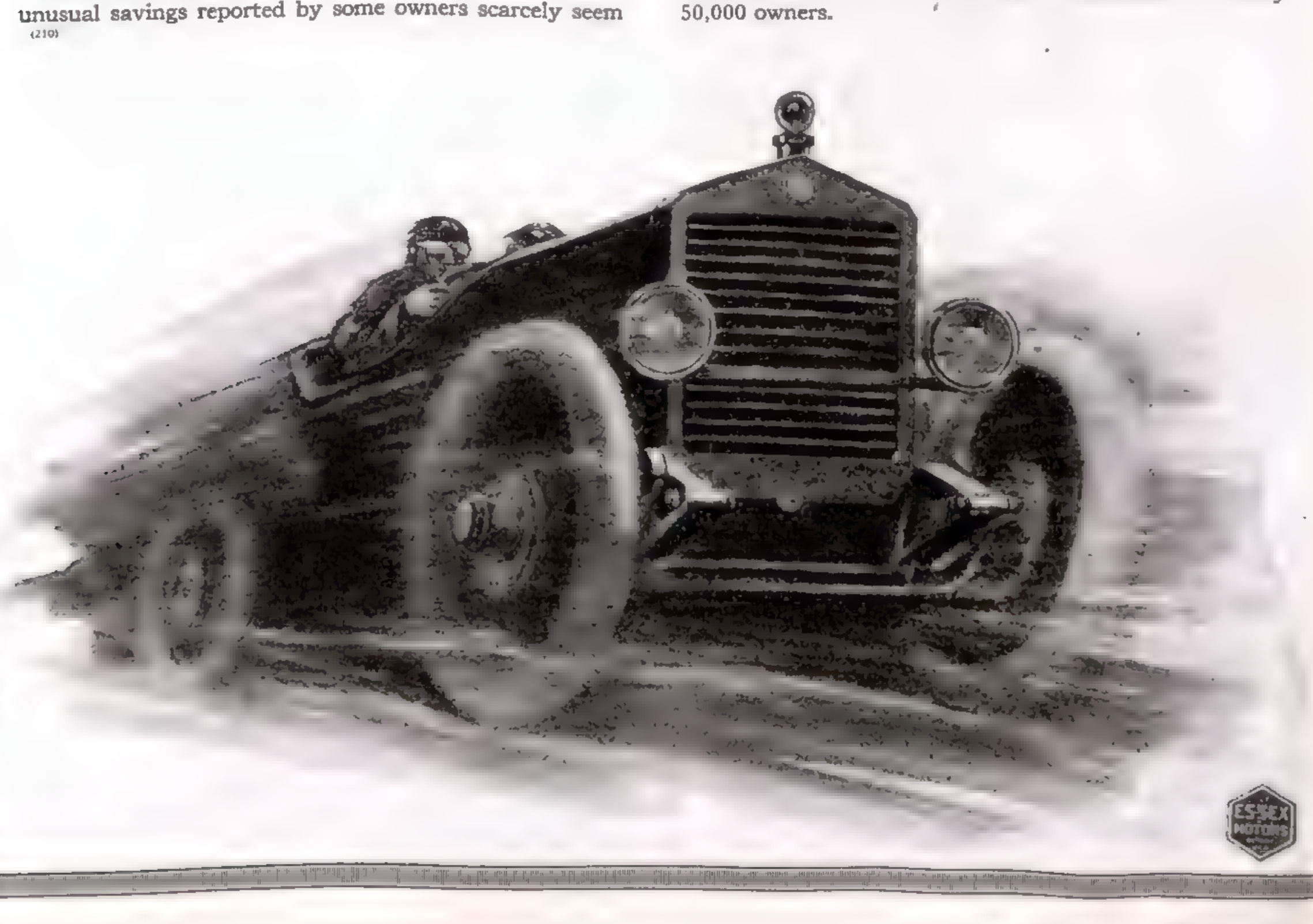
Nearly 50,000 Owners Know Why

While such results cannot be regarded as average, they do indicate the unusual fuel, tire and oil economy Essex gives.

But there is no variation in its endurance or performance. All have the same sturdy, enduring qualities. All have the speed and reliability which won all records for cars of its motor size from 1 to 50 hours.

So the charm of performance, riding ease and dependability that you find in your Essex is identical with that which accounts for the steadfast satisfaction of nearly 50,000 owners.

(210)



(Concluded from Page 99)

get me, and I know that I've got to go back with him to that place, and I wake up sweating and crying like an eight-year-old kid. If he ever really came it would put a crimp into me, Jack.

"You say I'm a butterfly. And I say, yes, Jack, thank God I am! I used to be a grubworm, and now I'm a butterfly, praise heaven!

"Well, that's the guy I hold the grudge against, and that's why I'm fool enough to rush into every pleasure I can find. I don't know that I'll ever change. And as for the man, I don't ever want to see him. I don't know that I'd ever do anything to him if I did—beat him to death with a butterfly's wing, or blow him up with a soap bubble, as you suggested. Let him alone. He'll punish himself. He is punished by being what he is. I wouldn't put a breath into the scale one way or the other—not even a puff of cigarette smoke."

He blew a breath of cigarette smoke luxuriously out of his nose as he finished, and then he remarked, "Let's go somewhere and dance."

"Nazimova is doing Ibsen uptown," suggested Jack, "and I have a couple of tickets. Let's go and see Ibsen Ib a little."

"Nope," said Tommy. "Ibsen's got too much sense. I want something silly. Me for a cabaret, or some kind of a hop garden."

■

BUT sometimes in this ironical world it happens that we have already beaten a man to death with a butterfly's wing, slain him with a bubble, sent him whirling into the hereafter on a puff of smoke, even as we are saying that such a thing is foreign to our thoughts.

The old party in the room next to Tommy's at the hotel had arrived the day before, with an umbrella, a straw suitcase and a worried eye on either side his long, white, chalkish, pitted nose. He seemed chilly in spite of his large plum-colored overcoat, of a cut that has survived only in the rural districts. He wore a salient, assertive beard, that had once been sandy and was now almost white, but it was the only assertive thing about him. His manner was far from aggressive.

An hour after he had been shown to his room he appeared at the desk again and inquired timidly of the clerk, "There's a fire near here?"

"Little blaze in the next block. Doesn't amount to anything," said the clerk.

"I heard the—the engines," said the guest apologetically.

"Doesn't amount to anything," said the clerk again. And then, "Nervous about fire?"

The old party seemed startled.

"Who? Me? Why should I be nervous about fire? No! No! No!" He beat a sudden retreat. "I was just asking—just asking," he threw back over his shoulder.

"Old duck's scared of fire and ashamed to own it," mused the clerk, watching him out of the lobby.

The old party went back to his room, and there one of the first things he saw was a copy of the Bible lying on the bureau. There is an organization which professes for its object the placing of a Bible in every hotel room in the land. The old party had his own Bible with him. As if reminded of it by the one on the bureau, he took it out of his suitcase and sat down and began to turn the leaves like a person familiar with the book—and like a person in need of comfort, as indeed he was.

There was a text in Matthew that he sought—where was it? Somewhere in the first part of Matthew's gospel—ah, here it is: The twelfth chapter and the thirty-first verse:

"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men . . ."

There is a terrible reservation in the same verse. He kept his eyes from it, and read the first part over and over, forming the syllables with his lips, but not speaking aloud.

"All manner of sin—all manner of sin——"

And then, as if no longer able to avoid it, he yielded his consciousness to the latter clause of the verse:

"But the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men"

What was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost? Could what he had done be construed as that? Probably if one lied to God in his prayers, that was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—one form of it. And had he been lying to God these last two weeks when he had said over and over again in his prayers that it was all a mistake? It hadn't been all a mistake, but the worst part of it had been a mistake.

He went out for his dinner that evening, but he was in again before ten o'clock. He could not have slept well. At two o'clock in the morning he appeared in front of the desk.

He had heard fire engines again.

"See here," said the night clerk, appraising him, as the day clerk had done, as a rube who had been seldom to the city and was nervous about fire, "you don't need to be worried. If anything should happen near here we'd get all the guests out in a jiffy."

The old party returned to his room. He was up early the next morning and down to breakfast before the dining room was open.

He did not look as if he had had much rest. The morning hours he devoted to reading his Bible in his room. Perhaps he found comfort in it. At noon he seemed a bit more cheerful. He asked the clerk the way to the Eden Musee, and was surprised to learn that that place of amusement had been closed for a year or two. The clerk recommended a moving-picture house round the corner. But it had begun to rain and snow and sleet all together; the sky was dark and the wind was rising; the old party elected not to go out after all.

He went back to his room once more, and his black fear and melancholy descended upon him again, and the old debate began to weave through his brain anew. For two weeks he had been fleeing from the debate and from himself. He had come to New York to get away from it, but it was no good. Just when he had made up his mind that God had forgiven him, and was experiencing a momentary respite, some new doubt would assail him and the agony would begin again.

The old debate—he had burned the store, with the living quarters over it, to get the insurance money, after having removed a part of the insured goods, but he did not regard that as an overwhelming sin. It wasn't right, of course, in one way. And yet in another way it was merely sharp business practice, so he told himself. For a year before that, when one of his buildings had burned through accident, he had been forced to accept from the same insurance company less than was actually due him as a matter of equity. Therefore to make money out of that company by a shrewd trick was in a way merely to get back his own again. It wasn't the sort of thing that a deacon in the church would care to have found out on him, of course. It was wrong in a sense. But it was the wrong that it had led to that worried him.

It was the old woman's death that worried him. He hadn't meant to burn her to death, God knows! He hadn't known she was in the building.

He had sent her on a week's visit to another town, to see a surprised cousin of his own, and it had been distinctly understood that she was not to return until Saturday. But some time on Friday evening she must have crept back home and gone to bed in her room. He had not known she was there.

"I didn't know! I didn't know!"

There were times when he gibbered the words to himself by the hour.

It was at midnight that he had set fire to the place. The old woman was deaf. Even when the flames began to crackle she could not have heard them. She had had no more chance than a rat in a trap. The old fool! It was her own fault! Why had she not obeyed him? Why had she come creeping back, like a deaf old half-blind tabby cat, to die in the flames? It was her own fault! When he thought of the way she had returned to kill herself there were moments when he cursed and hated her.

But had she killed herself? Back and forth swung the inner argument. At times he saw clearly enough that this incident joined on without a break to the texture of his whole miserable life; when he recognized that, though it might be an accident in a strictly literal sense that the old woman was dead, yet it was the sort of accident for which his previous existence had been a preparation. Even while he fiercely denied his guilt, or talked of it in a seizure of whining prayer that was essentially a lying denial, he knew that guilt there was.

Would he be forgiven? There were comforting passages in the Bible. He switched on the rather insufficient electric light, which was all the old hotel provided, for the day was too dark to read without that help, and turned the pages of the New Testament through and through again.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he was sitting on the edge of his bed, with the book open in front of him and his head bowed, almost dozing. His pipe, with which he had filled the room with the fumes of tobacco, had fallen to the floor. Perhaps it was weariness, but for a brief period his sharper sense of fear had been somewhat stilled again. Maybe it was going to be like this—a gradual easing off of the strain in answer to his prayers. He had asked God for an answer as to whether he should be forgiven, and God was answering in this way, so he told himself. God was going to let him get some sleep, and maybe when he woke everything would be all right again—bearable at least.

So he mused, half asleep.

And then all at once he sprang wide awake again, and his terror wakened with him. For suddenly in front of his half-shut eyes, coming from nowhere in particular, there passed a puff of smoke!

What could it mean? He had asked God for an answer. He had been lulled for a moment almost into something like peace, and—now—this puff of smoke! Was it a sign? Was it God's answer?

He sat up on the edge of the bed, rigid, in a cold, still agony of superstitious fright. He dared not move or turn his head. He was afraid that he would see—something—if he looked behind him. He was afraid that he would in another moment hear something—a voice!

He closed his eyes. He prayed. He prayed aloud. His eyes once closed, he scarcely dared open them again. After some minutes he began to tell himself that perhaps he had been mistaken; perhaps he had not seen smoke after all. Perhaps even if he had seen smoke it was due to some explicable cause, and not meant for him.

He greatly dared. He opened his eyes. And drifting lazily above the white pillow at the head of the bed was another puff of smoke.

He rocked back and forth upon the bed, with his arms up as if to shield his head from a physical blow, and then he passed in a moment from the quakings of fear to a kind of still certainty of doom. God was angry at him. God was telling him so. God would send the devil for him. There was no further doubt. He would go to hell—to hell! To burn forever! Forever—even as the old woman had burned for a quarter of an hour. He began to search through the pages of the Bible again, not for words of comfort this time, but in a morbid ecstasy of despair, for phrases about hell, for verses that mentioned fire and flames.

He did not need the concordance. He knew his Bible well, and his fear helped him. Consciousness and subconsciousness joined to guide his fingers and eyes in the quest.

"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming," he read in Isaiah, and he took it to himself.

"Yea, I will gather you, and blow upon you in the fire of my wrath, and ye shall be melted in the midst thereof," he read in Ezekiel.

He had a literal imagination, and he had a literal belief, and at every repetition of the word "fire" the flesh cringed and crawled on his bones. God! To burn! How it must hurt!

"And the God that answereth by fire, let him be God," met his eyes in the first book of Kings.

And it all meant him. Now and then over his shoulder would float another little puff of smoke; and once, lifting his head suddenly from poring over the book, he thought he saw something that moved and glinted like a traveling spark, and was gone.

He began to feel himself in hell already. This was the foretaste, that was all. Would he begin to burn even before he died? Did this smoke presage something of that kind? Would flames physically seize upon him, and would he burn, even as the old woman had burned?

Suddenly in his hysteria there came a revulsion—a revolt. Having reached the nethermost depths of despair, he began to move upward a little. His soul stirred and took a step and tried to climb He began to pray once more. After all, the Good Book did promise mercy! He began to dare to pray again. And he prayed in a whisper that now and then broke into a whine—a strange prayer, characteristic of the man.

"Oh, God," he cried, "you promise forgiveness in that book there, and I'm gonna hold you to it! I'm gonna hold you to it! It's down there in black and white, your own words, God, and I'm gonna hold you to it! It's a contract, God, and you ain't the kind of a man, God, to go back on a contract that's down in black and white!"

Thus he prayed, with a naïve, unconscious blasphemy. And after long minutes of this sort of thing his soul dared take another step. A faint, far glimmering of hope came to him where he groveled. For he was groveling on the bed now, with the covers pulled up to his head and his hand upon the open Bible. He found the courage to peer from beneath the covers at intervals as he prayed and muttered, and minutes passed with no more smoke. Had the smoke ceased? The sound of his own murmuring voice began to reassure him. The smoke had certainly ceased! It had been twenty minutes since he had seen it—half an hour!

What could it mean? That God was hearkening to his prayer?

An hour went by, and still there was no more sign of smoke. He prayed feverishly, he gabbled, as if by the rapidity of his utterance and the repeated strokes of his words he were beating back and holding at bay the smoke that was God's warning and the symbol of his displeasure. And the smoke had ceased to come! He was to be forgiven! He was winning! His prayers were winning for him! At least God was listening!

Yes, that must be it. God was listening now. The smoke had come as a warning; and he had, upon receiving this warning, repented. God had not meant, after all, that he was doomed irrevocably. God had meant that, to be forgiven, his repentance must be genuine, must be thorough—and it was thorough now. Now it was genuine! And the smoke had ceased! The smoke had been a sign, and he had heeded the sign, and now if he kept up his prayers and lived a good life in the future he was to be forgiven. He would not have to burn in hell after all.

The minutes passed, and he prayed steadily, and every minute that went by and brought no further sign of the smoke built up in him a little more hope, another grain of confidence.

An hour and a quarter, and he almost dared be sure that he was forgiven—but he was not quite sure. If he could only be quite sure! He wallowed on the bed, and his hand turned idly the pages of the Bible, lying outside on the coverlet.

More than an hour had gone by. Could he accept it as an indication that God had indeed heard him? He shifted himself upon the bed, and stared up at the ceiling through a chink in the covers as if through and beyond the ceiling he were interrogating heaven.

And lying so, there came a damp touch upon his hand, soft and chill and silent, as if it were delicately and ironically brushed by the kiss of Death. A sudden agony numbed his hand and arm. With the compulsion of hysteria, not to be resisted, his head lifted and he sat up and looked. Over the Bible and his hand that lay upon the open page there floated again a puff of smoke, and faintly staining his fingers and the paper itself was something moist and red. It stained his fingers and it marked with red for his straining sight this passage of Isaiah:

"The earth also shall disclose her blood."

It was then he cried out, "Oh, God! God! Again! You meant it, then, God! You meant it!"

VI

IT WAS nearly midnight when Tommy and his friend Dobson returned to the hotel. "Your paper's been trying to get you for an hour, Mr. Hawkins," said the night clerk when they came in. "Story right in the next room to yours. Old party in there hanged himself."

"So?" said Tommy. "Ungrateful old guy, he is! I put in the afternoon trying to cheer him up a little."

"Did you know him?" asked the clerk.

"Nope," said Tommy, moving toward the elevator.

But a few moments later, confronted with the grotesque spectacle in the room upstairs, he said, "Yes—I—I know him. Jack! Jack! Get me out of here, Jack! It's Uncle Ezra, Jack! He's—he's come for me!"

As has been remarked before, sometimes even a bubble may be a mordant weapon.

SIXTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

The new way to judge car values

Before you buy, read our booklet, "New or Renewed—Which?" Sent free

BUYING a motor car nowadays necessitates a new consideration. One that has grown through the years, yet which has never been so completely solved as now.

A new régime is due to the Nordyke & Marmon Company, which long since won a coveted place in the engineering world. And among discriminating motorists for the intrinsic goodness of the Marmon 34. Now this company sets the pace in policy-making in the motor industry.

For it is the first of the great builders to offer its renewed cars to the public under a nation-wide policy, established by its executives and subscribed to by its distributors.

Thus we present a rare and remarkable opportunity to motor-car buyers. We make it possible for thousands to own a finer car at a lower price.

Stabilized investment, the secret

OF course few makers have an opportunity like this. For the Marmon 34, announced in 1915, brought new principles of stabilized design and advanced engineering.

As a result, any Marmon of the 34 Series, whether built in 1920 or during the past five years, includes the same basic principles, and the same careful craftsmanship.

And it is a remarkable commentary on fine building that any Marmon 34, of whatever year of the series, when completely renewed by an authorized Marmon distributor, has practically the appearance and the stamina of a new car. *But no new car of like price offers such values.*

That is the very reason that there has grown to be a great demand for renewed Marmons.

The knowing buyer thinks less of its year, but more of the Marmon 34 as a Series.

The situation today

THERE are several anxious buyers for every new Marmon 34 being built. And there is by no means an overage of renewed Marmon 34's.

In fact, a renewed Marmon 34 is extremely difficult to obtain in some territories. For the supply depends almost entirely upon the release of a Marmon 34 by an owner who is about to receive his new Marmon. Furthermore, the Marmon way of renewal takes time.

For delivery *today*, there are relatively few renewed Marmon 34's available throughout the country. But *you* can be one of the fortunate possessors if you visit an authorized Marmon distributor at once, or write direct to us.

A new way to choose

THE first booklet issued by our renewed car department is entitled "New or Renewed—Which?" It discusses the situation which confronts you. It gives you the opportunity of deciding whether, for an equal price, you prefer a new car or a renewed Marmon 34.

This booklet shows how carefully renewal is accomplished. It shows what you obtain from an authorized Marmon distributor. It differentiates between haphazard, second-hand practices of "rebuilding" and the Marmon plan of renewal.

Seek such information now

HUNDREDS of discriminating buyers are now taking advantage of the Marmon idea. For it means a long-life car at a saving, both initially and thereafter. It means a luxurious car at a moderate car price. It means the utmost in satisfaction, and continued pride of ownership.

Ask a Marmon distributor or write us for this booklet now, "New or Renewed—Which?" before you make a choice. For it involves a serious discussion that no serious buyer can afford to disregard.

The MARMON 34

Pennant Awarded Nordyke & Marmon Co. Nov. 1, 1918, by United States Government Bureau of Aircraft Production, for Oct. Competition. Permanently Awarded Nov. 16.

CHAMPION LIBERTY MOTOR BUILDER

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Established 1851 INDIANAPOLIS

BURROUGHS AND

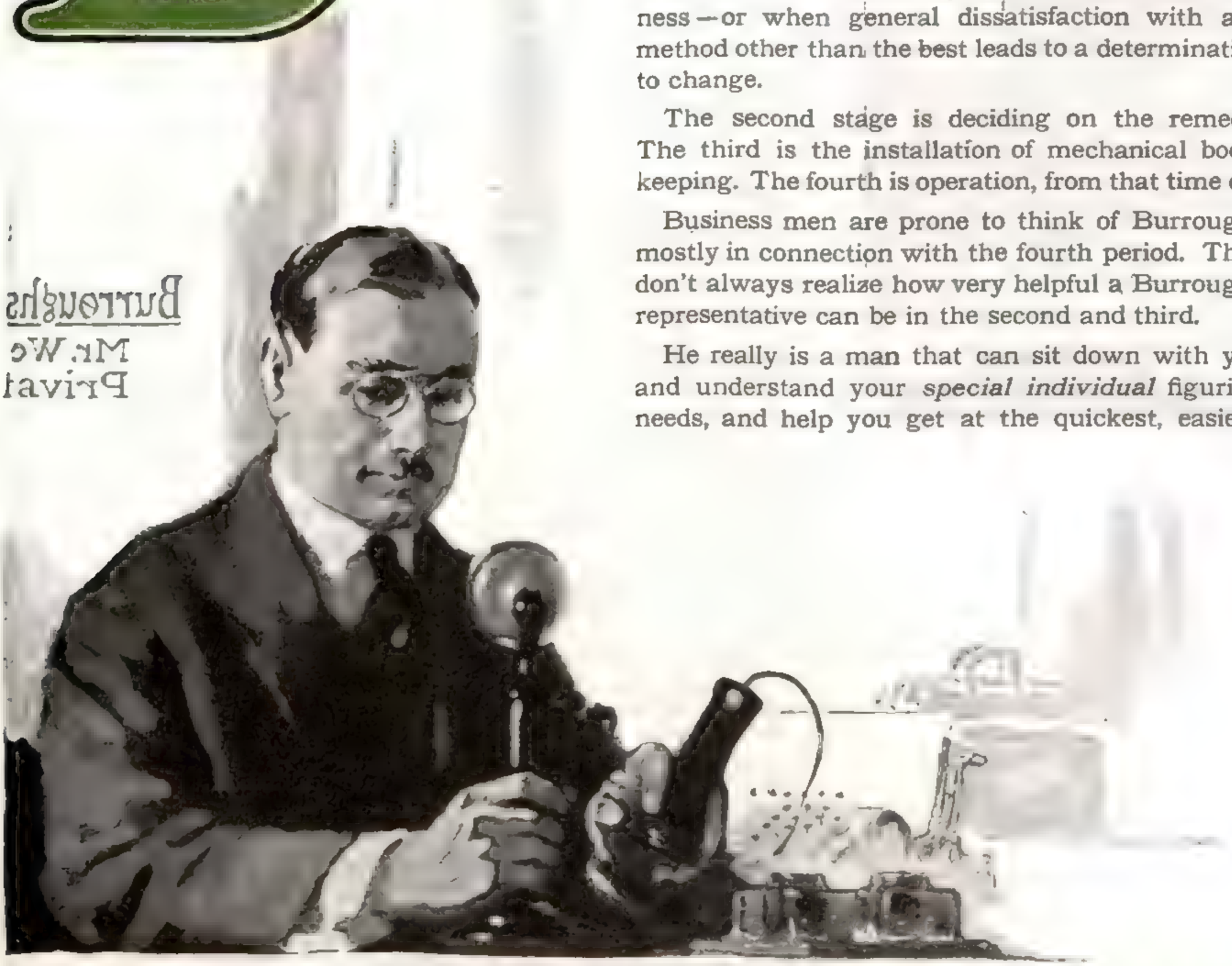
From many years of intimate association with business, we've found that most concerns go through four successive stages before they get their bookkeeping on a really satisfactory operating basis.

The first is the stage when more or less old-fashioned methods are used, leading up to the time when delay in getting balances and statements, or inaccuracy, or overwork finally convinces somebody that hand work can't keep up with a growing business—or when general dissatisfaction with any method other than the best leads to a determination to change.

The second stage is deciding on the remedy. The third is the installation of mechanical bookkeeping. The fourth is operation, from that time on.

Business men are prone to think of Burroughs mostly in connection with the fourth period. They don't always realize how very helpful a Burroughs representative can be in the second and third.

He really is a man that can sit down with you and understand your *special individual* figuring needs, and help you get at the quickest, easiest,



ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

YOUR BUSINESS

and *most economical* way to put your accounting in the shape you'd like to have it.

Nine times out of ten he can give you an immediate answer fresh from the actual experience of others in similar lines of business. The tenth case may present some individual peculiarities, but that is just the kind of thing Burroughs enjoys, and our years of experience fit us pre-eminently to make just those changes in standard equipment which will fit unusual situations.

Any way you look at it, you can't lose and you are likely to gain much in both time and ultimate saving in operation by taking your figure problems up with a Burroughs representative at the start.

Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating Machines are of many sizes and styles. There is a machine for every figure need in any business, large or small.

You'll find the address of the nearest Burroughs office in your telephone book, by inquiring at your bank, or you can get in touch with it by writing the Home Office at Detroit, Michigan.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

THE ZERO HOUR

(Continued from Page 27)

through, and many a Western road considered itself more than passing fortunate if it held upon its rails seventy-five to eighty per cent of the cars represented by its ownership. At the same time, most of the Eastern roads were holding 115 to 125 per cent of ownership cars—were holding them rather than moving them.

The automobile industry was perhaps the hardest hit of all. This is the season of the year when it most needs cars—particularly box cars. Yet it is both wise enough and patriotic enough to realize that it is far more essential to national progress to use box cars for the movement of grain than for that of motor cars, and has quickly adapted its own transportation necessities to the general necessities of the moment. It already has had a considerable experience of this sort.

Three or four years ago, when the actual wartime situation thrust the movement of automobiles, save those built for army service, well down in the priority sequences of the railroads, the big Michigan builders began a movement of hundreds of brand-new cars each night on freight boats from Detroit through to Cleveland and to Buffalo, from whence they could proceed under their own power to destinations as far east as Maine and as far south as the Carolinas.

To-day three or four ancient passenger steamers of the Great Lakes have been refitted for this service solely, with the new cars standing tier upon tier and deck upon deck, closely nosed to one another. There is good use to-day for such craft—and others. The levee loungers of St. Louis have seen great flatboat barges depart from that ancient quay within the past few weeks, propelled by tugs and lined with hundreds of new automobiles, the product of the new assembling factories in the Mound City, and bound for a dozen or more river points from whence in turn they will proceed, also under their own power, to points many miles in the interior of the country.

Eighteen Months of Delay

Ingenious, however, as these transportation methods may be, they are neither efficient nor economical. Even the motor truck pressed into long-distance service is not efficient or economical in that sort of movement. Yet bargeloads of motor cars are eloquent—even though silent—witnesses to our transportation paralysis. They bespeak more truly than newspaper headlines the success of the outlaw strike of our railroad switchmen.

Yet outrageous as it may seem to be and as it really is, this very outlaw strike came as the logical result of official stupidity and procrastination. Eighteen months ago—in January, 1919—the various groups of railroad employees, appalled—as was every other form of worker—by not only the steady but the extremely rapid increase in living costs, made applications for wage raises, the so-called billion-dollar increase. So did other forms of labor ask for wage raises, and got them.

The applications of the railroad workers are still, on the day this is written, under consideration—after eighteen months. They have been eighteen months of folderol and fripperies theorists and so-called experts mulling over tons of statistics and facts and then arriving nowhere whatsoever. The Railroad Administration, even though it continued in full control of our carriers for fourteen months after the wage applications had been filed, passed the buck. The recently created Railroad Labor Board, sitting out at Chicago, is going over all the testimony again; making solemn and voluminous proceedings of a business that might be decided, tentatively at least, in a week of real work.

In the meantime, in these slowly moving eighteen months, what came to pass? In San Francisco, in Portland, in Seattle, in half a dozen other West Coast cities where the wages of unskilled labor reach a high figure, the switching crews had the exquisite pleasure of shunting cars at $4.50 for an eight-hour day into shipyards and other industries where the commonest and most unskilled forms of labor were receiving six and seven and eight dollars a day for the same amount of labor. I do not maintain that shifting box cars is a particularly expert form of labor, yet at the least it is a fairly hazardous one—the actuaries of the insurance companies will assure you as to that—and it is a fairly responsible one too. The claim agents of the railroads themselves will bear full witness as to that. They know to their own great sorrow that a box car filled with breakables cannot be batted back and forth like a gondola of coal or a flat filled with steel angle iron.

"Responsible, did you say?" snorted the brotherhood engineer of a switcher in an Eastern yard one day recently across his cab as he poked into a siding and pulled out one of John Ringling's long circus trains. "You'd think it was responsible if you'd see the amount of signing off I have to do for this trick before I can cart her out of the roundhouse. They're right too. She may be eleven years old—you can see that by the maker's plate there over the steam chests—but she's worth a good $25,000 in the open market to-day, and I'm responsible for her—for $5.60 a day—while the fatheads that are up on Main Street manicuring the cobblestones for the city fathers are getting six dollars—and no responsibility whatsoever."

Here are two of the reasons why I have called the walkout of the railroad switchmen one of the simplest and the most logical of all the strikes in the country. The eighteen months of procrastination in coming to a decision in this railroad-wage matter is a third and a far greater one. That the switchmen should have walked out and so crippled our vital transportation industry at this time I am not prepared either to condone or to forgive. But that is not germane to the humanness of the strike itself. The adroitness of the conduct of the fight—the pulling out of a few men here to-day and a few men there to-morrow and a few men in the other place day after to-morrow, never enough to bring actual governmental interference but always enough to bring a paralysis of car movement and so in turn a partial paralysis of our industrial and social life—is not to be easily forgiven.

For remember that the switchmen were not the only aggrieved parties to this situation—this seemingly impossible situation, but one that has quickly become an actuality. Other forms of railroad labor are suffering quite as much if not more from official procrastination.

A passenger trainman rode with me across northern Idaho.

"Don't you go putting any pieces in your paper," said he, "saying that all of the train crews are making the big money. A few are, but they are mighty few."

Inequalities in Pay

He swung quickly to his own case. He was on his run—across three states—from Spokane, Washington, to Paradise, Montana—seven days a week, 365 days out of the year. For this he was pulling down about $150 a month—$120 for his straight time and the other $30 as overtime. Roundabout him in his home town of Spokane carpenters were getting $1.25 an hour and plumbers $1.50—and working five and a half days a week, or at the most six. They all owned cars, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays went fishing. The brakeman had not been fishing in more than two years. He told me so, and I believed him. If you interview enough men in the course of a twelvemonth you will come quite quickly to know the kind that you can believe. It is sort of written in their faces.

"Seven days a week and with two gardens one at each end of the run—and I make out—nothing more," he continued. "Last night my wife and I went down to the market and we bought pork chops. There were six of them—none too many for the three mouths to be fed at home—and the measly things cost me sixty cents—at the rate of forty-five cents a pound. We allow ourselves meat three times a week, not more often."

Somehow, even though it might have the fervent approval of some of our really high-brow hygienists, I do not like that idea of an American workingman able to have meat but three times a week. It doesn't seem quite American. And even though it might be admitted that the job of a passenger trainman, though long-houred, was not particularly strenuous, it would seem necessary that a fireman freight or passenger—on a coal-burning locomotive ought to be able to get away with meat not three times a week but three times a day.

On a test train which recently ran across Wyoming, the husky boy with the shovel tossed 6000 pounds of coal an hour from the tender into the fire box. The run was six hours long. If you do not even yet get the conception of his job, go down into your cellar, find that there are eighteen tons of coal there, and then shovel it from one side of the cellar to the other—in six hours. Repeat the entire process three or four times in the course of a week, and then write and tell me which you had rather fire on—a coal burner, an oil burner or one of those big electric locomotives up on the Milwaukee, where the fireman's chief job is to keep awake against the lazy droning of the motors to be prepared in the always-possible emergency that he may have to take control of the craft.

The Railroad Labor Board—may—and probably will—hand down substantial increases in the pay of the rank and file of the men who actually operate the trains of our roads. It cannot, and will not, alter the conditions of their labor; and the rub still remains—a hard rub indeed.

Theory and Practice

Here is a final instance or two of what I mean:

From one point in California to another, 170 miles distant, is a typical operating division of one of the biggest roads in our Southwest—a little longer than typical Eastern operating divisions in fact. It is provided that freights moving from the one to the other shall do so at the average rate of twelve and a half miles an hour, which means thirteen hours and thirty-six minutes for the division. That therefore becomes its official running time. Anything beyond that fairly good lapse of continuous labor is paid for as overtime pro rata. In other words, the train crew is paid the same figure for its sixteenth hour of continuous service as for its first one—and the incentive for the railroad to cut down its overtime is gone.

That is why the rank and file of railroaders are fighting so strenuously to gain time-and-a-half pay for their overtime beyond a basic eight-hour day. It is the only way that they see for bettering their actual conditions of labor—for getting in that occasional fishing trip or the journey with the wife over the hills in the long-distance jitney.

Let us translate this more definitely and more intimately, and come to the exact testimony of a Great Northern fireman operating out of Havre up in northern Montana. He speaks—under the promise of no revelation whatsoever as to his identity—with great frankness. It is not easy for a railroader to speak frankly, particularly to a stranger. But this man—he is a keen, upstanding American of the best type—speaks to you through me, with absolute frankness. He begins with one or two observations as to the rank and file of railroaders in general to-day.

"When I started in this game," he says, "the men I worked with were mostly single and had neither dependents nor home ties. Their conversation consisted mainly in stories of the road, whose location wandered from Portland, Maine, to Seattle or to Winnipeg—the Peg—to Pocatello, to New Orleans or to San Francisco. Conductors in charge of a train were very rarely men who had been made upon that road; seniority did not mean much; men went from job to job as their fancy dictated. They tell a story up in this country about a conductor and an engineer that will illustrate my point.

"You will begin by understanding that the rules of this road, as well as of all others, provide for a standard watch—a watch that has been passed upon by a qualified and registered watch inspector. There is also a rule that the conductor must compare time with the engineer before starting out upon any trip. In each division office there is a watch register, and every watch must be compared with the standard clock and any difference between them noted upon the register. The rule states specifically that no watch can be called correct that is even thirty seconds away from the standard clock. Now then:

"This freight conductor over in the eastern end of the state came to the engineer with his orders and handed them up into the cab. After the engineman had finished reading them the conductor asked him: 'What time have you got?' The engineer grinned and replied: 'What time have you got?' This time the conductor grinned. He reached down into his overcoat pocket and pulled out one of the small watches that are advertised across the land as having made the dollar famous. 'Seven-forty-five,' said he with great gravity. His friend, the engineer, also assumed solemnity, then pulled a nickel-plated alarm clock out from under his seat. 'You're right, Tim,' said he—'right to the minute.'

"Those days are past. It takes longer to-day to get a regular run on most roads than it takes for a lawyer or a doctor to complete his college course. Seven years is about the quickest time to a run that amounts to anything. The railroader of to-day takes his work seriously, settles down and tries to be a good citizen instead of the old-time boomer—the slang phrase for the former itinerants—that once filled up the business, and not in any way to its credit. But it's pretty hard under the sixteen-hour law and the Adamson Law which was supposed to provide a real eight-hour day, and really never did anything of the sort. If we get in at four o'clock in the afternoon we don't know whether we are going out again at eight o'clock the next morning or eight o'clock the same evening. The one thing is just as apt to happen as the other. And how can friend wife count upon her evenings with us at the movies?

"Let me be still more specific. Let's stretch that sixteen-hour day, of which I was just speaking, into a good practical workday. Let us say that we will call you on the first day of the month for First Number 401 bound west out of Havre here. We will slip you 2450 tons and Mallet Articulated Compound Number 1801, and make the start at sharp four in the afternoon. Our lad at the fire box gets sick over at Gilford and we tie you up there—on credit. In other words, you were four hours and thirty minutes getting to Gilford, and yet your time didn't count after getting your tie-up message—not until you are called once again. If by that time you are hungry or sleepy it is not the Great Northern's fault. It is following the rules of the game, just as every other road across the land is following them."

A Federal Rest

"Five hours later a train comes along and a relief fireman gets off. You make a fresh start at your trip. You still have eleven hours and thirty minutes to go out of your sixteen hours of actual on-duty trick. Now see how you go it: While doing some switching at Chester you get a car off the track. After that your engine bursts a flue and dies. They release you once more—again on credit—and until four o'clock in the morning. At nine along comes another engine, and you are called once again. You still have eight hours to work. Everything goes all right until you get to Shelby. You get a message there at two in the afternoon to do some switching. The conductor tells the dispatcher that if he stops to do this work the sixteen-hour law will get him before he gets in. The division superintendent butts in and says: 'We will give you credit for being off the track two hours at Chester, and that will give you plenty of time.'

"You cannot beat out the old D. S. He was born to the game. You arrive at Cut Bank at seven o'clock on the evening of the second, having complied with the law—technically at least—and are ordered to deadhead back to Havre on Number Two—leaving in fifteen minutes. You probably have a chance to get just a bite to eat before slipping on Number Two. It is snowing hard—is in the dead of the Northern winter in fact—and Two has a time of getting to Havre. It is six hours at least before you swing down in front of the depot there. Before you ever have a chance to get into the depot the call boy meets you, and as you have had your Federal rest—eight hours curled up on a seat in a day coach—he wants you for First Number 403 to go right back to Cut Bank again.

"Exaggeration? Not one bit of it! I have been myself four days making the trip that I have just described to you, so

(Continued on Page 108)

THE first, and the dominant, appeal of the PREMIER is the unobtrusive beauty of the car as a whole. And, this impression of artistic fitness in every part is entirely confirmed when one comes to study the car in detail.

Take, for instance, the magnetic gear shift, which adds so very much to the ease, comfort and safety of motoring. By means of this gear shift, the extraordinary flexibility of the aluminumized motor is supplemented and completed. This device permits a pre-selection of the gears, against a possible emergency in congested traffic, or on the open road in hill country. If, as now and then happens, the need to shift gears does not after all arise, a touch returns the control lever to its former position. Meanwhile, the driver, without loss of poise, sits at ease, keeping undisturbed his view of the road.

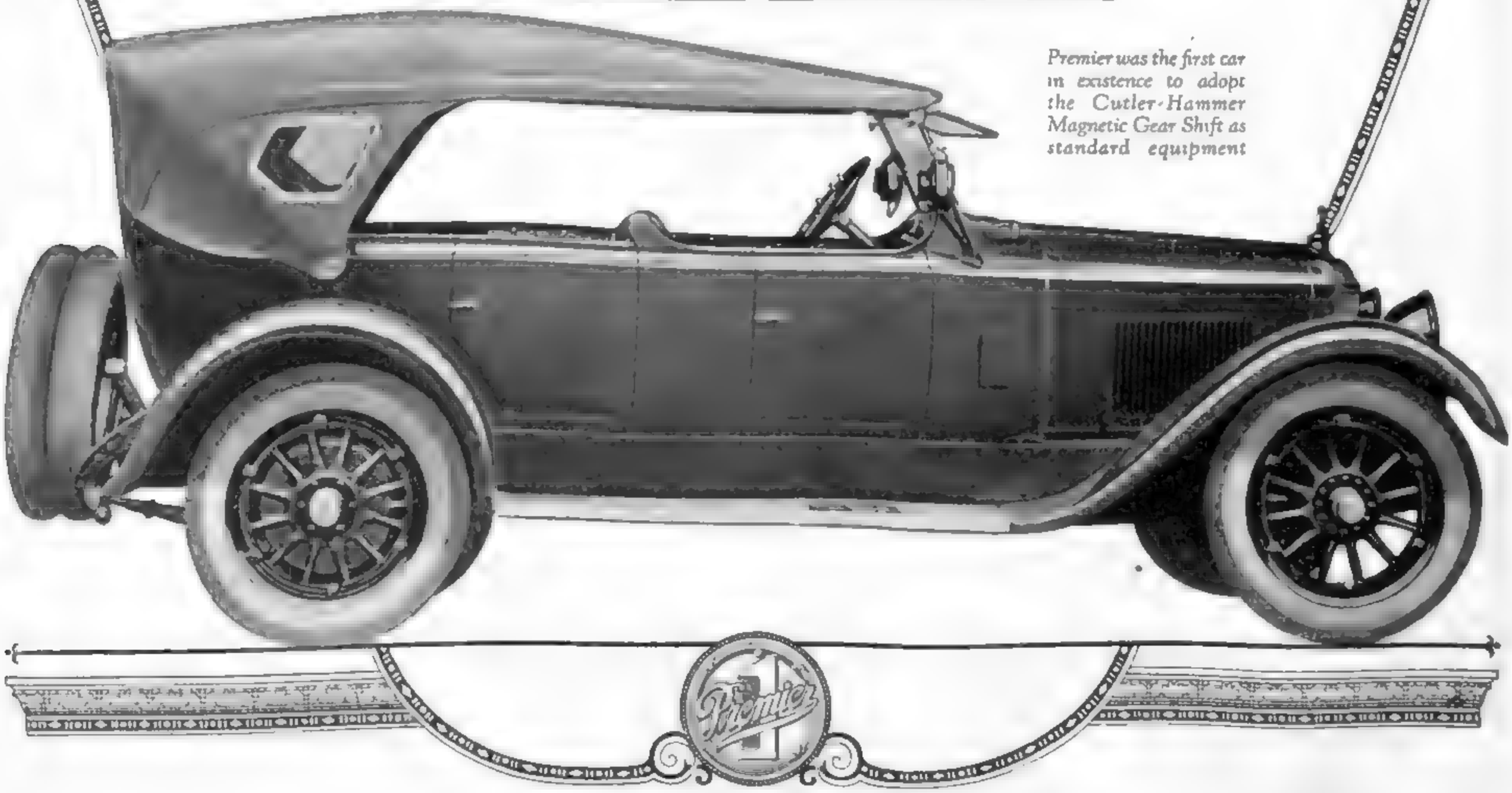
This magnetic gear shift, with which the PREMIER is exclusively equipped, appeals instantly to the woman who, by choice, not infrequently drives her own car. It is, however, only one of many refinements, mechanical and decorative, that give the PREMIER distinction, when compared with even the finest of European importations.

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS—U S A

THE ALUMINUM [illegible] WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT



Premier was the first car in existence to adopt the Cutler-Hammer Magnetic Gear Shift as standard equipment

Note What These Artists Say
"Having tested instruments of
manufacture both in this and
we unhesitatingly pronounce the Conn
phone to be in better tune, to play easier,
possess a more beautiful tone with greater vol-
ume of the same, and to be of superior mechan-
ical construction than any saxophone on the
market today. That much of the phenomenal
success of the Sousa Saxophone Sextette during
the past transcontinental tour is due to the use
of Conn instruments goes without saying."
May 20, 1920.
Sousa Band Saxophone Sextette
H. Benne Heaton, Soloist
Andrew Jacobson, Tenor
Albert A. Knecht, Alto
Arthur Rosander, Baritone
Chas. Weber Jr., Bass
All The Big Artists Use Conn Saxophones
THE world's most celebrated artists use Conn Saxophones exclusively. Testimonials from all parts of the world received daily. Conn Saxophones possess improvements not found on any other make.
Cultivate Your Musical "Bump"
You can learn to play a tune on the Conn Saxophone in one hour's time. The most popular instrument of the day—can be used any place. Write for free book containing valuable information on musical instruments. Every musician should have this book. Just mention the instrument in which you are interested. Free trial—easy payments.
C. G. Conn Ltd.
Agencies in all large cities
Tom Brown

(Continued from Page 106)

you see that I could have made my illustration both longer and broader and thicker. If you think that I have exaggerated, stay in your office some day sixteen hours at a stretch, then get on the day coach of a local train, ride eight hours and cut in for another sixteen hours of office work—preferably at writing a railroad article."

I have let this man close the argument for the railroad employee. He puts it in its full strength, and I think that he puts it well. No fair-minded American wants American labor poorly paid, and American railroad labor—upon which so much of our life and property is absolutely dependent—least of all. It has been a sort of tradition in this country that railroad labor should be paid less than similar labor in other industry—just why I never could quite understand, unless it be for the fact that railroad labor up until a comparatively recent time has been a little more loyal to its calling than the labor of some other industries that might easily be mentioned specifically. The variety of the business, the opportunities for travel and experience that it gave have been real factors in holding its wages very slightly yet very perceptibly under normal levels, and in the same way have been factors in holding it back against normal industrial progress.

Attitude Toward the Public

It has been estimated that for each $100,000,000 in railroad-wage advance at the present time it will be necessary to advance the rates approximately three per cent. The railroad operators say that they cannot absorb another cent of these advances from their present margins between income and outgo. Their average operating ratios are already close to ninety per cent, which is an unhealthy ratio, to put it mildly.

One of Director General McAdoo's first sweeping official acts—and one which followed closely upon the heels of his first general wage raises—was to increase freight rates, as well as passenger, a rough twenty-five to thirty per cent on the average. The increased freight rates which are pending as these paragraphs are being written provide for a further increase, varying in different sections of the land but in all averaged at twenty-eight per cent. If the railroaders get their billion-dollar wage increase—and the probabilities are that they will get the larger part if not all of it—there will be, according to the statement which I made but a minute ago, another thirty per cent. Yet the entire raises of the wartime and after-the-war periods will hardly total more than eighty-five per cent, which certainly compares quite favorably with increases in the same periods in white collars, in eggs, in butter, in wool clothing and some other more or less necessaries of our everyday life.

So I think it is fairly safe to prophesy that the railroaders will get by far the larger part of their desired raises in pay, which in turn will be promptly passed on to the consumer of railroad transportation—which means practically every American. But the average American is not going to do much complaining about that. He has lost his complaint voice for one thing—from violent overuse of late—and for another he does seem to recognize a sort of rugged justice in the demand of the rank and file of the railroaders.

But some of these Americans are going to ask a pointed question or two when the railroaders get their raises in pay. They are going to ask what of railroad efficiency of the sort of railroad efficiency that is directly traceable to and must emanate directly from the average railroad employee.

On a day not long ago I rode upon a branch-line train of the Oregon-Washington system of the Union Pacific from Chamberlain Prairie to Olympia, Washington. During the few minutes that we awaited the transferring of the baggage the small group of folk in the single day coach resolved themselves almost automatically into a mass meeting of protest against railroad service as it was being doled out to them at that moment.

Yet the protest was not against railroad service as one might once have heard it made. No one complained that there were not enough trains or that the trains were too slow or too poorly equipped. People in general realize the great operating difficulties with which the roads have been confronted. Without exception the complaints were against the railroad service as it was interpreted through railroad employees. A cripple said that the brakeman on the main line had not only been unwilling to help him with his package but that he had been impatiently abusive into the bargain. A gentle old lady, bound with her small granddaughter from the capital of Oregon to the capital of Washington, said that a ticket agent had refused to sell her the sort of ticket that she had asked for to Olympia, with the result that she was ticketless upon the branch, with eight miles of fare to pay and nothing to turn in for a refund.

A small matter, that eight miles, you say? Do you say that? Do you realize that it is small matters precisely such as this that have helped bring a world of enmity against our railroads in recent years? The gentle little old lady from Olympia will never bring a protest—formal at least—against the petty outrage of which she was the victim. But she becomes a potential enemy of our railroad structure, and multiplied here and there and everywhere across the face of the land an enemy capable of doing it no little damage.

One more direct evidence of railroad labor inefficiency in recent months and I am done for the time with this particular phase of the critical situation. In the great passenger station in St. Louis up to the time of the outlaw strike sixteen engines and switching crews were deemed necessary to handle the passenger traffic in and out of the shed. When the strike broke, and in St. Louis, as well as pretty much everywhere else, clerks and minor officers were drafted into emergency service as switchers, it was found that six engines and crews could and did handle the same number of passenger trains, and to all intents and purposes quite as efficiently. To which the brotherhood leaders who read this paragraph will reply that it was the policy of railroad executives during the twenty-six months of Federal control to load down the pay rolls with an excessive number of employees in order to make the earning sheets look as bad as possible.

In round numbers, the increase in railroad employees during government operation came to some 250,000. But I do not think that this increase is to be charged in any large measure to the railroad executives. I think that anyone who has watched the workings of the big Washington machine, with its perfectly consistent governmental desire of always having a great number of poorly paid workers rather than a small number of well-paid ones, can fathom the reason for the increase in the national railroad pay roll without much difficulty.

Against this growing mountain of individual inefficiency, many times multiplied, railroad executives, high and low, have labored—and not entirely without definite results. The president of one big Eastern line told me that in the first thirty days of private operation, and despite all his inherited handicaps of governmental red tape and inefficiency, he had succeeded in increasing the average daily movement of each of his freight cars from 25.4 miles on March first to 28.4 miles on April first.

The Box-Car Shortage

"When you realize that we have a little more than 100,000 box cars on this system," he explained, "you can see quickly that even a saving of one mile in the movement of each of them means the equivalent of 3000 more cars added to the system, and when we have saved an even three miles a day we have of course added 9000 more cars."

I asked this president what was the best that he had done, as well as what was the best that he might hope to do under any likely conditions of the immediate future.

"We hope and expect to reach thirty-five miles a day, or even better than that," was his prompt reply. "We once did get up to thirty-three miles before the Government took us over. With the expenditures of reasonably slight sums of money at certain terminal points we ought to make the thirty-five-mile mark without a very great deal of difficulty—and that despite the fact that the Government, which—taking us over—found three per cent of our cars in bad-order condition, returned a generous six per cent in that same useless or next to useless shape."

With thirty-five miles a day realized, that road, according to its president's own figures—and he is an unusually careful and experienced operating man who makes few mistakes in his figures or his predictions—ought to be gaining the equivalent of 30,000 cars, or nearly one-third added to the entire freight equipment. His road serves a great many coal mines and other industries in a fearfully congested area. Its long arms reach tidewater. It passes over great mountain ranges. These are all causes which add greatly to his operating problems. Roads like the Rock Island or the Burlington or the Milwaukee or the Union Pacific ought and probably will do far better under anything like normal operating conditions once again.

The box-car shortage on our American roads to-day is variously estimated at from 400,000 to 600,000 cars—or from one-quarter to one-fifth of the existing rolling stock of this sort. And even if the railroads were able to finance the construction of such a great new fleet of cars—at top-notch prices running from 100 to 150 per cent greater than in before-the-war days—it is extremely doubtful whether they would be able to get its delivery inside of five or six years. Some of the more prosperous roads which have already given orders for new cars either in their own shops or in the shops of outside builders are already finding this out. The very transportation congestion which they are endeavoring to solve by the construction of many thousands of new cars serves to slow up that congestion by its inability to make prompt delivery of raw material of every sort.

Eventually the railroaders may find their way through these problems. They have found their way in the past through even worse ones. A great shipbuilder in Seattle, with a remarkable record for the quick output of good steel cargo craft—he claims to have built one-eighth of the entire new American merchant marine—assures me that he is willing to put his great yard—now unused and idle—his staff and his own driving force into the building of freight cars in multiple. Undoubtedly there are other war-bride plants, now beginning to stand idle, which could quite readily be put to the same use.

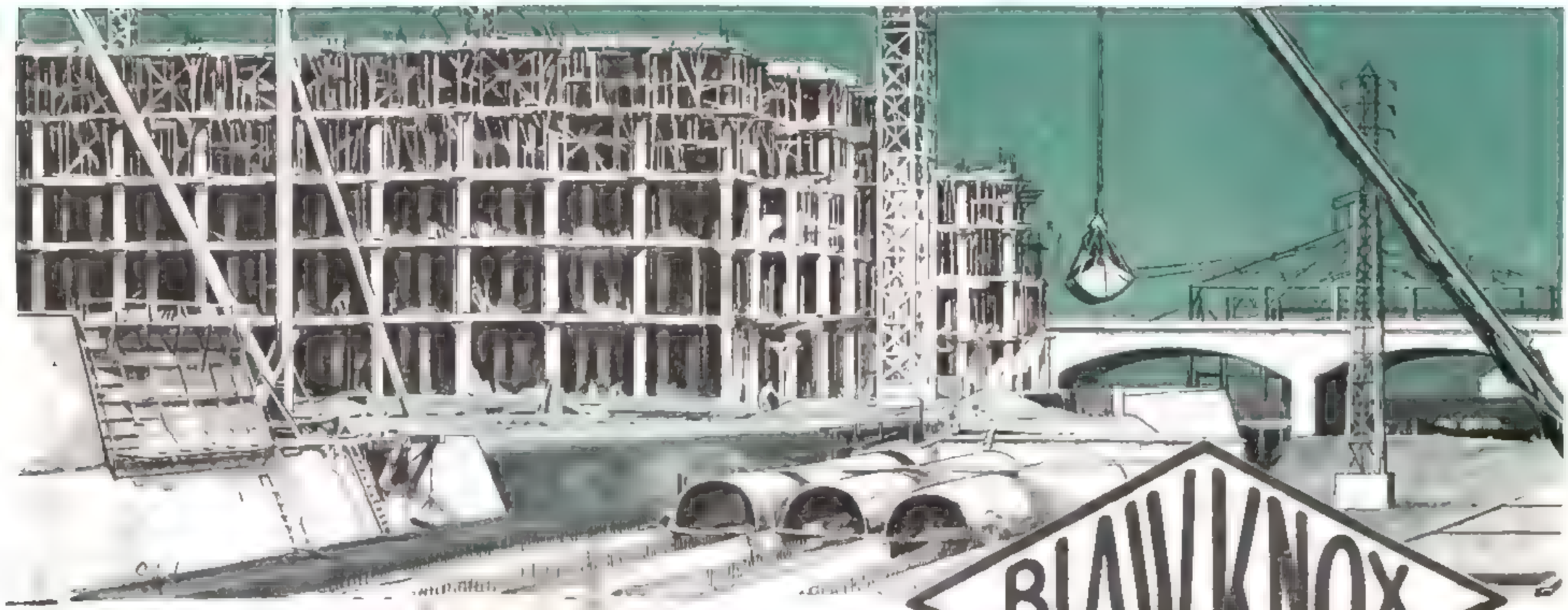
The Problem of Morale

In the meantime the immediate solution of the box-car problem seems to lie in the simple factor of a more intelligent and efficient operation of the present equipment—along the lines that we have just seen. The figures which have just been given, you will notice, were up to the beginning of the switchmen's strike—in the short single month that the operating railroaders enjoyed before they were plunged into a situation quite as bad if not even worse than that of the deadliness of government control. And yet one cannot escape the fact that the driving force of private operation has already begun to be a potent one—even against the paralyzing efforts of the adroit switchmen—when he sees that in the first four months of the present year—two of them under government operation and two under private—our roads moved 175,000,000 tons of coal as against but 141,000,000 tons in the first four months of last year—all under government control. The first figure would of course have been much higher if the April movement had not been slowed down by the strike. And the fact that there is a genuine and general shortage of coal at the mines, as well as a pretty complete depletion of all reserves by this time, is another factor not to go entirely unnoticed.

It is because of figures such as these that I am willing to put the labor problem of our railroads to-day—morale, if you please—for the moment quite ahead of their financial problem, save for the single question of money to meet that great increase in pay roll that is bound to be awarded in the not distant future. A good many Wall Street bankers will not agree with me, but the Wall Street bankers with all of their report-acquired railroad wisdom do not know. They have not ridden on branch-line trains and heard the passengers talk; have not had trainmen under the promise of no revelation whatsoever spill out their troubles; have not seen nine out of ten of those men pull out of their hip pockets the most recent copy of the widely circulated newspaper that has as its frankly stated object and purpose the furtherance of the Plumb plan and complete government ownership and operation of our railroad properties. Against such propaganda private ownership is doing nothing whatsoever. It is supine and helpless.

Through its higher executives, and its minor too—these last, remember always as

(Concluded on Page 111)



BLAW-KNOX

Construction—and Progress

BEFORE the first cloud of smoke rolls from the stack, before the first wheel can turn which is to start a product on its devious route from maker to user, before industry can thrive, there must come construction.

Before a public utility can serve, before a river may be bridged or tunneled, construction must combine material and plans—give form to thought. It is in this very field, the field of construction, that Blaw-Knox Company service stands pre-eminent.

Here is an organization whose every department is an efficient working unit in itself, each standing ready to give to the other the benefit of its specific knowledge. The business of this organization is to further progress by bringing to construction problems added economy, speed, accuracy and permanency.

Every product that bears the Blaw-Knox trade mark is the outgrowth of a need seen and met by Blaw-Knox Engineers. Hence the name Blaw-Knox is not associated so much with a product as it is with accomplishment—the doing of big things.

Realizing the costliness and inaccuracy of wood forms, Blaw-Knox Company gave to the field of concrete construction Blaw Steel Forms. Today they are universally used. They have materially aided in accomplishing projects from the building of roads, sidewalks and culverts to such feats as the Panama Canal and Catskill Aqueduct.

To the operators of high-temperature furnaces were given Knox Patented Water-cooled Appliances with which to combat the terrific heat which was hindering work and destroying materials.

Blaw-Knox Company tackled the problem of excavating, and the handling of loose bulk material. The result was the principle of Blaw clamshell buckets. This principle has been embodied in Blaw buckets for every type of service.

Blaw-Knox steel transmission towers were specially designed to carry high tension lines. There are built into them security and permanency. How well this is done is proved by the fact that none has ever failed.

To meet the needs of industrial housing, to bridge the gap between production and demand, Blaw-Knox Company fabricates heavy mill buildings and manufacturing plants. This company also offers Prudential Standardized Sectional Steel Buildings for quick expansion.

In producing plate work of all descriptions Blaw-Knox Company stands alone. It is the only manufacturer in the United States with facilities to weld plate by any one of the three modern methods—oxy-acetylene, electric, and forge-and-hammer using water-gas as fuel.

The scope of Blaw-Knox service is not limited by time, territory or expense. When you call in Blaw-Knox Company you have added a valuable department to your organization.

Blaw-Knox Company is so organized that each product is the work of a department of specialists. Added to this, the vast facilities of all other departments are available for bettering any individual product.

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and re-handling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tin, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc

PRUDENTIAL SECTIONAL STEEL BUILDINGS and "QUIXET" STEEL GARAGES.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass and Copper Furnaces; water-cooled standings, shields, and boshes for Sheet and Tin Mills.

FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

TOWERS—for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Offices in Principal Cities

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

eleven cubic inches of Velvet

GET all the fun—all the "velvet"—out of life. We pack *that* sort of Velvet into tins and sell it broadcast by the ton.

Nature smooths the "ifs," "buts" and "maybes" out of tobacco and leaves VELVET.

But that's only half of it.

We "bunch our hits" in Velvet: Choice, fragrant Burley "hearts." Curing in Kentucky sunshine. Two years' mellow ageing in wooden hogsheads.

Add it up and what do you find? Nature's best an' everything—sunny friendliness and the smoothest possible smoking.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

America's smoothest smoke

(Concluded from Page 108)

the single great driving force of our railroads as they are operating to-day—private ownership is struggling and struggling desperately to restore much of the old order of operation. It is making mistakes—serious ones, too, particularly those of the lack of coöperation and of a resumption of a competitive feeling in these critical moments—but its net results, even against long-continued strikes, are, as we have just seen, definitely favorable, even though not highly so.

But it still is a million miles or more away from its men. There is the real interpretation of this deadly strike, this industrial cancer which is slowly creeping upon the long-trained muscles of driving force in our railroad giant. Remember that in Minneapolis and roundabout there were but yesterday 55,000,000 bushels of grain that had no business to be there—at this season of the year. It should have been out of there many weeks ago. It would have been out, save for one thing—the lack of transportation. Remember again, 125,000,000 bushels more held back in Kansas and in Nebraska—for the self-same reason. The banks embarrassed, and the big wholesale houses of Chicago, the Twin Cities, St. Louis and Kansas City having their own troubles in making their collections from the country merchants in the grain belts, while the railroaders were sitting in the shade of the cars and reading the widely circulated propaganda paper of government ownership.

It was with a picture such as this firmly fixed in my mind that I came into Chicago on the eve of the Republican Convention firmly of the conviction that only a miracle could save our railroads from government intervention once again—which this time would mean almost inevitably government ownership and permanent control. The great gulf between the railroad employer and employee, the inherent weakness of absentee landlordism in far-flung properties showing itself as never before it had shown itself, the apparent utter inability of the executives to bridge that gulf and so bring back anything even remotely resembling old-time conditions in railroad service, the transportation débris and confusion coming out of the long-continued strike—each was a factor in framing that picture. It was not a pretty picture, particularly to one who has had and who still has a great pride in the American railroad system, and who possesses a faith that with proper vision and progress and simple human understanding it would again be brought to a place where it might once more lead American industry instead of steadily falling far behind it.

In Chicago I met a man who took a modicum of gloom out of the picture. He is a real executive—the president of an extremely rich and conservative and far-reaching and powerful railroad. He is of the new order of things in railroading, and being of the new order did not hesitate in a great emergency to do a new thing.

The New Commission

Always heretofore our railroads, bending and bending greatly under the fresh burdens piled upon their weakened backs—please remember that they never have broken; great strikes have closed steel mills and coal mines absolutely, but never the railroads—have patiently waited the interference of the shipper and his organization in their behalf. This man—his name is Hale Holden and he is the big upstanding president of the Burlington—did not wait this time. He took the bull by the horns and he took it hard. He found in a clause of the mass of recent Federal railroad legislation that he had a right to appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission for help in emergency; and while the governmental authorities, shippers and a good many railroaders sat round seemingly utterly impotent and helpless, Holden moved with great directness toward the appointment of a semi-governmental car-service commission, with full governmental powers and authority, however, to take hold of the situation.

This commission is already functioning, and is of most material help in the emergency situation. Toward the overcrowded elevators of the Minneapolis grain district it is already endeavoring to move from four to six hundred box cars daily, and most days making real success of the effort. To succeed it must have, despite all its governmental authority, a deal of real coöperation on the part of the shipper. This last it generally gets—but not always. Unfortunately selfishness is an inherent quality of the animal that we call man, which explains perhaps why it is hard for some men to give up box cars in order that other men may have them.

The automobile industry, as we already have seen, has coöperated by using other methods of transportation, some of them fairly ingenious. As a rule it has rendered this coöperation with great cheerfulness—in a good deal of the national spirit that characterized much of our industry in the wartime days. Once in a while it protests—just, I think, to get a protest or two off its chest.

A motor-truck manufacturer, whom I met in one of the big cities of the lower lakes, expressed his indignation that in a revival of priority regulations between the different classes of freight his product should have been classed with motor cars.

"We are making an essential transportation unit," said he with great dignity, and he was right.

Yet this manufacturer was a good sport—most of them are. A fortnight later, walking down Broadway near Columbus Circle, I saw a baker's dozen of his trucks coming toward his New York distributing depot. They were five-ton trucks, traveling under their own power, and upon the bare chassis of each was the chassis and engine of a three-ton truck, turned upside down for convenience in shipment.

Car-Hogs' Excuses

Sometimes the coöperation is of a much different sort. A local car-service committee in the Southeast, striving with all its might and main to make one box car do the work of three, found these steadily accumulating in a harborside city. When it had collected the facts in the case it went down to that community and asked its leading citizen to make a brief in its defense. He coughed a moment, cleared his throat and began.

"You see, our case is a little different from that of other industrial centers," said he. "Our prosperity is built upon a single industry, and that a seasonal industry—the manufacture of fertilizer. To move that product requires a lot of box cars, but only for two months in the year. To save our industry—and ourselves—we must begin accumulating cars a full four or five months before our shipping season."

Coöperation? Rats! Almost all of our industries are seasonal—in one sense or another. About the only one which is never seasonal—or regional—is human selfishness. That is on the job pretty much all the time.

The railroad operators—with the steady and consistent if not very enthusiastic aid of the brotherhoods—may yet win against the outlaw strike of the switchmen. For myself, I sincerely hope that they do. The other outcome would be deadly in its effect upon American industry. Yet if the long-continued strike is won by the railroads, it will not be an easy victory—be assured of that—perhaps not a victory at all. For not only are the outlaw switchmen adroit, well financed and apparently as strong at the time this article is written as at the beginning of the strike, but their battle has had the result of many men leaving the railroad industry for good and for all time.

A brotherhood engineer beaten up once or twice by a wrecking crew begins to lose his long-established love of railroading. Better wages await him elsewhere. To better wages he goes, and goes in great number. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers already has lost more than 3000 members—not so much to the so-called outlaw organization of the switchmen as to outside industry generally. There is approximately a similar number of defections in the firemen's brotherhood. Some 18,000 active members in good standing already have deserted the trainmen's organization. The entire railroad industry is rapidly being denuded of valuable personnel. Other industries are gaining its workers at greatly increased wages.

It is only a very shortsighted railroader indeed who would be willing to regard this crippled condition of the old-time brotherhoods with anything approaching equanimity. The farsighted executives of the craft regard the weakening of these great organizations of the service, with their possible entire breaking not so far in the distance, as serious phases of the situation indeed. For it is these very farsighted men who realize that for the moment at least the greatest problem of the railroads by far is that of morale.

For even if the present outlaw strike may be beaten the railroaders' morale problem will be but begun rather than ended. Remember that he is still a million miles or more away from his men. To reach them he has been singularly slow, even when he has shown any sort of real willingness.

I have heard the president of a great railroad complain, and complain bitterly, because he was not getting more than from forty to fifty per cent of the normal efficiency of the shopmen along his system. And yet there was not in a single one of his twenty or more shops one of the modern progressive methods such as are to-day fairly common to the machine shops of practically all the metal-working industries.

Labor managers? There were none. Shop committees? Shop stewards? What are those things, anyway? In the entire range of the country I only know of one railroad shop that has been progressive enough to adopt a shop-steward system, with which our English cousins are winning such evident success, and that is the shop of the Great Northern Railway at Great Falls, Montana, upon the very edge of the most radical labor belt in the land.

I am not saying that all of these new kinks in machine-shop operation are to be recommended without reserve. I make no claim toward expertness in railroad-shop conditions. But it does seem to me that if they were worth experimental trials by other progressive industries they were—and still are—worthy of a thorough trial by our railroad industry.

Here is another Hale Holden—this one operating an Eastern system, not perhaps to be compared with the Burlington in total mileage or total receipts, but mile for mile equaling its earning powers.

Tenure of Employment

"To my mind," says he, "one of the very greatest necessities of this entire labor situation is that the railroad should insure to its employee continuity of employment. The fear of losing a job is one of the greatest anxieties that can come to the salaried man, to say nothing of him who is paid only from week to week and may be laid off any Saturday at the convenience of his boss. That the present situation of labor shortage has made such fear less than in ordinary times is not germane to the situation. The point of the thing, as I see it, is that job continuity is a fundamental to which the man whom we dignify as an employee of our railroad is in all fairness and simple honesty entitled.

"How often have I seen a foreman promoted in one of our shops, and within ten days or a fortnight three or four heads go lopping off in his little bailiwick. I don't have to have reports to know what that means. When I do get them, and they are accurate, they tell me, even though between the lines, the real truth of the situation. Old jealousies and old quarrels are breaking out and are being settled, perhaps most unfairly, by the assumption of a brief authority.

"No one realizes more than I the necessity of a foreman having full authority over the men directly under him. But that does not mean that he should exercise that authority for a single moment in paying old grudges. Yet here is a situation that happens not merely now and then but time and time again in our railroad shops all across the land. It is one of the real factors in promoting such deep unrest in many of them, to say nothing of such direct economic problems as inefficient production and abnormal turnover."

These are all conditions that should not be so very difficult of solution by the average broad-minded railroad executive. That they have gone unsolved for so long is undoubtedly due to the fact that many of our executives have had several other things upon their minds in the past two or three years.

"Things on my mind?" shrieks one of them to me. "My boy, there hasn't been a quarter of a year down at Washington within the past six years—with the possible exception of some of that fearful time that the Government was trying to do our job for us—that there has not been from thirty to fifty railroad executives, each drawing from forty thousand to seventy-five thousand a year, sitting round at the behest of a group of eight or ten twelve-thousand-dollar men. Do you wonder that our railroads have suffered, and suffered grievously? We are not supermen, and we actually find it hard, therefore, to do more than eight or ten things at a single time."

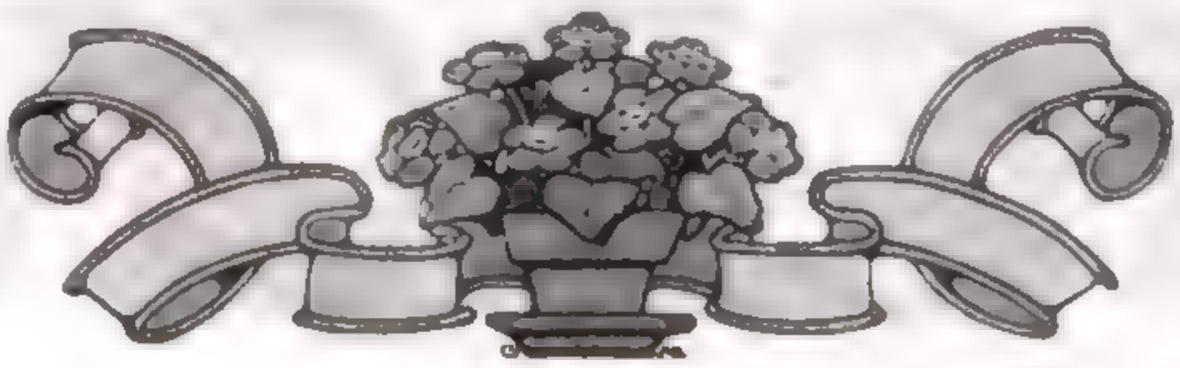
Why Not Get Together?

That was yesterday. This is to-day. To-day we have the assurance that our railroaders, under the all-wise legislation of a most benign Congress, will no longer require such steady dancing attendance on Washington. If this be true—and I think it may be—one of the first and biggest problems that should demand instant attention of the railroad president returning to the old desk is this vital one of its morale. Money he may obtain, and with it cars and engines and terminals and all the things that with these go. Yet morale is not so obtainable. It does not come either easily or cheaply. Money alone will not fetch it. Money may build the self-same cars and engines and terminals, but it is human sympathy and human understanding that go chiefly for the building of a real morale.

If I were to be asked for a simple and immediate yet practicable move toward the bridging between the employer and the employee on our railroads, I would suggest without a moment's hesitation that some one of the very hospitable presidents of the big Eastern roads, who happened to be a member, let us say, of the showy Metropolitan Club of New York, give a dinner—say, of forty or fifty or sixty covers. To that dinner he would bid his fellow executives, perhaps three or four representative members of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the eight or ten leaders of the chief railroad brotherhoods. There in the charm and in the sanctuary of hospitality this entire labor situation might be threshed out—perhaps with a sort of final definiteness, without the aid of lawyers or stenographers or reporters or witnesses—either expert or inexpert. The scheme would at least seem to be well worth the trial. If it finally failed there would be no great loss—save the price of the dinners, and the executives might still be able to find that in the pockets of their jeans.

There is, of course, no assurance whatsoever that all or any of the labor executives would accept even so informal and democratic an invitation. But I feel reasonably sure that some if not most of them would come. They could hardly afford to do otherwise. This is not a day for standing on stiff formalities—either by the employer or the employed. Compromise is in the air: cooperation has assumed a new value, and no man can afford to neglect either.

In the meantime it is indeed the zero hour for our railroads. Indeed, if it were not for the vision and the courage of some of the younger generation of railroad executives of the type of the men whom I have just quoted I should not hesitate to say that the thing had gone well beyond the balance. Even as it is, it may take a good deal of a modern miracle to save our roads from government operation. And if it should come to them, how much of a miracle would it require to save American industry, always and forever based upon and dependent upon rail transportation, from a similar debacle? That is the question that the American business man, big and little, should be asking himself this very day.



THE CROWN OVERALL MFG CO CINTIO UNION MADE

CROWN

THE WORLD WORKS IN CROWN OVERALLS

A GREAT part of the world's population spends six days a week working in Blue Indigo Denim. On high buildings and down deep in engine rooms — on the farms and the railroads — on land and sea — on this side the equator and the other — everywhere! You'll find them wearing Crown Overalls, because they're the biggest overall value in the world!

Fit—Weight—Service

Solid comfort tells the story of *Fit*. The scales, the story of *Weight*. The extra months, the story of *Service*. And four million satisfied wearers, the story of *Superiority*.

In Crowns you get the stoutest Denim, tough as leather. Sewed together never to tear apart. Double seams inside and out, reinforced at the points where the strains come. Whether it's rough work, dirty work, wet work, cold work, hot work—Crowns are there with the *service*.

Test them—see how they're made

Examine a pair of Crown Overalls. Put them to the severest test. The legs—they're big, roomy. The seat — it's wide, comfortable. The bib—it's broad and high. Wide suspenders, too. Buttons of brass that hold as if welded on. Pockets big, double-stitched—one for every purpose.

And every pair is guaranteed. Crown Overalls *must* prove satisfactory — a *new* pair free if they don't.

Union made—under right conditions

An entire floor of the great Crown factory is devoted to the comfort and welfare of Crown workers. Fresh air, sunlight and happiness abound. Crown employees love their work. Each one takes pride in aiming to make every garment better than the one before it. From such a spirit none but perfect garments can result.

Boys' overalls

Out of the same factory, out of the same cloth, made by the same expert hands, are these boys' and children's overalls. A sure enough, exact duplicate of the famous Crown System Overalls.

Crown All-In-Alls

For men who prefer a one-piece, big, roomy, form-fitting work suit that covers them head to foot, there is none better made in workmanship or materials than these Crown All-In-Alls.

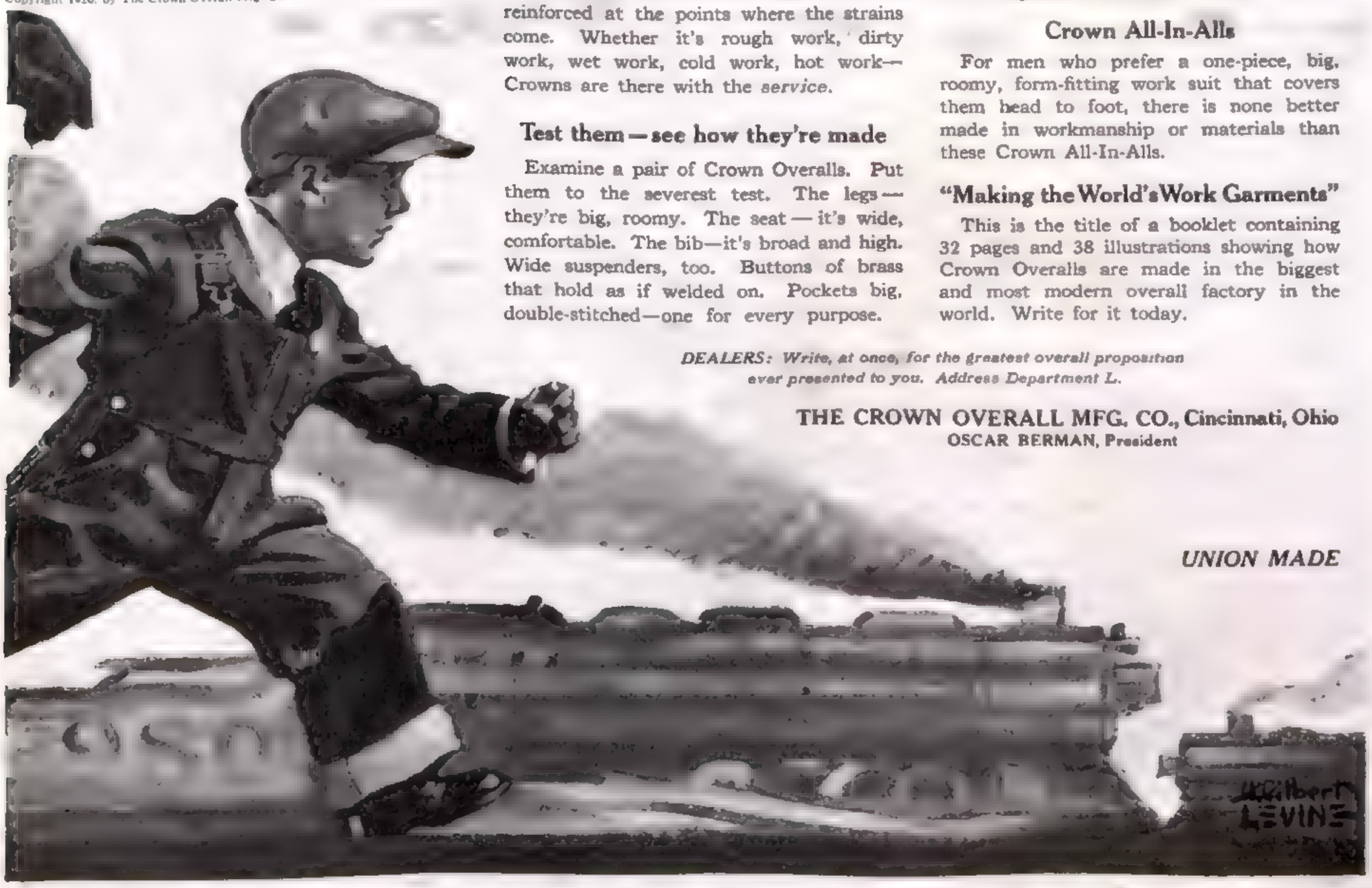
"Making the World's Work Garments"

This is the title of a booklet containing 32 pages and 38 illustrations showing how Crown Overalls are made in the biggest and most modern overall factory in the world. Write for it today.

DEALERS: Write, at once, for the greatest overall proposition ever presented to you. Address Department L.

THE CROWN OVERALL MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
OSCAR BERMAN, President

Copyright 1920, by The Crown Overall Mfg. Co



UNION MADE

OVERALLS

ADMIRAL KOLCHAK

(Continued from Page 36)

a speech in which he explained to them the absurdity and affront of their demand that officers surrender their arms. He told them how the Japanese had left him his sword as a mark of their respect for him after the capitulation of the fortress of Port Arthur, while they, his own sailors, with whom he had been together in battles and with whom he had shared equal dangers, demanded that he surrender his Sword of St. George, earned by him during battle in the Japanese War. But he would not permit them to offer him such an insult, and they would never get his sword from his hand, neither dead nor alive, and with that he flung his Sword of St. George far out into the sea.

The admiral's speech was most eloquent, and the officers and better men of the crew were profoundly stirred by it. Unfortunately, however, it had no effect upon the undeveloped, propaganda-spoiled mass of sailors. As some of the better sailors who were serving on the staff under my charge told me, the majority of the sailors reasoned in this manner: "What did he get angry for? Why did he not let us have his sword? What does he want it for, anyway, since he almost never carries it aboard ship? All the same it hangs in his locker, and in those cases when he would need it for the military reviews we would return it to him." The conscience of the average sailor was not yet sufficiently developed to understand that the sword is for an officer a symbol of his high calling, and that the confiscation of his sword is an insult to him.

Summoned to Petrograd

After this incident Kolchak sent a telegram to the president of the provisional government, Prince Lvov, declaring that he could not continue in command of the fleet and bear the responsibility for it, and that he therefore turned over the command to the next ranking flag officer. At the same time I called up by direct wire an officer of the naval staff of the supreme commander in chief and made to him a detailed statement of all that had transpired.

In the meantime the mob at the meeting on shore was raving and demanding Admiral Kolchak's and my arrest. The council of delegates succeeded in persuading the crowd to leave the question of our arrest to the decision of a meeting of representatives of ships' and regimental committees which was to be held on the following day. Yielding to the demand of the meeting, the council of delegates appointed a commission of twelve to be present at the surrender of his post by the admiral. About midnight the admiral summoned his next ranking flag officer, Rear Admiral Lukin, and turned over to him the post of fleet commander, while I transferred my post of chief of staff to my next ranking staff officer. At the transfer of the posts there were present twelve elected delegates, who vainly searched for some hidden counter-revolutionary documents.

After the transfer of our posts a telegram arrived from Petrograd signed by the president of the government, Prince Lvov, and the Secretary of the Army and Navy, Kerensky. It stated that the sailors having started a mutiny were thereby only aiding the counter-revolutionaries, and that a special commission was being sent from Petrograd to investigate the matter. Furthermore, it ordered Admiral Kolchak and Captain Smirnoff, both of whom had allowed an obvious mutiny to take place, immediately to proceed to Petrograd to render a report about these happenings to the government.

When he received this telegram Kolchak quite naturally considered it a personal affront to be accused of having allowed an obvious mutiny. As a matter of fact, the provisional government, yielding to the influence of the revolutionary masses, had deprived the officers of their last vestige of authority and made it impossible for them to bear any responsibility. What resources could we muster to make these propaganda-ridden sailors obey our orders? We could not even muster sufficient forces for an arrest of the agitators who had come from the Baltic!

On the following day took place that meeting of the representatives of ships' and regimental committees which was to decide the question of Admiral Kolchak's and my own arrest. As I was later on informed, out of the sixty men present at that meeting fifty-seven voted against our arrest and only three for it.

On the following day, in the evening of the tenth of June, Admiral Kolchak and myself departed for Petrograd. After our departure the better elements among the sailors gained the upper hand and resolved to raise the Admiral's sword with the help of divers, and to offer it to him again; but they did not succeed in this undertaking.

Arrived at Petrograd, the admiral and myself were summoned to a session of the provisional government, where we reported on all the occurrences and expressed our belief that the organization of the army and navy introduced by the government made it impossible to continue the war, as our troops could no longer fight under such conditions. We pointed out the need for a reëstablishment of the death penalty for treason; for a return of disciplinary authority to the officers; for the abolition of the committees in the units; in short, for the reëstablishment of such an organization as exists in all foreign armies and navies. The provisional government, however, did not think it necessary to reckon with the opinions of experienced military men, and continued to slide down that inclined plane which led to Bolshevism.

A few days later, after a conference with the head of the American Special Mission, Senator Root, the provisional government decided to send a naval mission, headed by Admiral Kolchak, to the United States. The admiral did not care to go, for he still hoped to be allowed to work in Russia for its salvation. The Constitutional Democratic Party, with which the government was then negotiating for some members of that party to join the Council of Ministers, put up the name of Kolchak as its candidate for the post of Secretary of the Army and Navy. Bourgeois circles of Petrograd were carrying on a campaign to have Kolchak proclaimed military dictator of Russia. Kerensky saw himself jeopardized by the great popularity of Kolchak, and sent him an order written with his own hand to leave immediately for America. At the end of July Kolchak left Petrograd for America, taking me along as a member of his mission. I shall not here describe the admiral's sojourn in the United States, as it was all confined to the study of the navy and ports.

In the beginning of November, 1917, Kolchak left San Francisco for Japan on his way back to Russia through Siberia. On the eve of his departure from San Francisco the papers brought the news that the power in Russia had gone over to the Bolsheviki. Upon his arrival in Japan, Kolchak, through the good offices of one of the Allied ambassadors, inquired of the chief of the naval general staff whether it was possible for him to return to Russia. The telegram brought the reply that the Bolsheviki were sure to assassinate him the moment he set his foot upon Russian soil. Under these circumstances it was impossible to return to Russia.

In British Service

Kolchak regarded himself as a faithful ally in the war against Germany. He held the view that Germany stood in the way of the development of Russia's welfare, and he therefore considered it absolutely indispensable that Germany be defeated. Kolchak found it impossible to remain a mere passive onlooker during the great World War, and he therefore applied through the British Ambassador in Japan to the British Government to be enlisted in the British military service.

After some time there arrived a reply from the British Government stating that he had been accepted for the service, and ordering him to go to Mesopotamia to report to the general who was in command of the troops there. When Admiral Kolchak arrived at Singapore on his way to Mesopotamia he received a telegram notifying him that the British Government proposed to him to go to Peking to be at the disposal of the Russian Minister, Prince Kudasheff.

In Peking at this time a new administration of the Eastern Chinese railroad had been organized. In Manchuria troops were being prepared for an offensive in Siberia against the Bolsheviki. Admiral Kolchak, as a popular military leader of Russia, was offered the post of commander of these troops. This plan was approved by the British and Japanese representatives, and they promised their support. The admiral accepted this appointment and started troop formations at Harbin. For various reasons this activity did not progress successfully, as there was no agreement in the actions of individual commanders. The Cossack captain, Semenoff, who had organized a small detachment of troops, refused to recognize Kolchak as his superior, saying: "We don't need any admiral." The Japanese supported Semenoff, supplying him with money and arms in spite of Kolchak.

Seeing that with such relations nothing could be done, and powerless to change the situation, Kolchak refused to participate, and took leave of absence, going to Japan, where he lived as a private citizen.

As is well known, the Czech troops who were in Russia and had been formed mainly from among the Austrian war prisoners concluded in 1918 an agreement with the soviet authorities to grant them the right of transit through Siberia to the Far East. One of the conditions of this agreement was that they be allowed to retain their arms. The Czech army, numbering about 50,000 men, moved in echelon along the railroads toward the east and spread all the way from the Volga River to Vladivostok.

The All-Russian Government

Local Bolshevist organizations demanded that the Czechs surrender their arms. This the Czechs refused to do, whereupon attempts were made to hold up the Czech trains and to disarm them by force. Nearly at one and the same time the Czechs all along the railroad line rose against the soviet authorities, commencing to fight the reds and freeing from the Bolsheviki many cities and the whole railroad line. The Czechs were joined by Russian volunteer organizations.

The origin of these organizations was as follows: After the demobilization of the Russian Army, carried out by the Bolsheviki after the conclusion of the Brest-Litovski peace treaty, the officers went to their native towns. The entire Russian Officers' Corps was of course anti-Bolshevist. Foreseeing the defeat of the Bolsheviki, these officers formed in all cities of Siberia, and along the Volga, secret organizations whose object was to form an army at the first favorable opportunity and to abolish the rule of the Bolsheviki. These officers' organizations were also joined by numerous volunteers from among the local inhabitants.

Immediately after the rising of the Czechs these volunteer organizations joined them in their struggle against the Bolsheviki. At the same time five Russian governments were organized—the Samara government, composed of members of the constituent assembly—its membership was exclusively socialistic; the Yekaterinburg government, also purely socialistic; the Siberian government, composed partly of nonsocialists and partly of socialists. In the Far East two governments were formed—one under General Khorvat, without socialistic members, another under Mr. Dezber, purely socialistic.

For the consolidation of all governments formed on Russian territory a conference was called in September, 1918, at Ufa, which was attended by representatives of all the governments and political parties. At this conference it was decided to form one All-Russian government composed of five persons to be known as directors. As for the local governments, they were to be abolished. To this directorate two socialists and three nonsocialists were elected. Mr. Avksentieff, the member of the party of the socialist-revolutionaries, was elected chairman.

By the time this directorate had been elected the army of the Samara government had suffered defeat in its struggle with the Bolsheviki and retreated from the Volga to the east. This happened because of numerical insufficiency of the troops for such a long front line, lack of unified command and of time to organize a proper army. As a result of this, the directorate moved to Omsk, the capital of the Siberian government. By this time there had already been organized at Omsk the various administrative institutions of the ministries, and energetic work was in progress. The composition of the Omsk government was somewhat changed, and its socialistic members, having shown themselves unfit for practical work, left. At the same time the nonsocialists were working energetically and had succeeded in organizing quite a successful body. The directorate decided to utilize the Siberian administrative institutions and to change the new council of ministers.

By this time Admiral Kolchak had arrived at Omsk from Japan. Having learned of the liberation of Siberia from the Bolsheviki, the admiral decided to go to Omsk so as to participate in this national task. The admiral had no personal ambitions. He was prepared to work wherever he could make use of his knowledge. After the admiral's arrival at Omsk the chairman of the directorate, Avksentieff, insisted that he accept the appointment as Secretary of the Army and Navy for the All-Russian government.

The motives by which Avksentieff and the other members of the directorate were guided in their selection of Kolchak were the following: They realized that the first and foremost task of the government was the creation of a good army. And yet there was in Siberia not one general who would be popular enough to assume the leadership in military matters. Kolchak, however, enjoyed an All-Russian reputation. His name was exceedingly popular in military as well as in civilian circles. Everybody had heard that Kolchak alone was the man able to unite all military men in common work and to introduce strict discipline into the army. In the beginning of November Kolchak was appointed Secretary of the Army and Navy to the All-Russian government and began his work of organization.

By this time a strong movement had crystallized in army as well as in civilian circles against the personnel of the directorate and in favor of one-man power. For a long time already the idea had been prevalent among many classes of the population that the only power that could save Russia and free it from the Bolsheviki was a personal military rule—a military dictatorship. In the army especially the hatred for the socialists, Kerensky's partisans, was very strong. The officers were of the opinion that Kerensky had destroyed the Russian Army and brought the country to Bolshevism.

The Officers' Plot at Omsk

Avksentieff, the chairman of the directorate, was a partisan of Kerensky. The army was entirely against him. At the same time the members of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party disseminated among the army a proclamation in which they accused the Siberian government of being reactionary, contending that it was creating an army on counter-revolutionary principles; that it failed to introduce committees in the army and compelled the lower ranks to salute their superiors; that it was restoring to the officers their disciplinary authority, and so on.

This proclamation became known to the members of the governments and to the foreign representatives. When one of them asked Avksentieff what was his attitude toward the appearance of such a proclamation Avksentieff replied that he considered its appearance only untimely. All these circumstances created great unrest in the army as well as among the nonsocialist parties.

In Omsk a plot was organized among the officers which had for its aim the overthrow of the directorate and the setting up of a personal authority in its place. This plot was participated in by many officers, Cossacks and civilians, among whom was one of the most popular and influential ministers.

Kolchak did not take any direct part in the plot, but he was informed of it. He also held the view that only a strong personal authority was able to save Russia. He cited the example of America, where the President enjoyed tremendous, almost dictatorial authority in times of war.

In the night of November 17–18, 1918, two members of the directorate were arrested by the plotters. On the eighteenth of November, in the morning, the council of ministers met in session to discuss the situation. It was decided that in view of

(Continued on Page 118)

What is it gives the morning air that tantalizing smell,
That brings the sleepy campers from their blankets with a yell?
It's the Aunt Jemima pancakes on the griddle piping hot,
And the coffee boiling madly to be ready on the dot.

Apologies to
The Camp Scout, P. I. P.

Copyright 1920, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Aunt Jemima's for breakfast
oOOh, Boy!

UP bright and early with hundred-horse-power outdoor appetites—you Scouts.

Ready, right off!—those tender, golden-brown, satisfying Aunt Jemima Pancakes.

Say, if Aunt Jemima could only see you sail into 'em, wouldn't she chuckle?

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is her famous southern recipe, you know. And it's ready-mixed—with the baking powder, the milk, everything necessary *already in it.* So rich it needs no eggs. All you need to add is water!

The mixing's done in a jiffy. And in a minute they're hopping off the griddle—jim-dandy pancakes. Oh, boy, but they're good!

Whether you're going on a one-day hike or for a whole glorious week in camp, see to it, Scouts, that you're supplied with Aunt Jemima's. So easy to take along; so easy to use.

Fish, rolled in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, brown with a savory crust when fried. Fine muffins and waffles, too, from this flour—any Scout can make them. Recipes on the package

"It's in town, Honey!"

SHERWIN

When you buy varnish select it to suit the surface you intend to varnish

Do not think of varnish as just varnish, or that one kind will serve all uses and surfaces equally well.

Think instead in terms of the service varnish should give—the wear it must stand on the surface you wish to protect.

There are three distinct varnish requirements in your home—for floors, for furniture and woodwork, and for outdoor surfaces.

You do not put your piano out in the rain. You do not walk on your dining-room table. You must realize that one varnish is not best suited for all surfaces.

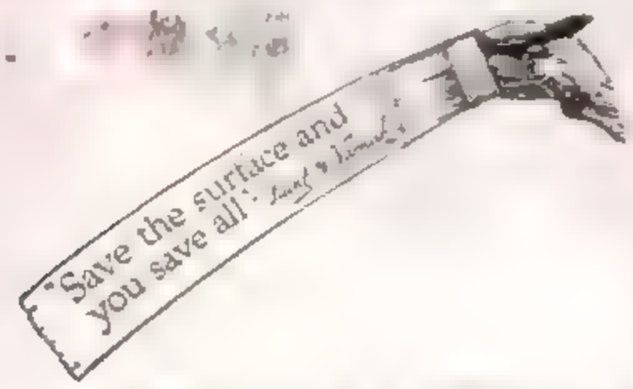
This indicates a particular varnish to meet each particular need—to stand each particular kind of wear.

That is why Sherwin-Williams makes a special varnish for each individual need. That is why you will get better service by using

MAR-NOT *on your floors*

SCAR-NOT *on furniture and woodwork*

REXPAR *for outside surfaces*



PAINTS, VARNISHES, DYESTUFFS, INSECTICIDES, DISINFECTANTS.

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

Varnish is a general Name
Get the right kind for each Surface

Making one varnish for all purposes is a much simpler manufacturing proposition than making a special varnish for each purpose. But so long as different surfaces get different kinds of wear, just so long will a special varnish for each kind of wear give better service. Hence we recommend—

MAR-NOT
for floors

A surpassingly fine varnish that dries with a tough, elastic film. It protects the wood and beautifies the floors. It withstands incessant heel pounding, the wear of furniture moved about and other abuses that all floors get. It is also thoroughly water-proof and moisture-proof.

SCAR-NOT
for woodwork and furniture

Used on much of the finest furniture which you buy new. This strong endorsement by manufacturers suggests its use by you in re-varnishing your furniture. Scar-Not takes an unusually lustrous polish, beautifies grain and wood color, will not mar from hot dishes or boiling liquids.

REXPAR
for outside use

Gives your front door and all other outside surfaces the same elegance in varnish treatment which you prize on your hardwood floors and fine furniture.

It is a spar varnish of highest quality, holding its luster against heat, cold and rain. Does not turn white when submerged in water.

To Manufacturers:
The Sherwin-Williams Co. makes a complete line of Finishes for the service of all Industries—Railroads, Steamships, Electric Lines, Automobiles, Trucks, Tractors, Etc.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Address Main Correspondence Office
601 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

COLORS. PIGMENTS. CHEMICALS, AND WOOD PRESERVATIVES

(Continued from Page 114)

the events which had occurred the directorate had ceased to exist, and that a reinstatement of the arrested members of the directorate was impossible, since the very fact of the possibility of arresting members of the government by arbitrary organizations made the position of the government extremely insecure, and that it was therefore necessary to change the form of government, creating a more stable organization.

Out of these considerations the council of ministers decided to take upon itself the supreme governmental power and to turn it over to Admiral Kolchak, who was to be called the supreme ruler of Russia. At the same time it was decided not to vest unlimited personal power in the supreme ruler, but to limit it by preliminary discussions of all questions of administration in the council of ministers. In this manner was passed a law according to which the government was composed of the supreme ruler, together with the council of ministers, and all questions of legislation and the main problems of administration were to be considered in the council of ministers and to become effective only after their approval by the supreme ruler. In extraordinary circumstances, when quick action was needed, the supreme ruler could act independently, without the council of ministers. Matters of a purely military nature, not connected with civil administration, constituted the personal prerogative of the supreme ruler, who at the same time held the post of commander in chief of all the armies.

Admiral Kolchak agreed to accept the post of supreme ruler, insisting particularly that his rule was not to be a personal one in the domain of civil administration and that he should carry it out conjointly with the council of ministers. Having accepted the post of supreme ruler, the admiral issued a proclamation to the people in which he declared that he had assumed the supreme power in the country at this hard time of civil war for the purpose of bringing the country peace, and to give the people the opportunity to express their will as to the system of government, freely and without coercion, through the national constituent assembly. The admiral also pointed out in his proclamation that he would not follow the destructive road of partisanship or reaction.

All those who knew the admiral believed that he was absolutely sincere in his intentions; that he was filled with the desire to bring happiness to the country, entertaining no personal ambitions whatsoever. Having known the admiral for more than twenty-five years, I am fully convinced that his aim and intentions were absolutely sincere.

Supreme Ruler of Russia

The assumption of the supreme power by the admiral was hailed with enthusiasm by the population. From the great majority of city and rural self-governments telegrams of congratulation were received, and the army from the Front also sent its congratulations. Everybody was anxious for a firm and strong government which would be able to lead the country out upon the road to peace, to establish law and order, to do away with arbitrariness in the administration. However, from its very first step the new government was faced by great difficulties.

The chief obstacle rose in the city of Ufa, where the socialist-revolutionary members of the constituent assembly, dispersed by the Bolsheviki in the beginning of 1918, were living. Under the influence of the revolutionary enthusiasm socialists exclusively had been elected to the constituent assembly. They did not admit the possibility of the establishment of a dictatorship in any form whatsoever, and therefore assumed an attitude of opposition to Admiral Kolchak. They proclaimed in Ufa that they were going to organize a separate government and not submit to the authority of Kolchak. They confiscated money from the Ufa branch of the state treasury and began to spend it for the purposes of their own party. Ufa happened to be in the war zone, and its administration was subject to the military authorities. The Russian troops who were at the Front were under the command of the Czech general, Syrovy, who was commander in chief of the troops at the Front. To Admiral Kolchak's request addressed to this general that he arrest Ufa socialists who refused to submit to the Omsk authorities and had formed a separate government he replied that he could not meddle in the internal affairs of Russia, and he therefore declined to make these arrests. A very difficult situation was created.

It is absolutely clear that in civil war the actions of the civilian and military authorities should be coördinated, and that they should be of one political thought. And yet here was a Czech general commanding the troops at the Front refusing to carry out demands closely connected with domestic politics. The chief of staff of General Syrovy was the Russian general, Diterichs, who had joined the Czech army. Kolchak now proposed to him that he issue an order to the Russian troops to arrest the rebellious socialist-revolutionaries at Ufa. This proposal was executed by Diterichs, and thus the difficulty was settled in this case. But it showed plainly the anomaly of the existing military administrations, as, of course, only a Russian general subordinated to the Russian Government ought to have had command over the troops at the Front, instead of a foreign general who was acting independently.

Getting Concerted Action

Soon there arrived in Omsk General Janin, who had been ordered to Siberia by the French Government to take over the command of the Allied troops in Siberia. At the same time also arrived the Czechoslovak general, Stephanik. Both of them fully agreed that the command at the Front ought to be in the hands of a Russian general. In December, 1918, the troops at the Siberian Front were composed of two-thirds Russians and one-third Czechs. Of the other Allied troops there was at the Front only one battalion of French. Besides these, there was in Siberia—but not at the Front—one battalion of British troops who were on garrison duty at Omsk. In the Far East there were also American, Canadian and Japanese troops guarding the railways. Thus the actual fighting against the Bolsheviki was carried on mainly by the Russian troops of the young Siberian army.

The supreme ruler came to the following understanding with Generals Janin and Stephanik:

If the Czechs were to remain on the Siberian battle Front they should be concentrated in one place and assigned to a separate sector of the Front under the command of a Czech general, who would not be subordinated to the Russian High Command, but who would act in conjunction and in accord with it. If, however, the Czechs should not remain at the Front they were to be transferred to the rear for guard duty on the railways under the command of a Czech general, who in turn was to take orders from General Janin. It became apparent very soon that the Czech troops would not remain at the Front, and they were therefore sent to the rear to guard the railroad between Novo Nikolaievsk and Irkutsk. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention one detail which was to be of tremendous importance subsequently.

In the struggle for Siberia's liberation from the Bolsheviki, the Czech general, Gaida, who was very popular among the Siberians, became prominent because of his energy and enthusiasm. At the time when Admiral Kolchak assumed the supreme power Gaida was very much pleased by it, and, it is said, he was associated with the plotters. The Czechoslovak Army, however, as a whole sympathized with the socialists and was opposed to the Omsk coup d'état of the eighteenth of November. Thus Gaida's name became very unpopular among the Czechs, so that General Stephanik decided to remove him from his post. Thereupon Gaida applied to Kolchak, asking him for an appointment in the Russian service. As he was personally very well disposed toward Gaida, Kolchak was in favor of his appointment; but he first asked for General Stephanik's sanction. The latter said he had no objections, but counseled against the appointment of Gaida, describing him as an adventurer who would become either the field marshal of the Russian Army or else cause a great deal of trouble to the Russian Government. Still Gaida was accepted in the Russian service, and received an appointment as commander of the army which was operating in the important sector of Perm.

During the month of December the Czech troops were taken off the battle Front and transferred to the rear, being replaced by Russian troops. Thus was solved the knotty problem of concerted action between the Russian and Czechoslovak armies.

In the following narrative I shall not dwell in detail upon the later course of events in Siberia, and shall confine myself only to a general review of the situation, to the condition of the administrative apparatus and the causes which, in my opinion, led to the downfall of Siberia's young statehood.

After Siberia had been freed from the Bolsheviki many complex problems confronted the government. Everything had been ruined by the Bolsheviki. Local civic administration was destroyed, the courts abolished, banks closed, railroads ruined. No army existed. A majority of the former officials of the administration had dispersed, and everything had to be created anew. But for the success of the cause it was absolutely necessary to act quickly. At the same time, however, Siberia was poor in respect of proper men. There was a dearth of educated, competent workers in every field of life. And at the same time there could be no doubt that the revolution and Bolshevism had exercised a corruptive influence upon the officials. Discipline in every branch of service was at its lowest ebb, and each official was convinced that he knew things better than his superior. It was necessary again to assemble municipal and zemstvo administrations, to appoint judges, to select provincial governors, commanders of garrisons, and so on; and this when there were no proper men fit for these positions. The elections to the municipal and rural organs of self-government had taken place during that first period of the revolution, when, not guided by calm common sense, but rather under the influence of revolutionary intoxication, not those were elected to office who were better acquainted with the practical affairs of life, but those who knew how to promise the most.

Hence the recalled local authorities distinguished themselves by their incompetence. They were more concerned with idle talk than with practical work, criticizing the government's activity, without, however, displaying the least inclination toward doing some work in their own particular field.

It was necessary to hold new elections to the local municipal and rural self-governments, but for this purpose the election law had to be amended in such a manner as to insure the competence of the elected officials. This required some time, of which the government had so little, since current affairs demanded all the time of the government.

Confused Conditions

The administration of justice was in a sad state. The legal profession had suffered very severely under the Bolsheviki. The criminals who were set free by the Bolsheviki from the jails took revenge on the judges who had sentenced them. Thus many of the judges were killed, while others were in hiding. After the Bolsheviki had been driven out there were not enough judges left to fill the vacant benches, and at the same time the number of crimes naturally increased.

A great many of the criminals set free by the Bolsheviki were arrested again. The ringleaders of the Bolsheviki were in jail; they were awaiting trial, and yet there were not enough representatives of the legal profession to attend to their cases. This led to slowness in the administration of justice, causing disaffection among the population.

Commanders of the garrisons charged with the duty of creating new army units were demanding from the civilian authorities assignments of barracks, means of transportation, provisions, and so on, while the civilian authorities, as stated above, were very slow to act. At the same time, however, the war demanded that troops be properly organized and the needs of the military satisfied. The military commanders, seeing that their needs were not satisfied by the officials of the civilian administration, were taking independent measures, taking by force what was needed, and these requisitions would be made without any proper plan; so it is no wonder that the population was murmuring and disaffected with the government.

Admiral Kolchak worked with might and main for an improvement in the administration. He was seeking good men everywhere, sending appeals abroad for Russians who had escaped from the Bolsheviki to come to Siberia; but all his efforts were in vain. There were not enough men of action, and he complained to me bitterly about the dearth of helpers.

The organization of the Siberian Army had a decisive effect upon the progress of the whole civil war, and for that reason I shall dwell upon this question at some length.

After the Brest-Litovski treaty, as we have already seen, the Russian Army was demobilized. More properly speaking, it simply wandered back to its native towns and villages, carrying with it portable arms and selling to the Germans horses, cannons and supplies of munitions. The officers, too, scattered among their native towns and began to form secret organizations. These organizations were joined mainly by very young officers. The older ones, under the influence of their disappointments and weariness, stood aside from these organizations. After the abolition of the Bolshevist rule by the Czechoslovak troops detachments of volunteers were formed of these officers' organizations. They were also joined by many of the townsfolk. The activities of these detachments were noted for their boldness, audacity and resoluteness.

An Army of Partisan Units

After the formation of the Siberian government these volunteer organizations were supplemented by mobilized soldiers and a regular army was formed out of them. Each volunteer partisan unit was converted into an army division, and its commander remained the same young officer who had until then been chief of the volunteer detachment. These were largely very young men, gallantly brave but devoid of any great fighting experience and military training, and insufficiently developed, generally speaking. Each one of them regarded the particular detachment or division which he happened to command as belonging to him and not to the government. They refused to submit to the authority of senior officers, and acted not as they were ordered but as they thought best.

In consequence of such a composition of the army it was extremely difficult to establish unity of objectives in the operations of the army and to give it a harmonious command. So, for instance, the booty taken from the red army would be regarded by each of the commanders as the property of his own division, and he would refuse to share it with the other units.

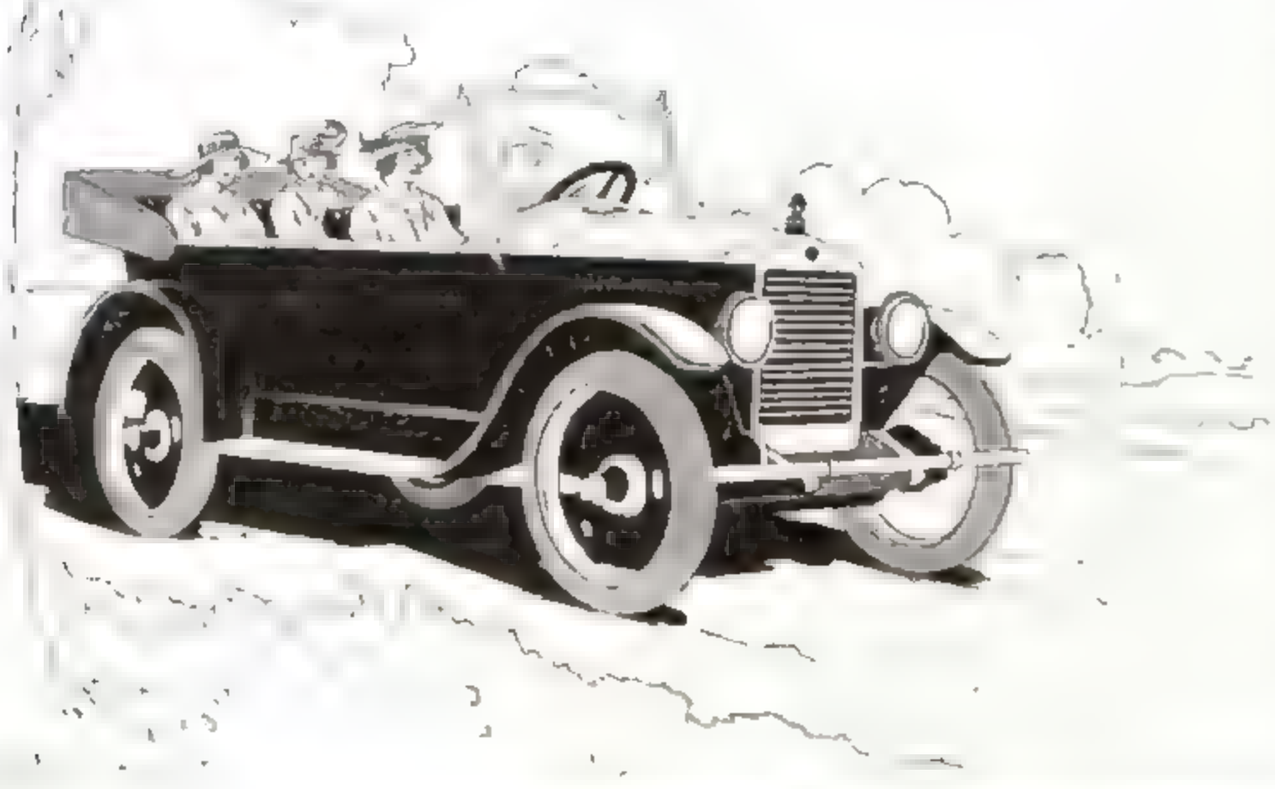
Admiral Kolchak was struggling against such tendencies, taking strict measure against those guilty of insubordination, demanding that military booty be turned over to the supply department of the Siberian Army. But this partisan evil had already taken such deep root among these troops that its traces were to be seen everywhere until the very end of the existence of the army. It may be that the army could have been got into regular shape, and discipline imbued, but one of the highest commanding officers, General Gaida, gave an example of insubordination, acting as if he was an independent ruler, obeying no orders from anybody and exerting a demoralizing influence upon his subordinates.

Finally Gaida ceased to execute even the orders of the supreme ruler and was dismissed from his post.

Siberia is a vast country, with a very sparse population. There are on the average only two and a half souls to the square kilometer—one kilometer equals about five-eighths of a mile. The country has an abundance of natural resources and its soil is noted for its great fertility. Only a very small part of its soil is being cultivated, and vast stretches of land remain uncultivated for lack of laborers. There are no great landholdings in Siberia, and the peasants themselves are the owners of their land. The tremendous mineral resources of the country are poorly utilized, and factory hands are scarce and therefore earn good wages. Thus there is no scarcity of arable land, and the labor problem is satisfactorily solved.

Socialistic ideas have no ground for development in Siberia. For this reason Bolshevism did not take in Siberia the form of an idea of social reconstruction, but of mutiny against the authorities and of common robbery. It made its appearance only because of the contagious example of European Russia and under the influence of outside agitators. In contrast with European Russia, Siberian Bolshevism was not very cruel, and Siberia was spared many of

(Concluded on Page 120)



Harrison Radiators through their quality—their service—their all season dependability—definitely increase the popular esteem for automobiles with which they are equipped. That this is recognized by many motor car manufacturers is best indicated by the ever increasing number who are building Harrison equipped cars.

The Essex Automobile, like the Hudson Super-Six, is Harrison equipped.

HARRISON RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices and Factory: Lockport, N. Y.
General Sales Offices: Detroit, Michigan

HARRISON *Shutter-Controlled Hexagon* Radiators

(Concluded from Page 118)

its terrors. Still the population undoubtedly suffered from Bolshevism.

The peasants were anxious to see law and order reëstablished, and they realized the necessity of setting up again the civil administration and judiciary. On account of the deterioration of trade and transportation facilities, and also because of the lack of articles of prime necessity on the market, such as clothing and textiles, the peasants were unable to satisfy their most essential needs. Though they had accumulated plenty of money from the sale of their produce, still there was nothing that could be purchased with it.

For these reasons the peasants sympathized with that power which could reëstablish trade, transportation and manufacturing. The Siberian government made strenuous efforts in this direction, but without any success. Railroad traffic was disorganized completely, and could be reestablished only after a very considerable lapse of time. The Siberian railroad managed to carry only military supplies, and could not supply the civilian population. Because of the uncertain conditions and doubtful future people did not risk investing their capital in trade, and it developed very slowly. In this manner the Siberian government was deprived of the possibility of giving the people any efficient administration, judiciary or merchandise. At the same time the requirements of the civil war compelled it to take from the population men and horses for the army, to requisition transportation facilities, and so on. The people could see no immediate improvement in its condition, and the government began to lose its sympathy.

After the offensives of the army and the liberation of new territories from under the power of the Bolsheviki the population would meet the army with joy, but a little later, seeing no tangible improvement in the conditions of life, it began to look with indifference at the war.

The Young Army in Action

The Russian peasant masses are not yet sufficiently developed to know that sacrifices are necessary for the sake of a national cause, and in order to gain their support it is necessary to show them tangibly that their living conditions have improved immediately as soon as the new authorities have been established. Hence only that government will be able hereafter to gain the support of the population which will be in a position to improve the condition of the population immediately and tangibly by developing trade, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and establishing law and order in the villages. All this the Siberian government was unable to do, not that it did not want to, but because the natural obstacles were insurmountable.

An account of the progress of military operations in Siberia would require a whole book, and does not enter into the scope of this article. Here I shall confine myself merely to a brief review of military events tending to elucidate the cause of our military reverses.

In December, 1918, the young Siberian Army undertook a brilliant offensive, routing completely the northern group of the Bolshevik army and capturing the city of Perm. It was a splendid offensive. Thirty thousand prisoners were taken, besides a tremendous lot of military supplies, about one hundred steamers and barges of the river fleets of the Volga and Kama, and so on. The successful offensive quickened our hopes for the future and gave the young army its baptism of fire. Nearly simultaneously with the taking of Perm the Bolsheviki took the city of Ufa, but the farther progress of the Bolshevik offensive in this direction was halted.

During the winter of 1919 the army was making preparations for an offensive. At Perm a river flotilla fitted out with artillery was created which was to assist the offensive of the army in the Kama River territory. In March, 1920, the army took the offensive, and it developed quite successfully. Again the city of Ufa was taken by us. The Bolsheviki did not offer great resistance. The population of the newly liberated territories greeted the army with delight. We expected that the army would soon reach the Volga.

Here, however, something unexpected occurred. In the army of the southern Front one division holding a sector of about twenty-five miles of front lines unexpectedly mutinied. The soldiers massacred their officers and joined the reds. This act of treachery took place as a result of the insidious propaganda of the Bolsheviki. A great gap was thus made in the front line, and into this the Bolsheviki flung their troops. We had no reserves to counteract this blow. The army was compelled to retreat. A perilous situation was created. Soon the city of Ufa was retaken by the reds, and they commenced to follow up their successful drive in a northeasterly direction in the rear of our northern army, compelling it thereby to retreat.

Here the fighting qualities of the young troops were seen to be wanting. Formed and trained pell-mell in the emergency of civil war, lacking a sufficient number of older soldiers and noncommissioned officers who had gone through a prolonged training and who were experienced under fire, the army was lacking in steadfastness in defensive warfare. It was capable of the greatest heroism in offensive, when the spirit of the troops was roused by success, but under the influence of retreats the spirit rapidly falls and an army becomes disorganized. Those soldiers who were mobilized in territory given up to the enemy remain in their native villages and the army quickly melts down.

I remember a conversation I had with one of the most popular generals of the Siberian Army—with General Pepeliaev—before our retreat from Perm. He told me: "If we shall be compelled to continue our retreat everything will be lost. Our young army is incapable of defensive warfare, and in case of retreat it falls apart, not because of losses in battle but because of loss of spirit and desertions, the soldiers remaining in the villages where their families are living."

Soon after the beginning of the retreat Admiral Kolchak appointed General Diterichs commander in chief of the armies of the eastern Front. Diterichs was regarded as the most able and experienced general in Siberia. During the war with Germany he was first quartermaster general with the staff of the commander in chief. Before that he commanded an infantry brigade at the Saloniki Front. After the Bolshevik coup d'état he became chief of staff of the Czechoslovak Army. His name was extremely popular both in the army and among the population.

After his appointment Diterichs took a trip all along the Front and acquainted himself with the condition of the troops. I saw him as soon as he had finished his trip. Diterichs spoke to me frankly, saying that he believed things could be saved yet, but that it would be necessary for that purpose to retreat quickly, so as to lose touch with the enemy and allow the troops at least two weeks of rest, complementing them in the meantime with reserves sent from the rear.

The Unfought Battle of Omsk

The enemy started a hot pursuit, but still the army succeeded in getting out of touch with him, concentrating in the region between the Tobol and Ishim rivers. At this time the regiments were complemented, and in the beginning of September the Siberian Army once more took the offensive. A decisive battle was fought and won by the Siberian troops, who flung the Bolsheviki back to the west of the Tobol River. But this was a Pyrrhic victory. The armies suffered heavy losses. More than fifty per cent of their rank and file was lost, not so much in killed and wounded as in sick. The weather was very cold, and large numbers of the soldiers were taken sick with colds and suffered from the spread of the typhoid-fever epidemic.

The Bolshevik Army retreated to the west of the Tobol River, recuperated quickly, complemented its losses and renewed its offensive. In the Siberian armies there were no more reserves, and complements were to be had no longer. The army, therefore, commenced to retreat. General Diterichs decided to retreat to the east of the city of Omsk, the capital of the Siberian government. Admiral Kolchak, however, thought that the abandonment of Omsk would lead to the total collapse of the Siberian government, as a feeling of disaffection might break out among the population and lead to revolts in the rear. The commander of the Third Army, General Sakharov, arrived at the admiral's headquarters and reported that he considered it possible to engage the enemy in a battle for the defense of Omsk. The admiral agreed with him and ordered Diterichs to defend Omsk.

Diterichs replied that he could not take upon himself the responsibility for a defense of Omsk, and asked to be relieved of the post of commander in chief. Kolchak thereupon appointed General Sakharov commander in chief. No battle for the defense of Omsk, however, was fought, as the ice in the Irtysh River had melted, the ice floes beginning to drift, and the crossing of the river was made very difficult for the army. To give battle with an impassable river in the immediate rear was impossible. It was, therefore, decided to retreat to the east of Omsk without battle. On the fourteenth of November Omsk was taken by the reds. The council of ministers had already left the city on the ninth of November for Irkutsk.

It had been supposed that the cabinet would arrive at Irkutsk before the fall of Omsk. Admiral Kolchak decided to stay with the army until it could occupy the position east of Omsk and could fortify itself there. Due to the slowness of transportation, the cabinet of ministers reached Irkutsk after the fall of Omsk. Almost simultaneously with this the Czechoslovak national council, located at Vladivostok, issued a proclamation addressed to the governments of the Allied Powers, in which the Czechs declared that they could not support the government of Admiral Kolchak, as it seemed to them to be too reactionary. Also, therefore, they demanded that the Allies evacuate the Czechoslovak forces from Siberia without delay. This Czechoslovak proclamation was entirely unexpected, for never before had the Czechoslovaks declared to the Russian Government that they were in opposition to it. The moment chosen for their statement aggravated the surprise, for the government was in a precarious position, and the Czechs knew it.

The Czech Manifesto

The reasons which impelled the Czechoslovak national council to issue such a memorandum are sufficiently clear. Nominally the Czechoslovak troops were guarding the railway from Novo Nikolaievsk to Irkutsk; in fact, they did not guard it, for the Czechoslovak Army in Siberia had been discomposed long ago, had lost its sense of discipline, had lost the ability and even the slightest intention to fight, and counted in its ranks soldiers about forty per cent of whom were decidedly in favor of communism.

In November, 1919, as a result of the retreat of the Russian Army, the red front was nearing the city of Novo Nikolaievsk. The Czechs did not want to fight, but circumstances forced them to do so. Hence the Czechoslovak national council found justification for the Czechs' unwillingness to consider themselves a military force in assuming that the program of the Russian government was too reactionary.

After the issuance of their manifesto, before the question of evacuation was decided, the Czechs undertook to execute it by their own means. They seized almost all the locomotives on the Novo Nikolaievsk-Irkutsk railway, thus ruining the transport. The retreating Russian Army was deprived of its main and only line of communication. This action of the Czechs placed it in a critical position, all trains having been stopped. The trains running eastward were filled with military supplies, governmental employees and women and children evacuated from Omsk. All of these were doomed to perish from the severe Siberian weather and from hunger. Women and children died in masses. Between Omsk and Novo Nikolaievsk more than two hundred trains fell into the hands of the reds.

Admiral Kolchak was moving eastward in his train with the Siberian Army. With him was the train bearing the Russian gold reserve, amounting to more than two hundred million dollars in gold. After various long discussions with the Czechs, the latter decided to give locomotives for the transport of these trains of the supreme ruler with the stipulation that they were not to go beyond the Czech echelons in their move toward the Pacific shores.

Thus Admiral Kolchak was moving eastward. By the middle of December his trains were near the city of Krasnoyarsk.

At this time an insurrection of miners against the government had broken out. This was organized by the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, supported by the Czechs.

The movement spread along the line of the railway and reached Irkutsk, which fell after ten days of fighting, and the Russian cabinet of ministers ceased to exist. General Janin, the French officer commanding the Czech troops, and bearing the title of commander of Allied troops in Siberia, did not allow any military actions of the Russian Government troops against the insurgents on the railway territory. Yet before the fall of Irkutsk, upon representation of the Russian Government, the Council of Allied Representatives gave their written promise to establish a neutral zone along the railway, with the understanding that in this zone no military action could take place, but that the troops of the Russian Government could freely move along the railway. This written promise was not fulfilled.

From Transbaikalia General Semenoff sent some troops against the insurgents in Irkutsk, whose actions were not successful. At the same time a battalion of Japanese troops arrived, but they did not participate in the operations, remaining a passive force.

Admiral Kolchak was at Nijni-Udinsk. Before the fall of Irkutsk, also upon the instigation of the Russian Government, the Allied High Commission gave written instructions to General Janin to secure safe passage eastward for Admiral Kolchak and for the gold reserve—if possible. The admiral hesitated whether he should proceed eastward under the guard of the Czech troops, or should return to the west to meet the remnants of the army which had left their trains and—using the highways—were retreating, with heavy battles, eastward.

The Czechoslovak commander assured the admiral that he and his staff would be dispatched in perfect safety to the Far East under the convoy of Czechoslovak troops. The admiral was requested to leave his train and, accompanied by the members of his staff, to take a coach that was switched to the train of the Sixth Czechoslovak Regiment, which was considered to be the most reliable.

Thereupon Admiral Kolchak and forty-eight other members of his suite—among whom was Victor N. Pepeliaev, the president of the cabinet—took the indicated "sure" way. On the windows of the train were posted the flags of the Allied Powers—American, British, French, Japanese and Czechoslovak—which meant that the admiral was under the protection of all these Powers.

The Final Sacrifice

On January fifteenth the train reached Irkutsk, where it was surrounded by armed workmen. A Czechoslovak officer entered the admiral's coach and announced that in accordance with the orders of General Janin the Czechoslovak guard was to be withdrawn. The admiral listened to this decision quite calmly, only remarking: "This means that the Allies have betrayed me."

After the disappearance of the Czechoslovak convoy the admiral and the people accompanying him were taken to the Irkutsk prison. Colonel Fukuda, the Japanese military representative, who was at the Irkutsk depot, sent an officer to the Czech general, Syrovy—General Janin was at that time in Verkhni-Udinsk—with the proposal that the admiral be transferred to the Japanese battalion.

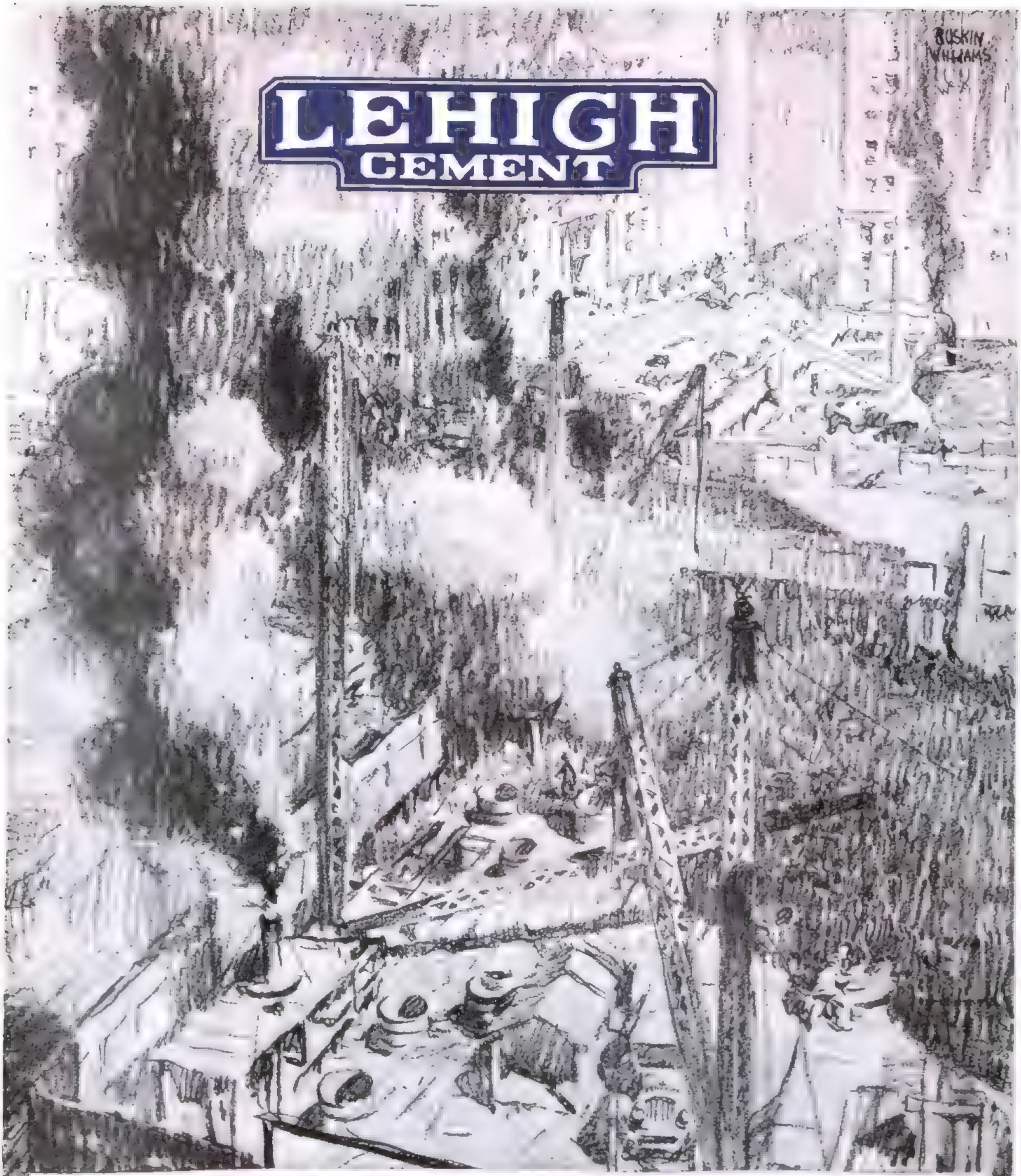
General Syrovy in his answer states that the admiral had already been handed over to the insurgents. Colonel Fukuda sent an officer to the socialist-revolutionary government with the same proposal, and met with a refusal.

On February seventh, at five o'clock in the morning, Admiral Kolchak and Mr. Pepeliaev were taken from their cells to the courtyard of the prison and were shot.

At about this time the remnants of the Siberian Army, under General Voitsekhovsky, were nearing Irkutsk on the highways, and the communists explained the murder by stating that they feared the admiral might be rescued. The Czechoslovaks explained their betrayal of the admiral by the fact that they might have incurred possible losses in men if they had defended him, because the insurgents were armed.

This appears to be rather a peculiar explanation, for if the Czechs did not desire to fight they could have accepted Colonel Fukuda's proposition.

As for us Russians, we have no doubt that Admiral Kolchak passed into history as a noble patriot who gave his life for the welfare of the Russian people.



15 Mills from Coast to Coast

Beneath the streets the city rests on concrete-

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL. SPOKANE, WN.

NEW YORK, N.Y. PHILADELPHIA, PA. JACKSONVILLE, FLA MINNEAPOLIS, MINN OMAHA, NEB. MASON CITY, IOWA
BOSTON, MASS. BUFFALO, N.Y. KANSAS CITY, MO NEWCASTLE, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA. RICHMOND, VA

LEHIGH *the* National CEMENT

WRIGLEY'S

Joy in Store for You!

A 51

Sealed Tight - Kept Right

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

Continued from Page 30

thing was heightened by the nervous solemnity immediately preceding. Men beat their neighbors on the back in instant comradeship of convulsed rollicking jubilation.

"Always leave 'em laughing when you say good-by!" Morrison advised the chap whom he was manhandling. He held the fellow over the edge of the plinth by the collar and dropped him, wilted and whimpering, into the waiting arms of the appreciative Lanigan. "Dry his eyes, Joe, and wipe his nose, and see that he gets started for home all right."

Morrison stood straight and secured a hearing after a time.

"Boys, those of you who are in the right mind—and I hope all of you are that way now, after a good laugh—I've given you a sample of how to handle the Bolshevist blatherskites when you come across 'em in this country.

"Look round and if you find any more of 'em in the crowd go ahead and dose 'em with dingbats! Fine remedy for childish folly! I reckon all of us have found out that much for ourselves in the old days. I won't keep you standing in the cold here any longer. Good night!"

He leaped down onto the porch and went into the State House. General Totten was near the big door. The men outside were guffawing again.

Morrison was dusting his palms with the air of a man who had finished a rather unpleasant job.

"Do you hear 'em, Totten? Sounds better than howls of a crowd bored by machine gun bullets, eh? How much chance do you think there is of starting a civil war among men who are laughing like that?"

XIX

THE chief of police had distributed his officers to posts of duty and was patrolling the rotunda. He saluted the mayor when Morrison came hurrying in through the main entrance.

"All is fine, chief! I thank you for your work. I don't look for anything out of the way after this, but keep your men on till further orders."

At the foot of the grand stairway Stewart's self-possession left him. Lana Corson was standing halfway up the stairs. Her furs were thrown back, revealing her festival attire. Her beauty was heightened by the flush on her cheeks and by the vivid animation in her luminous eyes.

He paused for a moment, his gaze meeting hers, and then he hastened to her.

"How did it happen—that you're here, Lana?"

"I'm here—let that be an answer for now. But this, Stewart—this what I have been seeing and hearing! Does it mean what it seems to mean?"

"I'll have to admit that I don't know exactly how it does show up from the side lines. Suppose you say."

"I heard you talk to General Totten. I heard you talk to that mob. I saw what you did. But I heard you give all the credit to my father." She searched Stewart's face with more earnest stare. "You have saved the state from disgracing itself, haven't you? Isn't that what you have done—you yourself?"

"Oh, nonsense! Tell me—how did you get in, and who came with you?"

"I'm here alone, Stewart, and it's of no importance how I got in. The question I have asked you is the important one just now."

Her insistence was disconcerting; he had not recovered from the astonishment of the sudden meeting; he felt that he ought to lie to that daughter, in the interests of her family pride, but he was conscious of his inability to lie glibly just then.

"Where is your car?"

"Waiting for me in the little park."

"Lana, there'll be no more excitement here—not a bit. Nothing to see! Suppose you allow me to take you to the car. Come!" He put out his arm.

"Certainly not! Not until I see my father! He is in danger!"

"I assure you he is not. I left him with the governor only a few minutes ago, and the senator was never better in his life—nor safer!"

In spite of his best endeavor to be consolatory and matter-of-fact he was not able to keep a certain significance out of his tone. From where she stood she could look across the rotunda and down into the square. The glare of the lights made all visible. The crowd was melting away.

"Stewart, brains and tact have accomplished wonders here to-night. I want to know all the truth. Why shouldn't you be as candid with me as you seemed to be with those men when you were talking to them? I want to give my gratitude to somebody! The name of our good state has been kept clean. You're not fair to me if you leave me in the dark any longer."

"I did my little bit, that's all! I'm only one of the cogs!"

"I know how I'll make you tell. I propose to give you all the credit. And I never knew you to keep anything that didn't belong to you."

"Now you're not fair yourself, Lana! We just put our heads together— the whole of us—that's all! Put our heads together! You know! As men will!"

His stammering eagerness did not satisfy her feminine penetration. Her daughterly interest in the senator's political standing was stirred, as she reflected.

"My father is down here to see that his fences are in good shape," she declared with true Washington sapience.

"I think it was his duty and privilege to step out there and make the speech. I'm surprised because he let such an opportunity slip. With all due respect to the mayor of Marion, you were not at all dignified, Stewart. They laughed at you—and I didn't blame them!"

"I can't blame 'em, either," he confessed. "I—I—I guess I lost my head. I'm not used to making speeches. I have just made two since supper, and both of 'em have seemed to stir up a lot of trouble for me."

"I think myself that you're rather unfortunate as a speech maker," she returned dryly. "I suppose you're going back to report to father. I'll go with you." In her manner there was implied promise that she would proceed to learn more definitely in what quarters her especial gratitude ought to be expended.

"Lana," he urged, "I wish you'd go home and wait for your talk with your father when he comes. He'll be coming right along. I'll see that he does. There's nothing—not much of anything to keep him here. But I need to have a little private confab with him."

"So private that I mustn't listen? I hope that we're still old friends, Stewart, you and I, though your attitude in regard to father's affairs has made all else between us impossible."

He did not pursue the topic she had broached. There was a certain finality about her deliverance of the statement, a decisiveness that afforded no hint that she would consider any compromise or reconsideration. His face was very grave.

"I have a little business—a few loose ends to take up with the senator. Once more I beg that you will defer ——"

"I will go with you to the executive chamber. I'll be grateful for your escort. If you don't care to have me go along with you I can easily find my way there alone."

Her manner left no opportunity for further appeal. He bowed. He did not offer his arm. They walked together up the stairway. With side glances she surveyed his countenance wonderingly; in his expression true distress was mingled with apprehensiveness. He had the air of an unwilling guide detailed to conduct an unsuspecting innocent to be shocked by the revelations of a chamber of horrors; she put it that way to herself in jesting hyperbole.

The newspaper men who had followed Mayor Morrison into the State House had been holding aloof politely from a conference which seemed to have no bearing on the political situation. They hurried behind and overtook Stewart and the young lady at the head of the stairway; their spokesman asked for a statement.

"I made it! Out there a few minutes ago! Boys, you heard what I said, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I talked more than I intended to! Boil it down to a few lines, and let it go at that!"

"We want to get the matter just right, Mister Mayor, and give credit where it's due."

"I covered the matter of credit. There's nothing more to say," replied Stewart curtly.

The reporters surveyed him with considerable wonderment; his manner in times past had always been distinguished by frank graciousness.

"We'd like to see Senator Corson and Governor North."

That request seemed to provoke the mayor's irritability still more.

"I'm not the guardian of those gentlemen or of this State House!" He turned on his heel abruptly. "Miss Corson!" She was waiting a few paces away. He rejoined her and by a gesture invited her to walk along. "I'm sorry! I did not mean to delay you!"

The newspaper men followed on as far as the door of the executive chamber. Morrison faced them there.

"I don't mean to interfere with you, boys, in any way. And you mustn't interfere with me. As soon as the senator and the governor finish with me they'll give you all the time you want, no doubt! Please wait outside!" He tapped on the door and gave his name. Rellihan opened. Morrison seized the officer's arm and pulled him outside. "Keep everybody away from the door for a few moments—till further orders."

Stewart escorted Miss Corson in with almost as much celerity as he had employed in escorting Rellihan out; and he promptly banged the door. He walked slowly across the room toward the big table, following Lana, who hastened toward her father. The senator was standing behind the table, flanked by North and Daunt. The three of them formed a portentous battery. Morrison did not speak. His expression indicated humility. He drooped his shoulders. There was appeal in his eyes.

"Here I am!" the eyes informed the glowering senator. But a side glance hinted: "Here is your daughter too. Use judgment!"

Lana was manifestly perplexed by what she saw. Three distinguished gentlemen were presenting the visages of masculine Furies. She looked away from them and received a little comfort from the placid countenances of Andrew Mac Tavish and Delora Bunker, but their presence in that place and at that hour only made her mystification more complete.

She had been allowing her imagination to paint pictures before she stepped into the executive chamber; she had expected to find her father virtuously triumphant, serenely a successful molder of pacific plans. His scowl was so forbidding that she stopped short.

"Father, it's wonderful—perfectly wonderful, isn't it?" She tried to speak joyously, but she faltered. "I saw it all! I saw how your plan succeeded."

"Damn you, Morrison, what has happened?" The senator did not merely demand—he exploded.

The silence which followed became oppressive. Miss Corson was too thoroughly horrified to proceed. Apparently Governor North and Daunt had selected their spokesman and had nothing to say for themselves. Morrison seemed to be especially helpless as an informant; he wagged his head and pointed to Lana.

"Answer my question, Morrison!"

"I think Miss Corson better tell you, sir. She was an impartial observer."

"Perhaps she had better tell me! You're right! After this night I wouldn't take your word as to the wetness of water. Lana, speak out!"

"I don't know what I can tell you—you have been right here all the time in the State House ——"

The senator jammed a retort between the links of her stammering speech: "Yes, I have been right here! What has happened below, I ask you?"

"Why, the troops marched out. They went away! Right through the mob! And it's all calm and quiet."

Governor North stamped his way a half dozen paces to the rear, and whirled and marched back into line.

"Morrison, have you—have you ——" Senator Corson choked. Not knowing exactly what to say he shook his fist.

"Father, what's the matter? It was only carrying out your orders."

"Orders—my orders?"

"Stewart Morrison, why don't you say something?" she demanded.

"I'm sure your father prefers to hear from you."

"Confound it, I do want to hear, and hear immediately!"

Lana displayed some of the paternal ire.

"Stewart, I asked you to be candid with me. You're leaving me to flounder round disgracefully in this matter."

The senator advanced on his daughter and seized her arm.

"I don't want that renegade to say another word to me as long as I live—and he knows it. I'll tell you later what has been going on here. But now tell me to what orders of mine you are referring! Quick and short!"

"Mayor Morrison made a little speech to the mob and said that you thought it was best to send away the troops to prevent bad feelings and misunderstanding, and said you were backed up by the governor."

The senator swapped looks with the goggling North over Lana's head.

"And the mob has gone home and the State House is thrown wide open and the policemen are on duty and I say again that it's wonderful," insisted the girl.

"Morrison, did you say that? Have you done that?"

Stewart was fully aware that he had allowed the men in the square to draw an inference from a compliment that he had paid to Senator Corson's sagacity, and had refrained from making a direct declaration. But he was not minded to embarrass the girl any further. He bowed.

"I thank Miss Corson for giving the gist of the thing so neatly."

"I know I don't understand it all yet, father!" Lana was both frightened and wistful. The senator had turned from her and was striding to and fro, scuffing his feet hard on the carpet. "If you're blaming Mayor Morrison for revealing confidences, I'm sorry. But you can't help being proud when it is spread abroad how your handling of the dreadful affair prevented bloodshed and shame in this state."

"Spread abroad!" Senator Corson brought down his feet more violently.

The situation, if it remained bottled up there in the executive chamber any longer, threatened to explode in still more damaging fashion, was Stewart's uncomfortable thought. The senator's remark suggested a diversion in the way of topics at any rate.

"That reminds me that the newspaper boys are waiting outside in the corridor, Senator Corson. I asked them to be patient for a few minutes. Please allow me to say that I have added no statement to what I said to the crowd in the square. I shall not add any."

"I don't see how you could add anything!" retorted the senator with venom.

He continued his promenade. Again the silence in the room became oppressive. Morrison was scrutinizing Governor North with especial intentness. His Excellency was giving unmistakable evidence that he was surcharged. He was working his elbows and was whispering to himself with a fizzling sound. He had turned his back on Lana Corson as if he were resolved to ignore the fact of her presence.

Stewart, exhibiting deference while a United States senator was pondering, strolled leisurely across the room to North and fondled the lapel of the governor's coat.

"I beg your pardon, and I hope you'll excuse curiosity in a chap who makes cloth, governor. But this is as fine a piece of worsted as I've seen in many a day."

North lifted his arm as if to knock the presumptuous hand away; but Stewart slowly clenched his fist, holding the fabric in his close clutch, exerting a strength that dominated the man upon whom his hold was fastened. The mayor went on in an undertone, showing additional deference in the presence of the senatorial ponderings:

"Governor, petty politics hasn't been allowed to make a bad mess of what has been turned into an open proposition. Now don't allow your tongue to make a mess of this new development, as it stands right now. Humor Miss Corson's notions! And let me tell you—my policemen are going to stay on the job until after the legislature assembles."

"Morrison, you're a coward!" grated North. "You brought Corson's girl here so that you can sneak behind her petticoats."

Stewart released his hold, clapped His Excellency on the shoulder, raised his voice and cried heartily: "Thank you, governor!

(Continued on Page 127)

Look at it

–and see why Snowdrift was named Snowdrift.

Its whiteness is not the reason Snowdrift is pure, but purity is one reason Snowdrift is white.

Only the finest vegetable oil is used in making Snowdrift. This choice oil is always light in color. When it is hardened and whipped —somewhat as one beats the white of an egg—it makes Snowdrift a creamy, fluffy *white* fat.

This purity of Snowdrift also insures delicacy of flavor. No really good cook wants food to lose its own flavor and "taste" of the fat she used. Snowdrift is rich, much richer than butter, but it is so pure and delicate that it does not alter the flavor of food cooked with it, in the least.

Snowdrift is fresh, white, creamy vegetable fat—a perfect fat for every use in cooking—perfectly *pure* and with the rich, nourishing food value of 100% pure fat.

Smell it

—and see how sweet and fresh Snowdrift is. Do *you* know how much nicer cooking fat is when it is fresh? Many and many a woman tells us that she has used cooking fat of one kind or another all her life and never realized, until she tried Snowdrift, that fat *could* be so sweet and fresh.

Snowdrift is fresh—fresh as you use the word to describe a new-laid egg. Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say "sweet" cream.

When you open the airtight can in your kitchen you always find Snowdrift as *fresh* as the day it was made.

Taste it

Do you hesitate to taste the cooking fat you are using? Taste Snowdrift and see how *good* to eat a cooking fat can be.

Snowdrift is made entirely of vegetable oil as rich and pure as the finest fat you ever put in your mouth.

Open the airtight can

fresh!

Cream it

Snowdrift is always creamy—never too hard nor too soft. It is just the creamy consistency that one finds easiest and quickest to use.

You may have tried shortening that was hard as a candle in cold weather or in the icebox, and then runny in warm weather. Snowdrift stays stiff enough in a warm temperature and soft enough in cold so that it is always easy to cream.

When you start to "cream" Snowdrift with sugar or flour you find most of the hard work already done. It saves much time and trouble to have Snowdrift just the right creamy consistency itself.

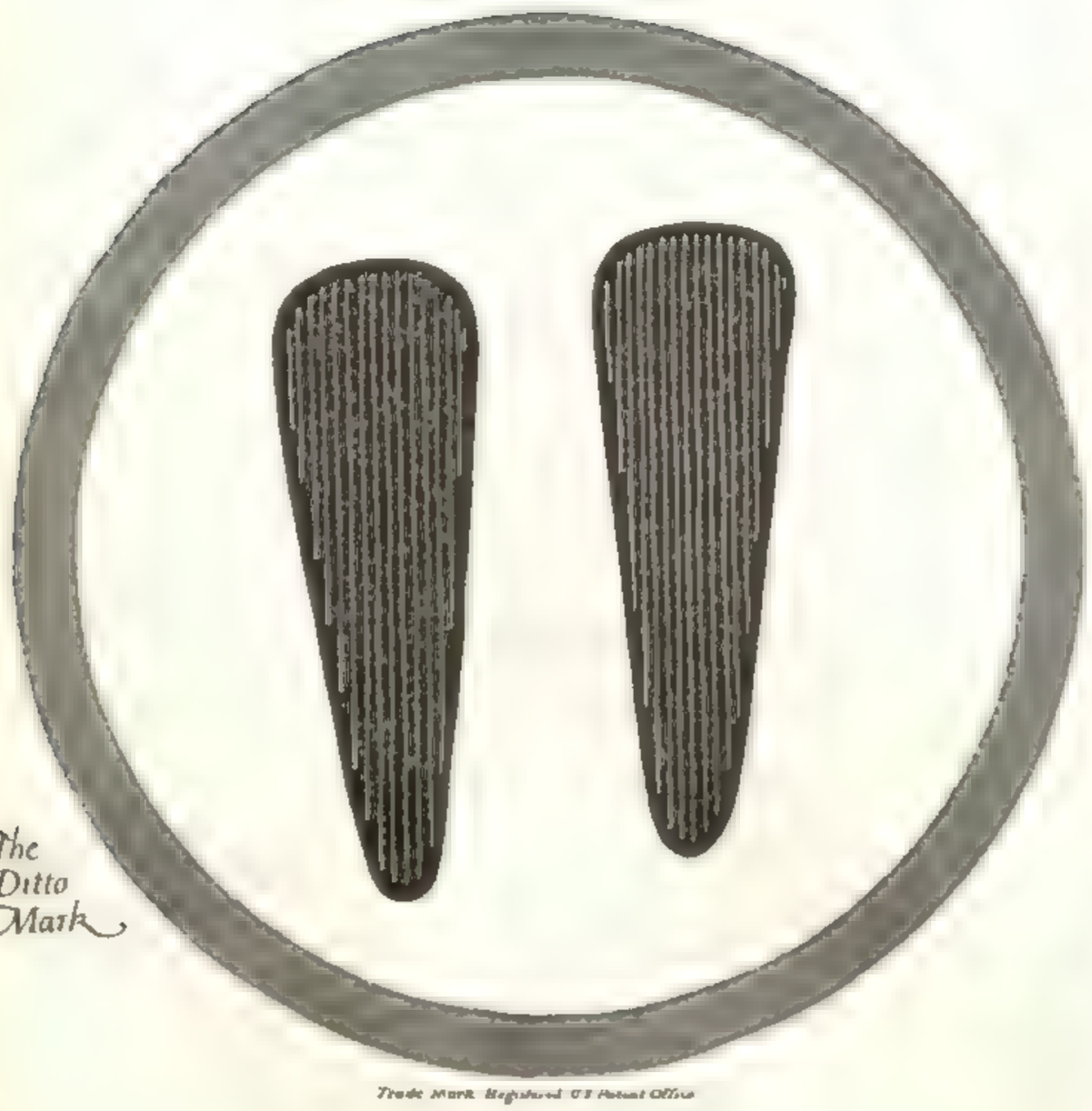
Snowdrift is pure rich vegetable fat—a perfect fat for all cooking—always *creamy* and always *fresh.*

Southern Cotton Oil Trading Company
NEW YORK SAVANNAH NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO
Makers of SNOWDRIFT, WESSON OIL
and SOUTHERN BRAND PEANUT BUTTER

Do You Know the Real Field of Ditto?

Showing how an exact impression of the "Master" is left on Ditto's copying surface

. . . after which it is a simple matter to produce the needed copies quickly.



The Ditto Mark

Trade Mark Registered U S Patent Office

Ditto, the duplicating machine, occupies in the business world a field peculiarly its own.

Ditto must not be confused with the "form letter" machines, designed to produce hundreds and thousands of copies, for Ditto is *not* a circular letter device. On the other hand, Ditto does not conflict with the typewriter—limited to three or four carbon copies.

Ditto does dominate, however, the field lying between these extremes—that big field which takes in the bulk of all duplicating work, such as orders, invoices, production, accounting, sales forms and the like.

Ditto provides the speediest, most efficient and most economical means of producing up to a hundred exact copies of anything that can be handwritten, typewritten or drawn.

Ditto's operation is extremely simple. No type to set—no stencil to cut—no carbon to pack. All that is necessary is a single "master" sheet, prepared in the customary way with Ditto pencil, ink or ribbon. An exact impression of this "master" sheet is mechanically left on Ditto's copying surface in a few brief seconds. From this impression the required number of copies can be produced in a jiffy by any bright boy or girl.

Ditto will save fifty per cent or more in time—in labor—in materials. Thousands of organizations in hundreds of lines of business, are proving this every day.

Write for The Ditto Book, or, better still, phone for The Ditto Man. Learn how Ditto can save for you.

Duplicator Manufacturing Company, *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities

Ditto

THE QUICKEST WAY TO DUPLICATE

(Continued from Page 123)

You're right. You have an excellent idea of a piece of goods, yourself."

Senator Corson arrived at a decision which he did not confide to anybody. He spoke to Daunt and the two of them went to the divan and dragged on the overcoats which they had discarded when Rellihan's obstinacy had been found to be unassailable.

Lana studying the faces of the men drew her furs about her.

"The car is waiting near the west portico, father," she ventured to say.

Corson took his time about buttoning his coat. Lana had her heritage of dark eyes from her father; his wrath had settled into cold malevolence and his eyes above his white cheeks were not pleasant objects. He surveyed the various persons in the room. He took his time in that process too.

"For the present — for now — for tonight," he said quietly, elaborating his mention of the moment with significance, "we seem to have cleaned up all the business before us. In view of that interregnum, governor, of which you have been so kindly reminded, I suppose you feel that you can go to your hotel and rest up for the inaugural. Allow me to offer you a lift in my car."

The governor trudged toward a massive wardrobe in a corner of the chamber.

"I do not presume to offer you the convenience of my car, Mayor Morrison," the senator went on. "I take it that your recent oath as supreme executive during the aforesaid interregnum obliges you to stay on the job. Ah—er—do we require a countersign in order to get out of the building?"

The mayor was walking toward the private door.

"No, sir!" he said mildly.

"I hope you hear that, Governor North! I was compelled to give countersigns to your soldiers—quite emphatic countersigns. The new régime is to be complimented."

Morrison threw open the door.

"That's all, Rellihan! Report to the chief."

The newspaper men came crowding to the threshold.

"You have interviewed Mayor Morrison on the situation, haven't you?" demanded the senator, breaking in on their questions.

"Yes!"

"To-night—for the time being—for now," returned Corson, dwelling on the point as emphatically as he had when he spoke before, "Mayor Morrison seems to be doing very well in all that has been undertaken. I have no statement to make—absolutely no word to say!"

He stepped back and allowed the governor to lead the retreat; His Excellency collided with two of the more persistent news gatherers. With volleyed "No! Nothing!" he marked time for the thudding of his feet.

Apparently Lana had entered into the spirit of that armed truce which, so her father's manner informed her, was merely a rearrangement of the battle front. She hurried out of the chamber without even a glance in Morrison's direction. Stewart's grim countenance intimidated the reporters; they went away.

For a long time the mayor paced up and down the executive chamber, his hands clasped behind him. Miss Bunker thumbed the leaves of her notebook, putting on an air of complete absorption in that matter. Mac Tavish studied the mayor's face; Morrison was wearing that expression which indicated a mood strange for him. Mac Tavish had seen it on the master's face altogether too many times since the Morrison had come from the mill in the forenoon. It was not the look he wore when matters of business engrossed him. The old paymaster liked to see Morrison pondering on mill affairs; it was meditation that always meant solution of difficulties, and the solution was instantly followed by a laugh and good cheer. But it was plain that Morrison had not solved anything when he turned to Mac Tavish.

"Not much like honest real business, this; eh, Andy?"

"Naething like, sir!"

"Doesn't seem to be a polite job, either—politics—if you go in and fight the other fellow on his own ground."

"I've e'er hated the sculch and the scalawags!"

"Totten calls this a political exigency."

"I'll no' name it for mysel in the hearing o' the lass!"

"Seems to need a lot of fancy lying when a greenhorn like me starts late and is obliged to do things in a hurry. Gives business methods an awful wrench, Andy!"

"Aye!" The old Scotchman was emphatic.

"In fact, in a political exigency, according to what I've found out this evening, the quickest liar wins!" He walked to Miss Bunker's side. "You might jot that down as sort of summing the thing up, and consider the record closed."

"Do ye think it's all closed and that ye're weel out of it?" inquired Mac Tavish anxiously.

"I think, Andy," drawled the mayor, a wry smile beginning to twist at the corners of his mouth, "that I may have the militia and the people and the politicians well out of it, but considering the mess as it concerns me myself, I'm only beginning to be good and properly in it."

"Ye hae the record, as jotted by the lass, and I heard ye say naething but what was to your credit. And the words o' the high judges! Ye're weel backed!"

"Oh, that reminds me, Andy. That boy who brought the telegrams to the door! He'll come to the mill in the morning. Pay him ten dollars. I didn't have the money in my clothes when I hired him."

"And that reminds me, too, Mr. Morrison!" said Miss Bunker. "Do you want me to keep the telegrams with the record? You remember you took them when you went out with the general."

Morrison reached into his breast pocket for the papers, tore them slowly across and stuffed the scraps back into a side pocket.

"I reckon they won't do the record much good. It's more of the political-exigency stuff, Andy. I wrote 'em myself."

His hands had touched his pipe when he had shoved the bits of paper into his pocket. He took it out and peered into the bowl. There was tobacco there and he fumbled for a match.

"Andy, usually I like to have morning come, for there's always business waiting for me in the mornings, and honest daylight helps any matter of clean business. But I'm not looking ahead to this next sunrise with a great deal of relish. Those telegrams were clinchers in the case of Totten, but I don't know what the judges will say. What I said about Senator Corson to the mob helped a lot—but I don't know what the senator is going to say in the morning. And I don't know what Governor North proposes to say. Or what ——" He checked himself and shook his head. "Well, there's considerable going to be said, at any rate! I'll run over the thing in my mind right now while I have time and everything is quiet. Mac Tavish, take Miss Bunker to the car and tell Jock to carry you and her home and to come back here for me."

After they had gone he lighted his pipe and sat down in the governor's big chair and smoked and pondered. Every little while he thrust his forefinger and thumb into his vest pocket and ransacked without avail. "I must have left it in my dress clothes," he muttered. "But no matter! Perhaps I'm not in the right frame of mind to enjoy poetry. However, merely in the way of taking a new clinch on the proposition I do remember this much: 'But I will marry my own first love!' There's truth in poetry if you go after it hard enough. I reckon I'll have to keep my mind on poetry as close as I can; I don't dare to think of politics."

xx

FOR the first time in his life Governor North had his breakfast served to him in his room at his hotel; he ate alone, chewing savagely and studying newspapers. He did not welcome this method of breakfasting as a pleasing indulgence. Rugged Lawrence North was no sybarite; he hated all assumptions of exclusiveness; he loved to mingle and mix, and his morning levees in the hotel breakfast room catered to all his vanity as a public functionary. He did not own up squarely to himself that he was afraid to go down and face men and answer questions. He had ordered the hotel telephone exchange to give him no calls; he had told the desk clerk to state to all inquirers that the governor was too busy to be seen; he paid no attention to raps on his door.

His self-exculpation in this unwonted privacy was that he could not afford to allow himself to be bothered by questioners until he and Senator Corson could arrange for effectual teamwork by another conference. When he and the senator parted they had agreed to get together at the Corson mansion the first thing after breakfast. While the governor ground his food between his teeth he also chewed on the savage realization that he had nothing sensible to say in public on the situation, considering his uncompromising declarations of the day before; there were those declarations, thrusting up at him from the newspaper page like derisive fingers; by the reports in parallel columns he was represented as saying one thing and doing another!

And a bumptious, blundering, bullheaded Scotchman had put the governor of a state in that tongue-tied, skulking position on the proud day of inauguration!

His Excellency slashed his ham and stabbed his eggs, making his food atone vicariously. He did not order his car over the hotel telephone. The hotel attachés were obsequious and would be waiting to escort him in state across the main office. The politicians would surround the car. And he was perfectly sure that some of the big men of an amazed State House lobby might step into that car along with him and seek to know what the mischief had happened overnight to change all the sane and conservative plans in the way of making a legislature safe!

He bundled himself and his raw pride into his overcoat, turned the fur collar up round his head and went down a rear staircase. He was sneaking and he knew it, and no paltering self-assurance that he was handling a touchy situation with necessary tact helped his feelings in the least. He stepped into a taxicab and was glad because the breath of previous passengers that morning had frosted the windows. That consolation was merely a back fire in the rest of the conflagration that raged in him. It was a dull morning, murky and cold. When he stamped up the board walk from the gate of the Corson mansion he beheld the boarded windows of the ballroom, and the spectacle added to his sense of chill. But his anger was not cooled. Senator Corson's secretary was waiting in the hall; he showed the governor up to the senator's study.

Either because the outdoors was not cheerful that morning or because the senator had been too much engrossed in meditation to remember that daylight would serve him, the curtains of the study were drawn and the electric lamps were on. Corson was walking up and down the room, chewing on one end of a cigar and making a soggy torch of the other end. He continued to pace while North pulled off his coat.

"I have sent word to Morrison to come here," the host stated sourly.

The mantel clock reported the hour as nine; His Excellency scowled at the clock's face.

"And you got word back, I suppose, that after he has come out of his mill at ten o'clock and has washed his hands and ——"

"He's at City Hall!" snapped Corson with an acerbity that matched the governor's. "I called the mill and was referred to Morrison at City Hall. He's on his way up here. At any rate, he said he'd start at once."

"Did he condescend to intimate in what capacity he proposes to land on us this time?"

"I'm going to allow you to draw your own conclusions. I've been trying to draw some of my own from what he said."

"What did he say?"

"Apologized because I was put to any trouble in locating him. Said he was expecting to be called by me and thought he would go to City Hall and await my summons in order to put himself and the whole situation on a strictly official basis."

The senator delivered that information sullenly.

"What kind of a devilish basis does he think he's been operating on?"

"Look here, North! If you have come up here to fight with me after the row you have been having downtown this morning I warn you ——"

"I have had no row downtown. I wouldn't see anybody. I wouldn't talk with anybody. Blast it, Corson, I don't know what to say to anybody!"

"Well, that's one point, at least, on which you and I can get together even if we can't agree on anything else. If you have been so cursedly exclusive as all that, North, perhaps you haven't been in touch with any of the justices of the supreme court, as I have."

"You have, eh?"

"I called Davenport and Madigan on the telephone."

"What excuse could they give for sending their snap opinions over the wire on the inquiry of a fool?"

"They offered no excuse. They couldn't. They knew nothing about any telegrams till I informed 'em. They received no inquiry. They sent no replies, naturally."

"That—that—did that ——" The governor pawed at his scraggly neck. "He faked all that stuff?"

"Absolutely!"

Comment which could not have been expressed in long speeches and violent denunciation was put into the pregnant stare exchanged by the two men. Then the senator took another grip on his cigar with bared teeth and began to march again.

"Corson, what's going to be done with that blue-blazed understudy of Ananias?"

"Depend on the wrath of heaven, perhaps," said the senator sarcastically. "I haven't had time to look in Holy Writ this morning and ascertain just what kind of a lie Ananias told. But whatever it was, it was tame beside what Morrison told that mob about me last night."

"You've had your fling at me about my exclusiveness! What are you putting out yourself this morning in the way of statements!"

The governor banged his fist down on the newspapers which littered the study table.

"Nothing! Not yet!"

"I've got to have my self-respect with me when I deliver my inaugural address this forenoon. The only way I can possess it is by ramming Morrison into jail."

"On what ground, may I ask?"

"Interference with the chief executive of this state! Inciting the mob against the militia! Putting state property in danger. Forgery—contempt of court! I'll appeal to the judges to act. I'll call in the attorney general. You and I were forcibly detained!"

"Yes, we might allege abduction," was Corson's dry rejoinder. "Our helplessness in the hands of a usurper would win a lot of public sympathy."

"I tell you, we would have the sympathy of the people," asserted the governor, too angry to be anything else than literal.

"And they'd express it by giving us the biggest laugh ever tendered to two public men in this state, North. We've got to look this thing straight in the eye. I told Morrison last night that no such preposterous thing was ever put over in American politics, and he agreed with me. You must agree too! That makes us unanimous on one point, and that's something gained, because it's an essential point. We can't afford to let the public know just how preposterous the situation was. A man in American public life can get away with almost any kind of a fix if it's taken seriously. But the right sort of a general laugh will snuff him like that!" He snapped his finger. "We're not dealing with politics and procedure in the case of Morrison."

"We're dealing with a fool and his folly!" the governor shouted.

It was another of those cases where the expected guest under discussion becomes an eavesdropper at just the wrong moment; Morrison was not deliberately an eavesdropper. He had followed the instructed secretary to the study door, and the governor had declared himself with a violence that was heard outside the room.

The mayor stepped in when the secretary opened the door. After the secretary had closed the door and departed Morrison walked forward.

"Governor North, you're perfectly right, and I agree with you without resenting your remark. I did make quite a fool of myself last night. Perhaps you are not ready to concede that the ends justified the means."

"I do not, sir!"

"A result built on falsehoods is a pretty poor proposition," declared the senator. "I refer especially to those fake telegrams and to your impudent assertion to the mob that I said this or that!"

"Yes, that telegram job was a pretty raw one, sir," Morrison admitted. "But I really didn't lie straight out to those men in the square about your participation. I let 'em draw an inference from the way I complimented your fairness and good sense I was a little hasty last night—but I didn't have much time to do advance thinking."

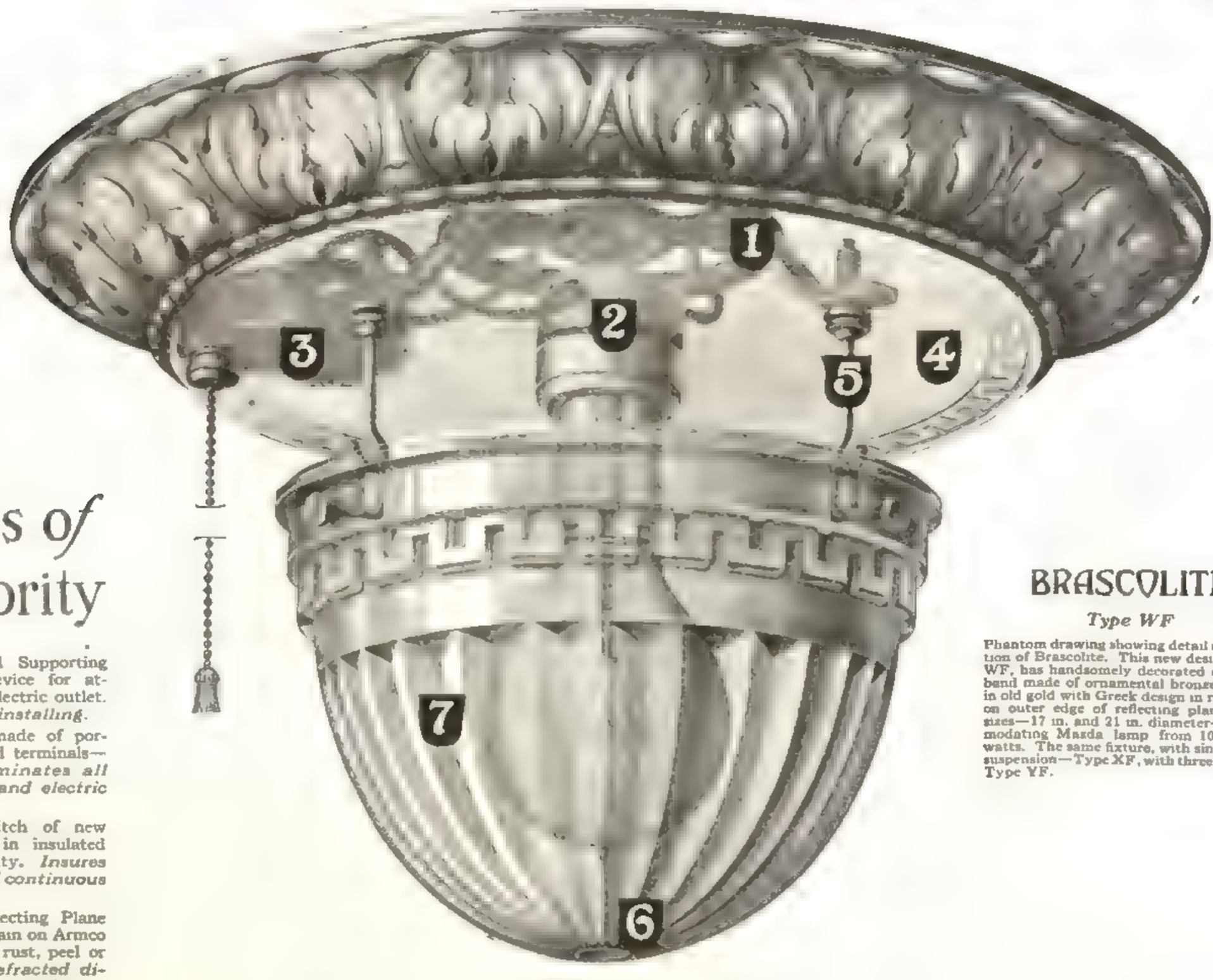
"I'm going to express myself about last night," stated Senator Corson.

"Will you wait a moment, sir?" Morrison had not removed his overcoat; he had not even unbuttoned it; he afforded the

(Continued on Page 130)

The BRAS

PATENTED AND



BRASCOLITE

Type WF

Phantom drawing showing detail construction of Brascolite. This new design, Type WF, has handsomely decorated one-piece band made of ornamental bronze finished in old gold with Greek design in rich ivory on outer edge of reflecting plane. Two sizes—17 in. and 21 in. diameter—accommodating Mazda lamp from 100 to 300 watts. The same fixture, with single chain suspension—Type XF, with three chains—Type YF.

7 points of superiority

1 Brascolite Improved Supporting Tripod—simplest device for attaching to any kind of electric outlet. *Means lowest cost for installing.*

2 Brascolite Socket, made of porcelain with protected terminals—no wire splicing. *Eliminates all danger and fire risk, and electric troubles.*

3 Brascolite Pull Switch of new toggle construction in insulated housing—660 watt capacity. *Insures long, dependable life of continuous service.*

4 Brascolite Flat Reflecting Plane made of white porcelain on Armco iron—positively will not rust, peel or discolor. *Light rays refracted directly and without obstruction to the working plane.*

5 Brascolite Spindles not only support the bowl, but hold the reflector periphery flush with the ceiling—being adjustable to correctly position the bowl, they insure utilization of every ray of light, thus producing maximum and uniform light distribution. *The result is a candle-power variation of but 6 per cent in the very large radius of 135 degrees.*

6 Ventilation upward through the hole in bottom of bowl insures long lamp life and least accumulation of dust. *This reduces operating depreciation to the minimum and practically maintains the original lamp efficiency.*

7 Scientific configuration of the white glass bowl thoroughly breaks up the intense white Mazda light and softens it by diffusion. The principle of diffusion plus reflection has made Brascolite the ideal light of eye-health and comfort, exceeding in efficiency every other fixture in the world. *The Brascolite bowl, when illuminated, presents a luminous body 569 times as large as the lamp filament. The glare of the clear Mazda lamp is reduced 97 per cent, with a total absorption of but 20 per cent.*

Brascolites not only afford the ideal light for display room purposes, but impart an air of tone and refinement to articles displayed. The fixture here illustrated, Type WG, has an ornamental bronze band, finished in old gold with Greek design in ivory. Bowl resembles carved Italian Alabaster.

Eye comfort is the prime essential, and is perfectly met with Brascolites of various types in thousands of modern schools throughout the country. The all white porcelain enameled fixture, Type AD, shown above, is easily cleaned, economical to maintain and permanent in its efficiency. It is a favorite for school room illumination.

A wide variety of designs permits of selection to harmonize perfectly with the luxurious modern hotel or club interiors. Standard finish of Type B-948, as illustrated, is antique gold. Bowl etched in gray with blue and white medallions, and silk tassel

COLITE

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

These 50 Leading Institutions

commercial–industrial–educational

are equipped with more than 20,000 Brascolites

Brascolite is the largest selling lighting fixture in the world—over three-quarters of a million are now in service. More than a mere lighting fixture, Brascolite is a distinct principle in lighting. It perfectly controls distribution of light by the scientifically applied principle of diffusion plus reflection. Its soft, clear, evenly diffused light—eliminating both glare and gloom—is the perfect light for eye-comfort and service.

A few of Brascolite's thousands of users:

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.
Beechnut Packing Co.
Remington Arms and Ammunition Co.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
Aetna Life Insurance Co
Plymouth Office Building, Cleveland.
Cutler-Hammer Co.
Sargeant & Co.
Fox River Butter Co.
Rice Building, Boston.
Mohawk Building, Spokane, Wash.
Donaldson's Dept. Store, Minneapolis.
Kineham's Dept. Store, Buffalo.
Gimbel's Dept. Store, Milwaukee.
Selman's Department Store, Louisville.
Jamestown (N. Y.) Furniture Exhibit.
H. J. Heinz Co.
John Wanamaker.
Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.
McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.
Auto Strop Safety Razor Corporation
Larkin & Co.
Union Pacific R. R.
Pennsylvania Lines.
Louisville & Nashville R. R.
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R.
Santa Fe System.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.
Chicago & Northwestern R. R. Co.
Union Station, St. Louis.
Montana Power Co.
The Texas Co.
Remy Electric Co.
Hares Motors Corporation.
Brokaw-Eden Mfg. Co.
La Salle Extension Building, Chicago.
Corona Typewriter Co
Otis Elevator Co
Missouri State Capitol.
U. S. District Court House, Washington
Chicago City Hall.
Adolphus Hotel, Dallas
Fifty-Third National Bank Bldg., Cincinnati.
Central Trust Co. of San Antonio.
Fourth National Bank of Atlanta.
Public Libraries, St. Louis.
University of Pennsylvania.
University of California.
Union Electric Light and Power Co., St. Louis.

The Brascolite carries its own ceiling or reflecting plane and is therefore independent of room-ceilings either in height or color. Brascolite fixtures are made in a wide variety of designs to harmonize with any architectural treatment, and in sizes accommodating Mazda lamps of 40 to 500 watts, thus giving a range of adaptability without limit. No matter how large or how small your requirements, Brascolite will meet your need perfectly. Fifteen thousand dealers sell Brascolites. Write us and we will be glad to give you the name of the Brascolite dealer in your community and send you copy of our new catalog No. 7, which pictures and describes the Standard Brascolite line. Our Designing and Engineering Departments are at your disposal, without obligation, for special requirements.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Division of the St. Louis Brass Manufacturing Company

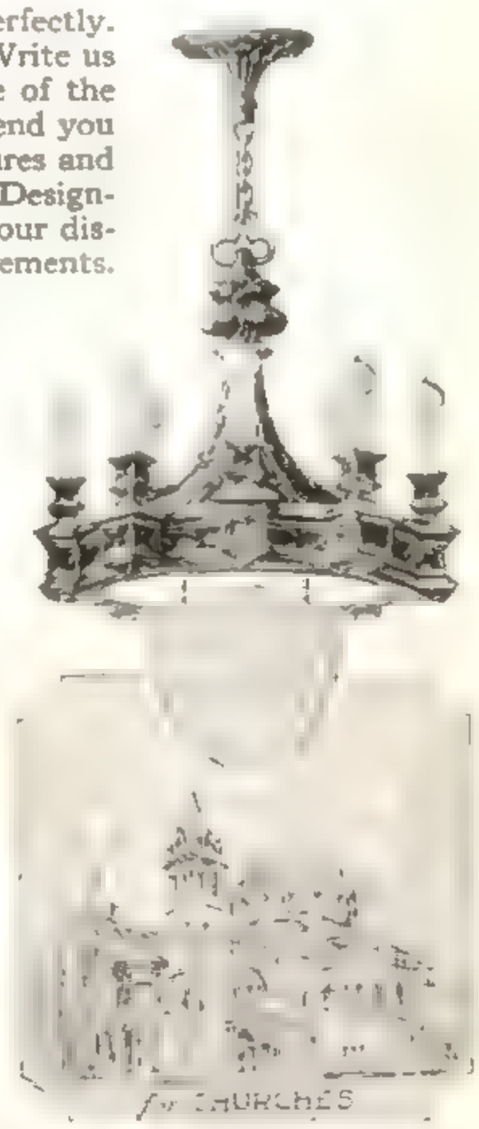
BRANCH OFFICES

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Kansas City, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Pittsburgh

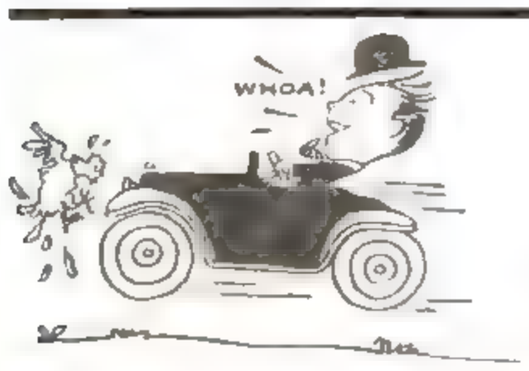
Brascolites are made in special designs to harmonize with the most modern banking room interiors. Type B 1602 illustrated above is finished in Antique Gold. Reflector, Lumi-Vitro with Tuscan border in Old Ivory. Glass bowl etched in old ivory decoration.

The many designs offered enable the office owner to choose fixtures that fit in perfectly with any ideas of appearance as well as efficiency. The simple rugged construction and low maintenance cost of Type WD, shown above, have made this fixture a leader in office lighting. It has bronze finished band with white porcelain reflector.

Brascolite's use in railway stations is a matter of proved economy. In the waiting rooms of St. Louis Union Station, previously using 20,160 watts, the installation of Brascolites has resulted in a saving of 11,160 watts, and secures better illumination. Type CR, shown above, is one of the many special types, made of vitreous china, for railway station illumination.



Designed in strict adherence to the traditions of church architecture. Lends charm and dignity not only to the edifice but to the service as well. Of the many designs suitable for churches, Type XA is here illustrated, harmonizing perfectly with church or cathedral interiors. Finished in Antique Gold with etched glass bowl of Gothic design.



You can stop almost in mid-air

GARCO

No matter how fast you fly, Garco will slow down your car as easily as nothing, or stop it as quickly as you wish.

Garco is as tough, strong and enduring as able brake lining engineers can make it. First grade material and careful workmanship are woven into every foot.

The Garco dealer will cure your brake lining troubles.

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.
NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

GARCO ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?

1920 ART PLAN BOOKS—"Modern Bungalows," containing plans and photos interior and exterior of 75 new artistic large and small bungalows. "Modern Homes," 50 larger residences of character and beauty in any 2-story; all proved practical, suited to any climate. Either book postpaid $1, both $1.50. Send today, newest and best home ideas in America.
AURELIUS SWANSON CO., Building Department
1004 State National Bk. Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Save Your Feet

From That Tired, Aching, Broken-Down Feeling

Jung's Arch Brace supports the arch, relieves strain, gives comfort at once. Restores normal arch and shape. Keeps feet instantly comfortable at business or pleasure. Enlarges foot passages. Strengthens and supports muscles. No straps to buckle. No metal to rust. No metal plates. To insure comfort and ease in walking or standing, use

JUNG'S ARCH XXX BRACE

Recommended by Physicians. Made of specially prepared [illegible] Price $1 per pair. Money back if not satisfied. Order today. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. If not there, write us for free booklet.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

THE GEO. H. JUNG CO.
470 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
[illegible] Reference. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENT-SENSE
"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs."
By Return Mail FREE. Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. W Washington, D.C.

WANT $50.00 EXTRA?

Mr. Burton L. White of Massachusetts did, and as our subscription representative he earned it in spare time *in a single month!*

Sell Us Your Spare Hours

If you want more money write for our easy plan. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 789 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 127)

impression of a man who intended to transact business and be on his way with the least possible delay. He glanced at the electric lights and at the shaded windows. "This seems too much like last night. Won't you allow me? It's a little indulgence to my state of mind!"

He hurried across the room and snapped up the shades and pulled apart the curtains. He reached his hand to the wall switch and turned off the lights.

"This isn't last night—it's this morning—and there's nothing like honest daylight on a proposition, gentlemen! Nothing like it! Last night things looked sort of tragic. This morning the same things will look comical if"—he raised his forefinger—"if the inside of 'em is reported. If the real story is told, the people in this state will laugh their heads off." Again the governor and the senator put a lot of expression into the looks which they exchanged. "I got that mob to laughing last night and, as I told General Totten, that settled the civil war. If the people get to laughing over what happened when Con Rellihan took his orders only from the mayor of Marion it will—well, it'll be apt to settle some political hash."

"Do you threaten?" demanded North. He was blinking into the matter-of-fact daylight where Morrison stood framed in a window.

"Governor North, take a good look at me. I'm not a pirate chief. I'm merely a business man up here to do a little dickering. I can't trade on my political influence, because I haven't any. You have all the politics on your side. I propose to do the best I can with the little stock in trade I have brought." He walked to the table and flapped on it his hand, palm up. "You are two almighty keen and discerning gentlemen. I don't need to itemize the stock in trade I have laid down here. You see what I've got!"

He paused and his eyes glinting with a suppressed emotion that the discerning gentlemen understood he glanced from one to the other of them.

"You've got a cock-and-bull yarn in which you are shown up as a liar and a lawbreaker," the governor declared. "You've got some guess-so about errors in returns ——"

"Hold on! Hold on, North!" protested Senator Corson. "It's just as Morrison says—we don't need to itemize his stock in trade. I can estimate it for myself. Morrison, you say you're ready to dicker. What do you want?"

"A legislature that's organized open and aboveboard, with all claimants in their seats and having their word to say as to the sort of questions that will be sent up to the court. Staying in their seats, gentlemen, till the decisions are handed down! Let the legislature, as a whole, draft the questions about the status of its membership. I've got my own interest in this—and I'll be perfectly frank in stating it. I have a report on water power to submit. I don't want that report to go to a committee that has been doctored up by a hand-picked House and Senate."

"You don't expect that Governor North and I are going to stand here and give you guaranties as to proposed legislation, do you?"

"You are asking me, as an executive, to interfere with the legislative branch," expostulated His Excellency.

"Gentlemen, I don't expect to settle the problems of the world here this morning or even this water-power question. I'm simply demanding that the thing be given a fair start on the right track." There was a great deal of significance in his tone when he added: "I hope there'll be no need of going into unpleasant details, gentlemen. All three of us know exactly what is meant."

Senator Corson was distinctly without enthusiasm; he maintained his air of chilly dignity.

"What legislation is contemplated under that report that you will submit?"

"Some of the lawyers say that a general law prohibiting the shipping of power over wires out of the state must be backed by a change in our constitution. Until we can secure that change there must be a prohibitive clause on every water-power charter granted by the legislature—a clause that restricts all the developed power in this state."

"A policy of selfishness, sir."

"No, Senator Corson, a policy that protects our own development until we can create a surplus of power. Sell our surplus, perhaps. That's a sound rule of business. If you'll allow me to volunteer a word or two more as to plans I'll say that eventually I hope to see the state pay just compensation and take back and control the water power that was given away by our forefathers.

"As to power that is still undeveloped, I consider it the heritage of the people, and I refuse to be a party to putting a mortgage on it. My ideas may be a little crude just now—I say again that everything can't be settled and made right in a moment, but I have stated the principle of the thing and we fellows who believe in it are going ahead on that line. I realize perfectly well, sir, that this plan discourages the kind of capital that Mr. Daunt represents, but if there is one thing in this God's country of ours that should not be put into the hands of monopoly it's the power in the currents of the rivers that are fed by the lakes owned by the people. I'm a little warm on the subject, Senator Corson, I'll confess. I have been stubbing my toes round in pretty awkward shape. But I had to do the best I could on short notice."

"You have been very active in the affair," was the senator's uncompromising rejoinder.

Governor North continued to be frankly a skeptic and had been expressing his emotions by wagging his head and grunting. In the line of his general disbelief in every declaration and in everybody he pulled his watch from his pocket as if to assure himself as to the real time; he had scowled at the senator's mantel clock as if he suspected that even the timepiece might be trying to put something over on him.

"I must be moving on toward the State House." He wore the air of a defendant headed for the court room instead of a governor about to be inaugurated. "I must know where I stand! Morrison, what's it all about, anyway?"

The governor was convincingly sincere in his query. He had the manner of one who had decided, all of a sudden, to come into the open. There was something almost wistful in this new candor. Stewart's poise was plainly jarred.

"What's it all about?" He blinked with bewilderment. "Why, I have been telling you, governor!"

"Do you think for one minute that I believe all that Righteous-Rollo rant?"

"I have been stating my principles and ——"

"Hold on! I've had all the statements that I can absorb. What's behind 'em? That's what I want to know. Wait, I tell you! Don't insult my intelligence any more by telling me it's altruism, high-minded unselfishness in behalf of the people! I have heard others and myself talk that line of punk to a finish. Are you going to run for governor next election?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Are you grooming a man?"

"No, sir!"

"Building up a political machine?"

"Certainly I am not."

"Going to organize a water-power syndicate of your own after you get legislation that will give you a clear field against outside capital?"

"No—no, most positively!"

"Senator Corson, you claim you know Morrison better than I do. How much is he lying?"

"I think he means what he says."

North picked up his overcoat and plunged his arms into the sleeves.

"If I should think so—if I should place implicit faith in any man who talks that way—I'd be ashamed of my weakness—and I've got too many things about myself to be ashamed of, all the way from table manners to morals! There's one thing that I'm sort of holding onto, and that's the fact that my intellect seems to be unimpaired in my old age. Morrison, I don't believe half what you say."

The mayor of Marion made no reply for some moments. Corson surveying him showed uneasiness. A retort that would fit the provocation was likely to lead to results that would embarrass the host of the two executives.

"Oh, by the way, governor," said Stewart quietly, "I just came from City Hall. I really did not intend to drift so far from strictly official business when I came up here. I want to assure you that there will be no expense to the state connected with the police guard at the capitol. They are at your service till after the inaugural ceremonies. Do you think you will need the officers on duty at your residence any longer, Senator Corson?"

"No, sir!"

"I agree with you that everything seems to have quieted down beautifully. Governor, you have my best wishes for your second term. I'm sorry I'll not be able to go to the State House to hear your address."

He went to the governor and put out his hand, an act which compelled response in kind.

"I'm much obliged!" His Excellency was curt and caustic. "After the vaudeville show of last night there won't be much to-day at the State House to suit anybody who is fond of excitement."

Before North departing reached the door Senator Corson's secretary tapped and entered. He gave several telegrams into the hand of his employer.

"Pardon me, gentlemen!" apologized the senator, tearing open an envelope. "Wait a moment, North. These messages may bear on the situation."

He read them in silence one after the other, his face betraying nothing of his thoughts.

He stacked the sheets on the table.

"Evidently several notable gentlemen in our state rise early, read the newspapers before breakfast and are handy to telegraph offices," he remarked, leveling steady gaze at Stewart. "These telegrams are addressed to me, but by good rights they belong to you, Mister Mayor, I'm inclined to believe."

There was irony in the senator's tone; Morrison offered no reply.

"They're all of the same tenor, North," explained Senator Corson. "I'm bracketed with you. You'll probably find some of your own waiting at the State House for you. And more to come!"

"Well, what are they—what are they?"

"Compliments on the sane, safe and statesmanlike way we handled a crisis and saved the good name of the state."

"Now, Morrison," raged the governor, "you can begin to understand what kind of a mess you've jammed me into along with Corson here! That steer of a policeman will blat, that Scotchman will snarl, and that loose-mouthed girl will babble!"

"Governor, I haven't resented anything you have said to me personally. You can go ahead and say a lot more to me and I'll not resent it. But let me tell you that I can depend on the business loyalty of the folks who serve me; and if you go to classing my kind of helpers in with the cheap politicians with whom you have been associating I shall say something to you that will break up this friendly party. My folks will not talk! Save your sarcasm for your agents who have been running round getting you into a real scrape by telling about those election returns."

He snapped about face on his heels and walked out of the door.

XXI

THE haste displayed by Mayor Morrison in getting away from the study door suggested that he was glad to escape and was not fishing for an invitation to return for further parley. But when he approached the head of the stairway he moved more slowly. His demeanor hinted that he would welcome some excuse, outside of politics, to keep him longer in the Corson mansion. He paused on the stairs and made an elaborate arrangement of a neck muffler as if he expected to confront polar temperature outside. He pulled on his gloves and inspected them critically as if to assure himself that there were no crevices where the cold could enter. He looked over the banisters. There was nobody in the reception hall. He arranged the muffler some more. Step by step, very slowly, he descended as far as the landing where he had met Lana Corson joyously the night before. Not expectantly, with visage downcast, he looked behind him.

Lana was framed in the library door at the head of the stairs.

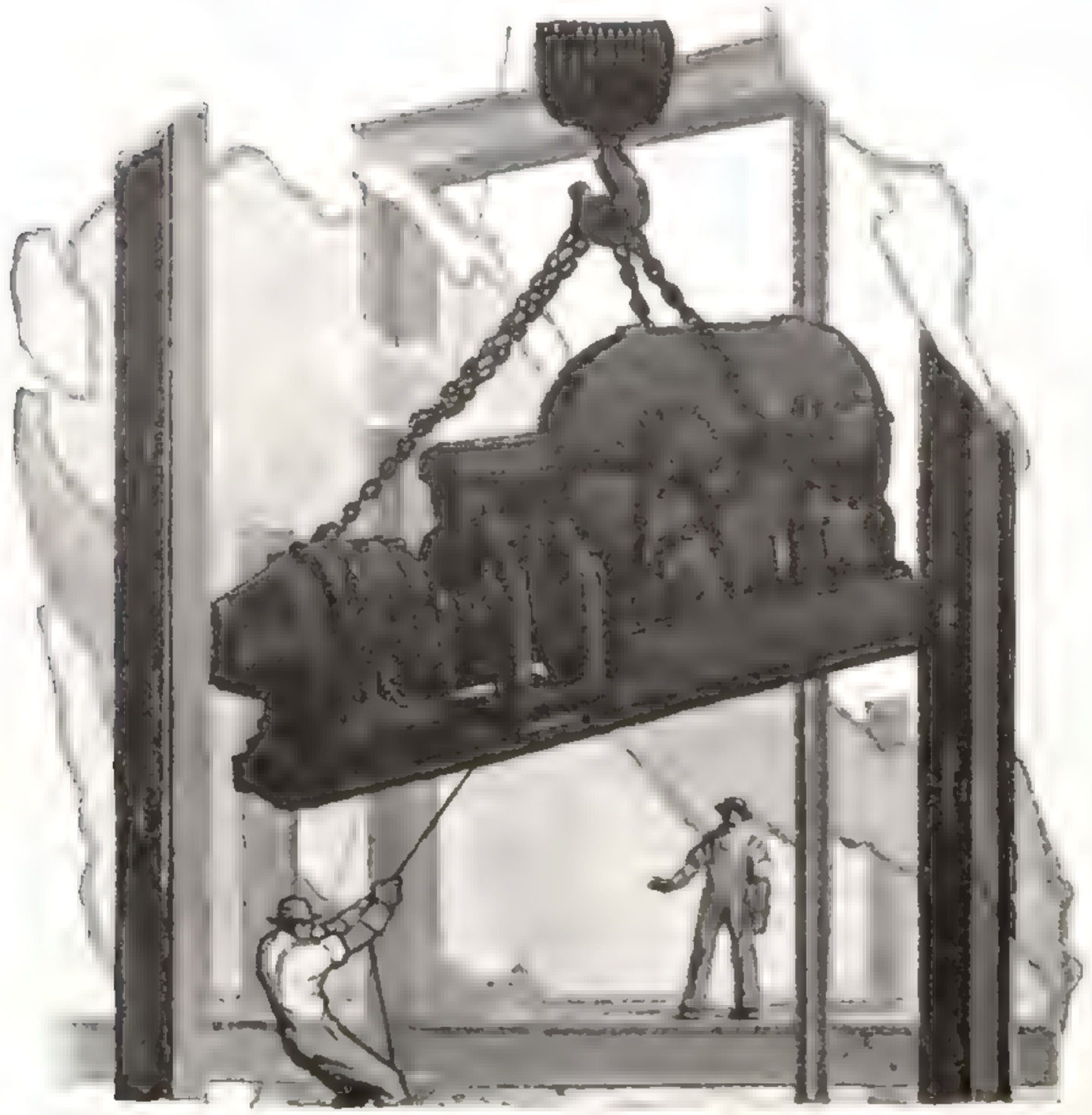
"I was trying to make up my mind to call to you. But you seemed to be in so much of a hurry! I suppose you have a great deal to attend to this morning."

"The principal rush seems to be over. Was it anything—did you want to speak to me?"

"Perhaps it isn't of much importance. It did seem to be, for a moment. But it's something of a family matter. I think, after all, it will be imprudent to mention it."

He waited for her to go on.

(Concluded on Page 133)



HAUGHTON

Recent Installations

AN interesting fact in connection with any list of Haughton installations is the large proportion of users who have reordered. Of the eight users below, practically all had already purchased Haughton Elevators from two to thirty times or more. Over half the Haughton output is required to satisfy the demands of present users for additional Haughton equipment.

Cumberland plant of Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
Equipment of eleven elevators

U. S. Army Supply Base, New Orleans

Studebaker Corporation
Passenger and freight equipment for new South Bend plant

Ford Motor Company, Detroit
Ford now uses over 100 Haughton Elevators

Los Angeles plant of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
The thirty-eighth order from Goodyear

General Electric Co.
Buffalo, Erie and Pittsfield

White Motor Company, Cleveland
Eleven ten-ton freight elevators

Milwaukee Athletic Club
Complete equipment

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO., *Toledo, Ohio*

ELEVATORS

¶Rub! Rub as you would with fine linen. Northern paper towels are both soft and tough. But, better still, they quickly absorb moisture and leave no lint. Rub! Rub as you would with fine linen.

¶You will reduce towel expenses and improve towel service immensely if you use Northern paper towels in your shop, office, kitchen. At your dealer's today—or write us. Made under the most sanitary conditions at Green Bay, Wisconsin, by the Northern Paper Mills—also makers of fine toilet papers.

Northern
TOWELS

(Concluded from Page 130)

"Probably under the circumstances you'll not be especially interested," she ventured.

"The trouble is, I'm afraid I'll show too much interest and seem to be prying."

"Will you please step up here, where I'll not be obliged to shout at you?"

He obeyed so promptly that he fairly scrambled up the stairs.

"You said down there in the hall last evening that my father was angry and that an angry man says a great deal that he doesn't mean. My father was very, very angry when he and I arrived home last night."

"I reckoned he would be."

"In his anger he talked to me very freely about you. The question is, Should I believe anything he said?"

"I—I don't know," he stammered.

"You're not going back on your own statement about an angry man, are you?"

"I don't think it's fair to accept all his statements."

"I'm sorry you still hold that opinion. You see, I drew some conclusions of my own from what my father said to me, and those conclusions urge me to apologize to you for the Corson family. I'm afraid you didn't find my father in an apologetic mood this morning."

"Not exactly."

"Doris tells me that I have a New England conscience. I'm not sure. At any rate, I'm feeling very uncomfortable about something! It may be because you're misunderstood by our family. Do I seem forward?"

"No! Of course you don't. But you're putting me in a terrible position. I don't know what to say. I don't want any apologies. They'd make me feel like a fool—more of a fool than I have been."

"Are you admitting now that you were wrong in the stand you took about the water power and—and—well, about everything?"

He had been listening in distress and perplexity, striving to understand her, groping for the meaning she was hiding behind her quiet manner. But her question struck fire from the flint of his resolution.

"That power matter is a principle, and I am not wrong in it. As to the means I used last night, it was brass and blunder, and I'm ashamed of acting that way."

"There's no need of going into the matter. I received a great deal of information from my father—when he was angry. And I woke up early this morning and began to consider the evidence. I was hard at it when you drove up in your car. I have been waiting for you to come from your talk with my father and the governor. I want to say, Stewart, that when I stood up last night like a fool and lectured you about neglecting your opportunities in life I was considering you only as the boss of St. Ronan's Mill. But my father told me what you really are. I have always respected him as a very truthful man, even when he is well worked up by any subject. I must take his word in this matter, though he didn't realize just how complimentary he was in your case. And if you can spare me a few moments I want you to come into the library."

She walked ahead of him toward the door.

"I think I'll leave the Corson family right out of it, Stewart. I'm a loyal daughter of this state. I'm home again and I've waked up. Humor me in a little conceit, won't you? Let me make believe that I'm the state and listen to me while I tell you what a big, brave, unselfish ——"

They were inside the door and he put his arm about her and led her toward the big screen and broke in on her little speech that she was making tremulously, apprehensively, with a sob in her voice, trying to hide her deeper emotions under her mock dramatics.

"Hush, dear! I don't want to hear any state talk to me! I want to hear only Lana Corson talk. I didn't understand her last night! Now, bless her honest, true heart, I do understand her."

Speech, long repressed, was rushing from his mouth. Then he struggled with words; his excitement choked him. He looked down at her through his tears.

"The bit poem, lassie! You remember it. The poem you recited, and when I sent you the big basket o' posies! All the time since yesterday it has been running in my head. I sat alone in the State House last night and all I could remember was, 'But I will marry my own first love!' I tried to say it out like a man, believing that God has meant you for me. But I couldn't think I'd be forgiven!"

Lana took his hand between her palms and stopped him at the edge of the screen. She quoted, meeting his adoring eyes with full understanding:

"And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even ——"

She drew him gently with her when she stepped backward.

She had heard the senator's voice in the corridor; he was escorting Governor North.

On the panels of the screen were embroidered some particularly grotesque Japanese countenances. Those pictured personages seemed to be making up faces at the dignitaries who passed the open door.

"But I must go to your father, sweetheart," Stewart insisted. "I'd best do it this morning and have it all over with."

This declaration as to duty and deference was not made while Senator Corson was passing the door; nor was it made with anything like the promptitude the senator might have expected in a matter which was so vitally concerned with a father's interests. In fact, it was a long, long time before Stewart had anything to say on that subject.

If Senator Corson had been listening again on the other side of the screen he no doubt would have been mightily offended by a delay which seemed to make the father an afterthought in the whole business.

If he had been eavesdropping he would not have heard much, anyway, of an informing nature. He would have heard two voices, tenderly low and incoherent, interrupting eagerly, breaking in on each other to explain and protest and plead. If Stewart's protracted neglect of the interests of a father would have availed to rouse resentment, Lana's reply to Stewart's rueful declaration more surely would have exasperated the senator; she emphatically commanded Stewart to say not one word on the subject to her father.

"Why, Stewart Morrison, for twenty-four hours you have been taking away my breath by doing the unexpected! You have been grand. Now are you going to spoil everything by dropping right back into the conventional everyday way of doing things? You shall not! You shall not spoil my new worship of a hero!"

"Well, I won't seem much like a hero if I act as though I'm afraid of your father!"

She raised her voice in amazed query.

"For mercy's sake, haven't you been proving that you're not afraid of him?" Once more, jubilantly, teasingly, wrought upon by the revived spirit of the intimacy of the old days, she assumed a playful pose with him, but this time her sincerity of soul was behind the situation. "Don't you realize, sir, that the calendar of the Hon. Jodrey Wadsworth Corson, on this day and date, is crowded with strictly new business? He is due at the State House very soon. Do you think he can afford to be bothered with unfinished business?"

He worshiped her with silence and a smile.

"Yes, Mister Mayor of Marion, unfinished business—yours and mine! Our business of the old days. But the honorable senator is perfectly well aware that the business aforesaid is on the calendar. He had been supposing that we had forgotten it. I see a big question in your eyes, Stewart, dear! Well, now that you're a party to the action and interested in the matter to be presented, I'll say that after Senator Corson had done his talking to me last evening—or very early this morning, to be more exact—I called on my family grit of which he's so proud, and I did a little talking to Senator Corson. And he knows that the business is unfinished—he knows it will be brought duly to his attention—and he'll be in a better frame of mind after his present petulance has worn off."

"Petulance!" Morrison was rather skeptical.

"Exactly! He's just as much of a big child as most men are when another big child tries to take away a plaything. Oh, he was furious, Stewart! But let me tell you something for your comfort. He dwelt most savagely on the fact that you had grabbed in single-handed and beaten a governor and a United States senator at their own game! Wonderful, isn't it—an admission like that? He has always patronized you as a countryman who knew how to make good cloth and who didn't amount to anything else in the world. Why, in a few days he'll be admitting that he admires you and respects you!"

She paused. After a few moments she went on, her tones low and thrilling.

"I've been trying to explain myself to you, Stewart. You know, now, that I have always loved you. I have told you so in a way that leaves no doubts in a man such as you are. You have forgiven me for being simply human and silly before I woke up to understand you. And you don't misunderstand me any more, do you?" she pleaded wistfully. "Last night I saw—your big self!"

"Lana, it was a wonderful night—more wonderful than I realized until now!"

After a time they became aware of a stir below stairs and they came out from behind the screen where the Japanese faces grinned knowingly.

"Please obey me, Stewart, you must! It's really my trial of you to see if you're obedient when I know it's for your own good. Go down and wait for me."

She left him in the corridor and ran away. He marched down the stairs with as much self-possession as he could command. Below him he saw Senator Corson, Mrs. Stanton, Silas Daunt and the banker's son. All were garbed for outdoors, and the senator was inquiring of Mrs. Stanton why Lana was not ready.

From the landing down to the hall Stewart found the ordeal an exacting one. Those below surveyed him with an open astonishment that was more disconcerting than hostility; he was in a mood to fight for himself and his own; but to deal in mere polite explanations, after Lana's imperious command to keep silent on an important matter, was beyond any sagacity he possessed in that period of abashed wonder what to say or do.

It was his thought that Miss Corson in her efforts to avoid an anticlimax by conventional procedure was making a rather too severe test of him in forcing him to endure the unusual.

He did manage to say "Good morning!" and smiled at them in a deprecatory way.

Coventry Daunt amiably responded as a spokesman for the group; but he had waited deferentially for his elders to make some response.

The senator had a packet of telegrams in his hand. After Stewart had halted in the hall putting on the best face he could and evincing a determination to stick the thing out Senator Corson walked over and offered to give the mayor the telegrams.

"They're beginning to arrive from Washington, sir. Better read 'em. They'll afford you a great deal of joy, I'm sure."

Stewart shook his head, declining to receive the missives. He wanted to tell the senator that more joy right at that moment would overtask the Morrison capacity.

"I wish I were younger and more of an opportunist," Corson avowed. "In these guessing times among the booms, here is gas enough to inflate a pretty good-sized presidential balloon." He waved the papers.

The senator's tone was still rather ironical, but Stewart was seeking for straws to buoy his new hopes; whether he was so recently away from Lana's dark eyes that the encouragement in them lingered with him he was not sure. He felt, however, that the senator's eyes did seem a little less hard than the polished ebony they had resembled.

An awkward silence ensued. The senator stood in front of the caller and queried uncompromisingly with those eyes. The caller having been enjoined from babbling about the business that had been transacted behind the screen in the library had no excuse to offer for hanging round there. "I—I suppose you're going to the State House," he suggested, after he decided that the weather called for no comments.

"We are. We are waiting for my daughter," stated Corson with a severity which indicated that he was determined then and there to rebuke the cause of her delay.

"I'm so sorry you have waited!" Lana called to them from the landing, and came down, fastening the clasp of her furs.

She went to Mrs. Stanton, her face expressing apologetic distress.

"It's so comforting, Doris, to know that you and I don't need to bother with all these guest and hostess niceties. You'll understand—because you're a dear friend! Father will make the doors of the capitol fly open for his party—and you'll be looked after wonderfully." She bestowed her gracious glances on the others of the Daunt family. "I know you'll all forgive me if I don't come along."

She did not allow her amazed father to embarrass the situation by the outburst that he threatened. She fled past him, patting his arm with a swift caress.

"I'm going with Stewart—over to Jeanie Mac Dougal Morrison's house. It's really dreadfully important. You know why, father. I'll tell you all about it later. Come, Stewart! We must hurry!"

Young Mr. Daunt was near the door. He opened it for her. When Stewart passed, following the girl closely, the volunteer door tender qualified as a good sport. He whispered, "Good luck, old man!"

When Coventry closed the door he gave his sister a prolonged and pregnant stare of actual triumph. It was only a look, but he put into it more significance than sufficed for Doris' perspicacity.

He had confided to his sister, the evening before, his hopeful reliance on a girl's heart.

But the Lana Corson who came down the stairs, who confronted them, who had fearlessly chosen her mate before their hostile eyes, was a woman. And Coventry's gaze told his sister boastingly that he had made good in one respect—he had called the turn in his estimate of a woman.

(THE END)

W
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTR·C
Barclay

Electrified!

The United States Navy Triumphs Again

Across the broad pages of history, the United States Navy has written the record of another memorable achievement.

By supplanting steam power with that ever-amazing force — electricity — it has revolutionized warship propulsion and design.

Today the Navy is putting to sea great battleships and battle-cruisers that promise to remain invincible until the navies of other nations follow America's lead—warships that are more efficiently designed, better protected from gunfire and more nearly immune from torpedo attack than any other ships of their kind either built or building.

The super-dreadnaught Tennessee, the latest of the great sea warriors that fly the Stars and Stripes, is one of these.

The superiority of the Tennessee lies not so much in the tremendous weight of her guns and the thickness of her armor as in the all-around efficiency as a fighting craft which electric drive has largely made possible.

Electric drive — with power transmitted through wires instead of long ponderous shafts —gives the designer unprecedented freedom in locating the ship's machinery to assure the greatest possible protection against those arch enemies—shell and submarine.

Main turbine-generators can be placed at almost any desired position. The main driving motors can be installed well aft and confined in isolated compartments, the flooding of which will not imperil the ship. Bulkheads can be made absolutely watertight, since there is no shafting to run through them. These and other important advantages put the electric warship years ahead of its predecessors.

In this epochal change from steam to electricity, Westinghouse has given the Navy all the aid that its years of electrical experience and its exceptional research, engineering and manufacturing facilities have made possible.

Not only has Westinghouse electrified the 32,000 horse-power Tennessee, but it is also building the turbines and electrical equipment for two more battleships of her class, for four even mightier men-o'-war of 60,000 horse-power and for two battle-cruisers which will be hurled through the water at 35 knots an hour by eight Westinghouse Motors with an aggregate of 185,000 horse-power. No such concentration of power has ever been attempted as is planned for these two battle-cruisers.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT FOR MARINE SERVICE

'Red-line-in' shoe lining saves stockings and stocking-darning and makes shoeing the kiddies cost less.

THE romping boy and playful girl are naturally hard on shoes and stockings. But it's the holes in the shoe's *lining* that make Mother a slave to the darning needle. Hadn't thought of this before? Look inside your children's shoes. See the holes in the lining at the heel; feel the hole at the toe; it's these rough edges that destroy the stockings.

"Red-line-in" Shoe LINING not only saves stocking-money and the everlasting darning, but it adds from fifty cents' to two dollars' worth more wear to shoes—any shoes; children's, men's, women's. An unbroken shoe-lining, without holes, sharp edges or lumps, takes good care of the tender feet of children. It makes for comfort, saves darning and saves stockings.

"Red-line-in" is the strongest and most satisfactory shoe-lining made. *It reinforces the leather and seams*, resists the strain at the straining points, helps the shoe *hold its shape*, AND THUS INCREASES THE WEAR.

Isn't this saving worth asking for? Tell your dealer you want shoes *lined* with "Red-line-in." Look inside the shoes he shows you. "Red-line-in" lining has RED LINES running through it. No other lining has this identifying mark. It's the *service* stripe. It marks a longer-wear-service that saves money.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT CO.

Established 1856

Lincoln and Essex Sts., Boston, Mass.

This booklet will help you save money buying shoes. It tells WHY and HOW. It gives information about shoe values you probably never before thought of. Sent free on request.

'Red-line-in'

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHOE LINING

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 21)

that night, and it had made an ugly red mark which must have been painful. But girls are such absurdly sentimental things that it is quite—quite, well, charming. And as for the little gold knife, we had later good cause to remember that it was in his possession.

What a gay month it was! Such *festas*, such expeditions into the country, such evenings of excitement, with the beautiful romance between Alicia and the duke weaving in and out through all our adventures like a golden thread in a bright embroidery! The duke was as carefree and gorgeous a lover as any princess could have desired.

Only two things marred what would otherwise have been a perfect period, and one was the absurd way in which Abby set her cap for Mr. Pegg. The other was my personal discomfort in becoming accustomed to the strait-jacket furnished by the *corsetier* to whom Abby sent me. But the effect unquestionably justified the means, and they did make me look younger. Not that Mr. Pegg seemed to observe the circumstance. He was monopolized in the most outrageous way by that unscrupulous cousin of mine. Not that I cared in the least, but the way men can be taken in by a lot of falderals and clothes and artificial aids to beauty is certainly astonishing; and Abby made no scruple of using them all. Indeed, she was a most worldly woman and was infecting us all with her worldliness. Perhaps the culmination of this tendency occurred at a garden party which she gave, and at which a great many things happened that had far-reaching consequences.

I may say at once that wine was one of the primary causes for the phenomenon which developed during the course of the evening. I recall that my dear father had a very concise philosophy concerning wine and its effect upon the human system, though, of course, the feminine portion of his household never partook of it, with the possible exception of a glass of port at Christmas, or a portion of gin upon the occasion of a fainting spell, when it was considered most beneficial in its medicinal effect. But outside its use as a restorative for the vapors, we never used it, and I may state in the interests of accuracy that, though my father referred to the substance which he imbibed in the masculine seclusion of the dining room after the departure of the ladies as "wine," it was in truth rum, imported direct from Jamaica, in which he indulged, if indeed so lax a term may be properly employed in connection with him. Nevertheless, "wine" was a sort of generic term with him for all alcoholic stimulants, and he believed in its judicious usage and even quoted from the Old Testament in its behalf, referring in particular and most frequently to the incident of Noah's having planted a vineyard immediately upon the opportunity for so doing having arisen.

"Wine," my dear father would often remark, especially when in argument with our worthy pastor—the subject was often debated between them—"wine is the immemorial link which man has made with which to hitch himself to the gods; it is the weak man's courage, the poor man's wealth, the coward's glory and the failure's apology. Through wine man becomes the things he dreams of being—great, strong, powerful.

"The grape absorbs the sun, and the wine puts sunshine into men's hearts; without it the world would begin to look for vices to take the place of conviviality."

It will thus be seen that we were reared in a proper attitude toward Bacchus—indulging mildly ourselves, but properly condemning any misuse on the part of our neighbors. Of course we knew how to use it, but so, too, did we know how to act toward those who could not discriminate between discretion and Saturday night.

This is not a digression. It is rather an explanation of how and why I came to be a participant in the festival which Abby gave in the gardens of her villa at San Remo.

"Madam, You are Mistaken. I Assure You This Room is Ours. I Can Prove It ——"

Up to the date of her entertainment I had never touched a drop of any alcoholic stimulant except in poundcake or ignited upon plum pudding. I had not felt that my dear father's dissertations applied to the gentler sex, but were intended principally for what Peaches was wont to term an "alibi" for his own.

But in Europe things were so different. Women smoked without loss of reputation, and even mere babes were given claret in their drinking water in the superstition that it prevented fever or bowlegs, I forget which. At any rate the taboo was lifted—I mean the lid, again to quote my charge—and being so near Rome I thought it no harm to do as the, as it were, Romans did.

And hard indeed must the heart have been to refuse any part of the conviviality upon such a night as this was. The moon was marvelous beyond words. All the flowers in the world seemed to have gathered together in that little pleasance between the gleaming whitewashed, vine-burdened walls. Lanterns hung like strings of dull golden moons from tree to tree. Dear Mr. Pegg walking with me beneath them compared them most poetically to oranges.

"Almost as big as Golden Americans!" he exclaimed jokingly.

Below us, down the moon-swept hillside, lay the Mediterranean, reflecting the mystery and romance of Italy almost, as it were, audibly. And audible also, but not too violently so, was the gayly costumed orchestra which sang as it played, and swayed with the rhythm of its own music. There were uniforms and beautiful dresses everywhere, picked out and accentuated by the somber formal clothes of the civilians. Indoors there were laughter and dancing. The ballroom was a pool of yellow light in which the dancers seemed to swim in a melted sweetness of sound. Everyone was gay. I was gay because of that lovely romantic reference of Mr. Pegg's to the lanterns. And then a series of events rose out of which my gayety seemed curiously to increase.

I was sitting outside alone, my escort, Sir Anthony, having gone off to speak to someone, when I saw Peaches and the duke emerge laughingly from the ballroom. I have often seen her beautiful, but never so beautiful as on this occasion. She was clad in an amber satin gown of the exact hue of her marvelous hair, and her only ornament was a huge string of amber beads. She looked like the incarnation of all the gold and sunshine of her native state, and the duke was gazing upon her in a way that sent shivers up and down my back. They came along the path slowly, utterly absorbed in each other. The dance music inside had ceased and the orchestra was singing again—a sweet agony of sound with the ancient words: *O dolce Napoli!*

The lovers passed into the darkness just beyond me—the darkness pulsating with that utterly unrepressed foreign music. And then somebody opened an upper window, from which came a ray of light. It lifted the heads of the two out of their seclusion as though with a knife. But they were oblivious of it. Never have I hoped—I mean, expected—to witness anything like those two blind faces pressed together. They were mouth to mouth, immovable, like Rodin's statue. There is something very terrible in seeing a thing like that—in seeing something which even the participants close their eyes upon. I staggered to my feet and made a run for the house—as efficient a run as my new high-heeled slippers would permit, and there encountered Sir Anthony on the terrace.

"Miss Talbot!" he exclaimed. "You look quite upset! Allow me to get you a glass of wine!"

"I am upset—but oh, so happy!" I exclaimed.

But I accepted the wine. It was a very mild yellow fluid which tickled the throat pleasingly and, far from administering any shock to the system such as I had anticipated, it seemed to have no effect whatsoever beyond creating a feeling of thirst. I took a second glass, which only increased my need, and as it was so light and harmless I partook of a third.

I then began to realize more fully what a truly delightful evening we were having, and even whispered to my escort that I had good reason for believing that Peaches and her Sandy were engaged. I even called him Sandy, I recall. Sir Anthony at once proposed that we drink their health—quite between ourselves, of course. Which we proceeded to do, and followed it by drinking that of Nedra, a race horse belonging to Sir Anthony, which was to—er—perform in some race on the morrow.

And after that my memory becomes a trifle dimmed, except for dancing with dear Mr. Pegg. It was a species of quadrille, I recall, except that we seemed to be doing it alone. There was great applause, so it must have been successful, and I remember Cousin Abby exclaiming, "Just see what Europe does for us Boston girls!" but that was only her jealousy because of Mr. Pegg's stealing my slipper.

My entire being was suffused with a marvelous sense of well-being, and I made an engagement to ride muleback with Sir Anthony next morning at ten o'clock, indeed to ride with him at ten precisely every morning for the remainder of our sojourn upon the Riviera. And this was the more remarkable inasmuch as I had never ridden upon any animal whatsoever and have a peculiar aversion to mules. But at the time nothing seemed difficult. It was a wonderful night.

I completely forgot my charge; or when I thought of her at all it was only to recall that she was in safe hands, if not arms, and to pursue my own amusement. Then abruptly and most annoyingly the party was over. I can't think why they wanted to end it. I, for one, was not in the least ready to go home. But once out in the open air I had a dim realization that all was not quite well with me. I became possessed of a sudden desire to be alone, and a distaste for allowing either Peaches or her father to see me until I was in some way different from the way I was at the moment. And actuated by this motive I managed with uncanny cunning to elude my party and find our automobile ahead of the other members of the family. Richard, the chauffeur, was sitting in it alone, and I begged him for assistance.

"Dicky," I said, "I want to go right back to the hotel an' get my handkerfish. You take me, and come back for the resh."

"Lit to the eyelids!" exclaimed Richard.

I haven't the faintest idea of what the boy meant, but he was most helpful, I will say that. He got me into the car, and somehow we reached the hotel. The wind in my face had revived me and I managed by the exercise of great dignity to give a sufficient appearance of self-reliance. Richard, the chauffeur, left me with reluctance, but it was necessary for him to hurry back at once for Mr. Pegg.

I experienced no difficulty in reaching my floor of the hotel, but once there I realized to my annoyance that I had forgotten my key. I somehow disliked the idea of calling upon the office for assistance, and determined to chance the door being unlocked. It was possible at any rate.

The corridor was a long one—altogether too long and with too many doors in it. I remember thinking Mr. Pegg ought to speak to the management about it in the morning. But after some hesitation I selected my own door, opened it without difficulty and entered, to face the two rascals of men whom I had tripped up in the London theater.

"What are you doing in my room?" I demanded.

"Madam, this is not your room," said the one with the mustache. And as he

(Continued on Page 141)

FAIRBANKS-

Dependable service has established "Z" engine dominance

The American farmer today is using more than 250,000 Fairbanks-Morse "Z" engines.

He lights his home with the electricity it provides, operates with it his separator, churn, feed-grinder and ensilage cutter. His sprayer is likely to be powered with a "Z" engine. In the South it loads his sugar cane and performs a host of other labor-saving tasks.

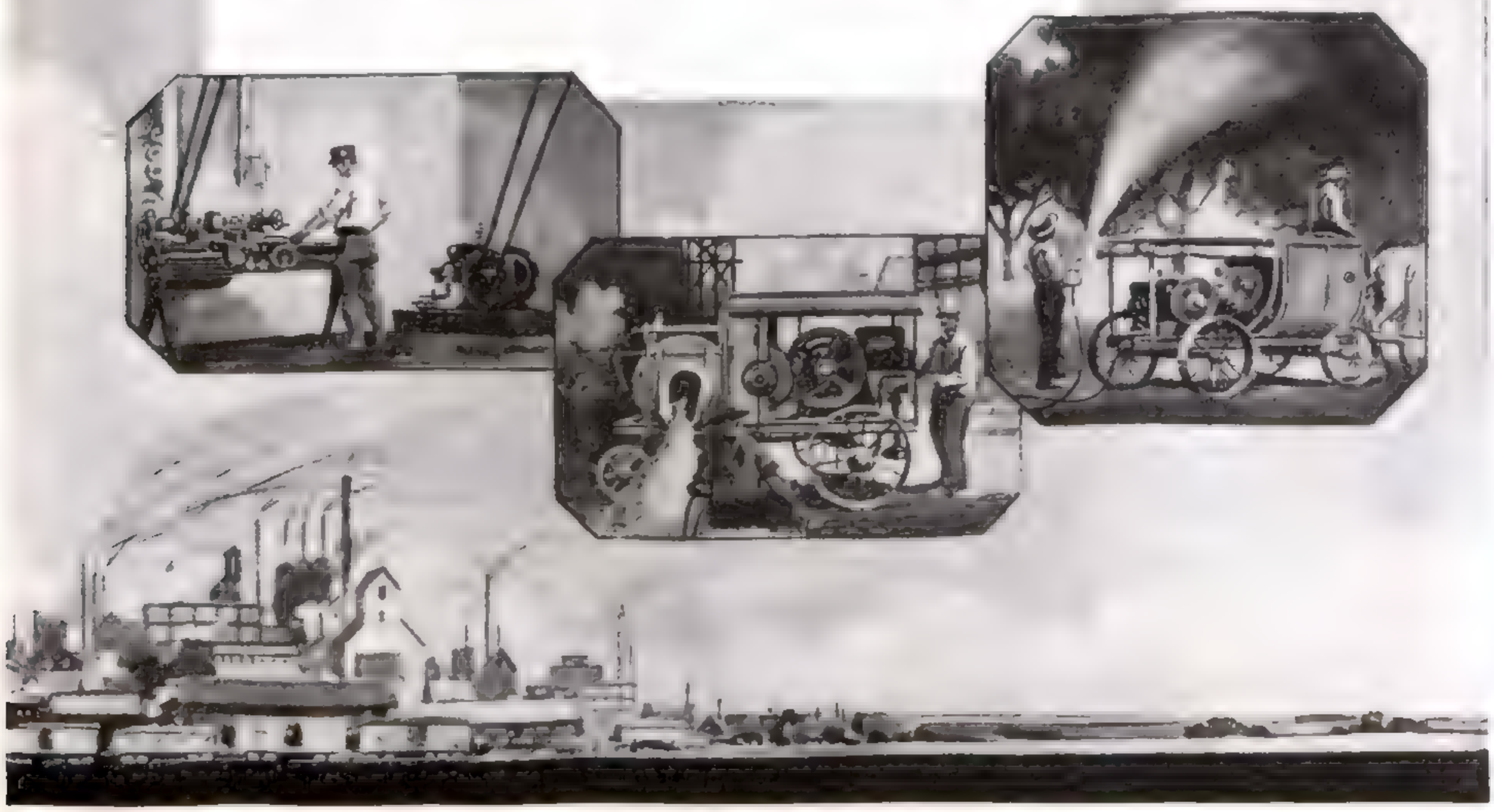
The ease with which the "Z" does these farm chores has created for it also a widespread demand for industrial uses.

In the machine shop, the mill and the printing office "Z" engines are delivering consistent day-by-day service. Out in the open they are pumping water, operating concrete mixers and furnishing power for hoists and other construction machinery.

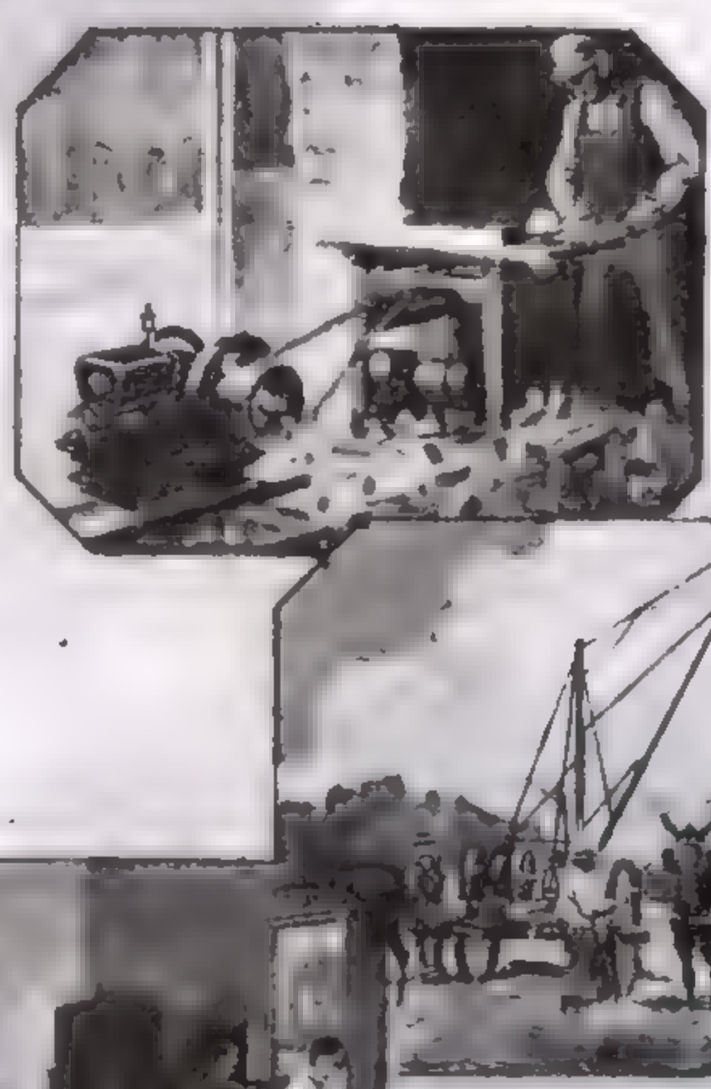
The successful service of the "Z" engine in agriculture and industry is another step toward the goal reflected in the Fairbanks-Morse Quality Mark.

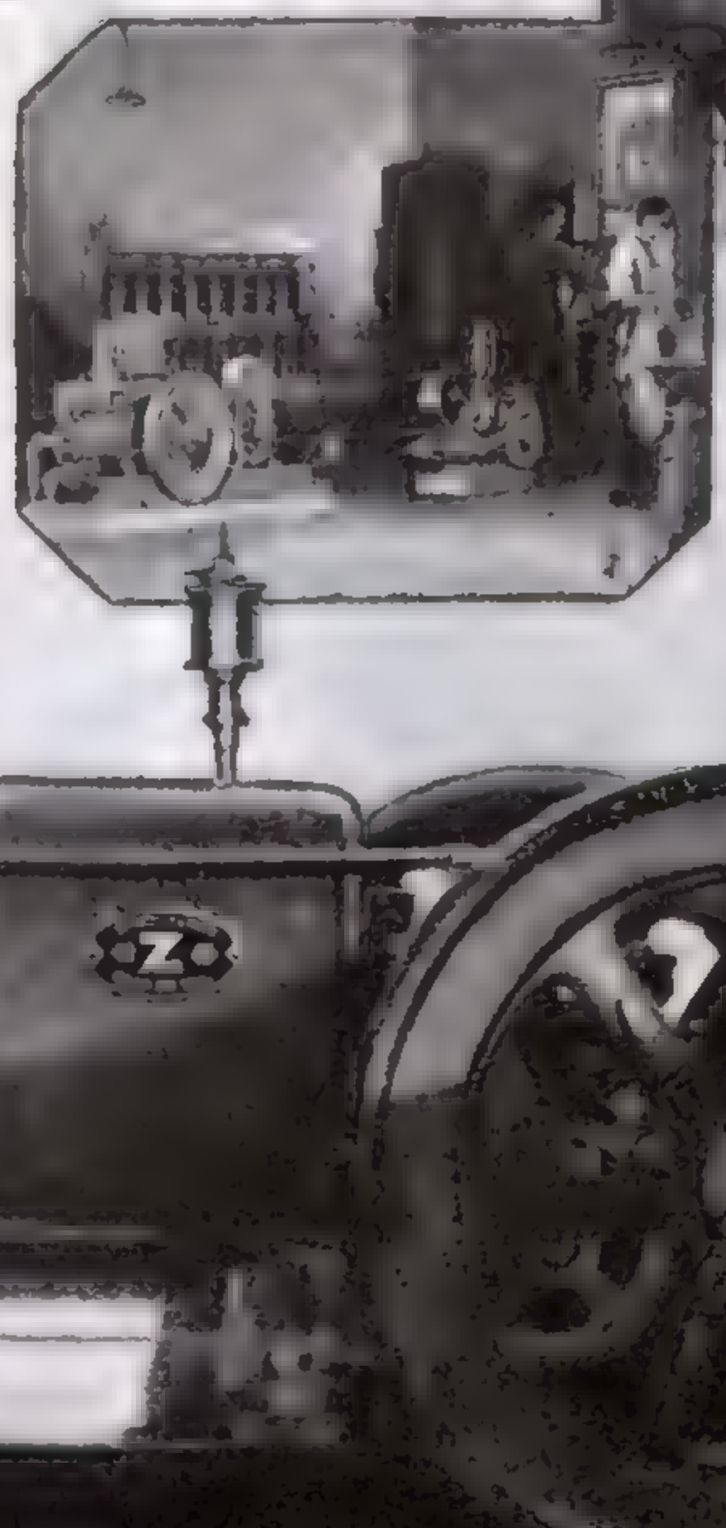
Our products include Fairbanks Scales—oil engines—pumps—electric motors and generators—railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

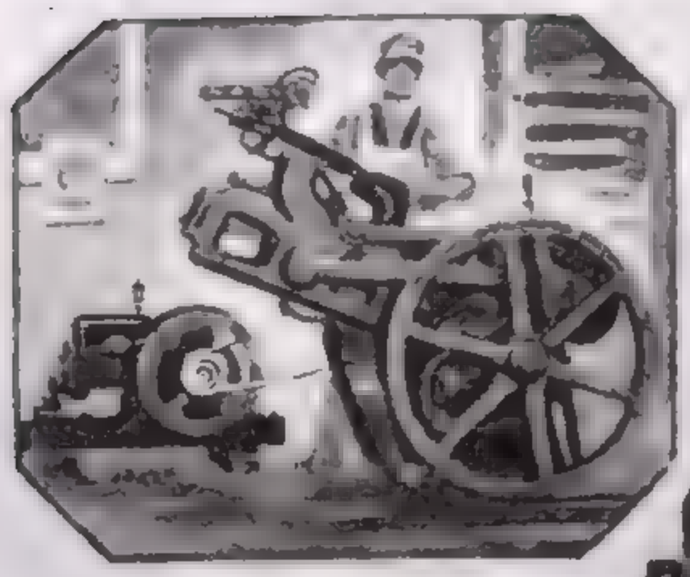
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS CHICAGO

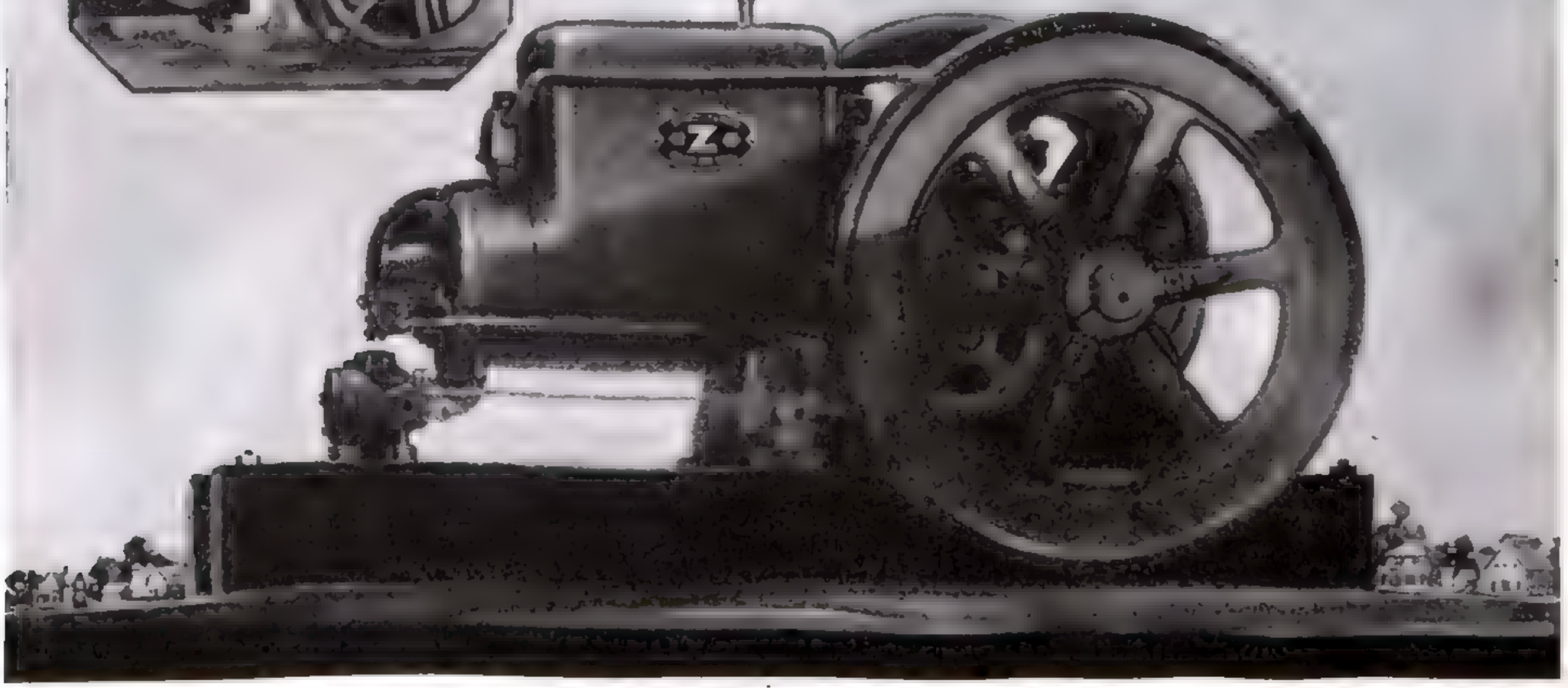


-MORSE









"Sic 'em, Ever-Ready"

EVER-READY is not only the name of a razor, but a kind of a shave.

Shave epicures praise the Ever-Ready shave in song and story wherever men congregate and talk about the finer things of life.

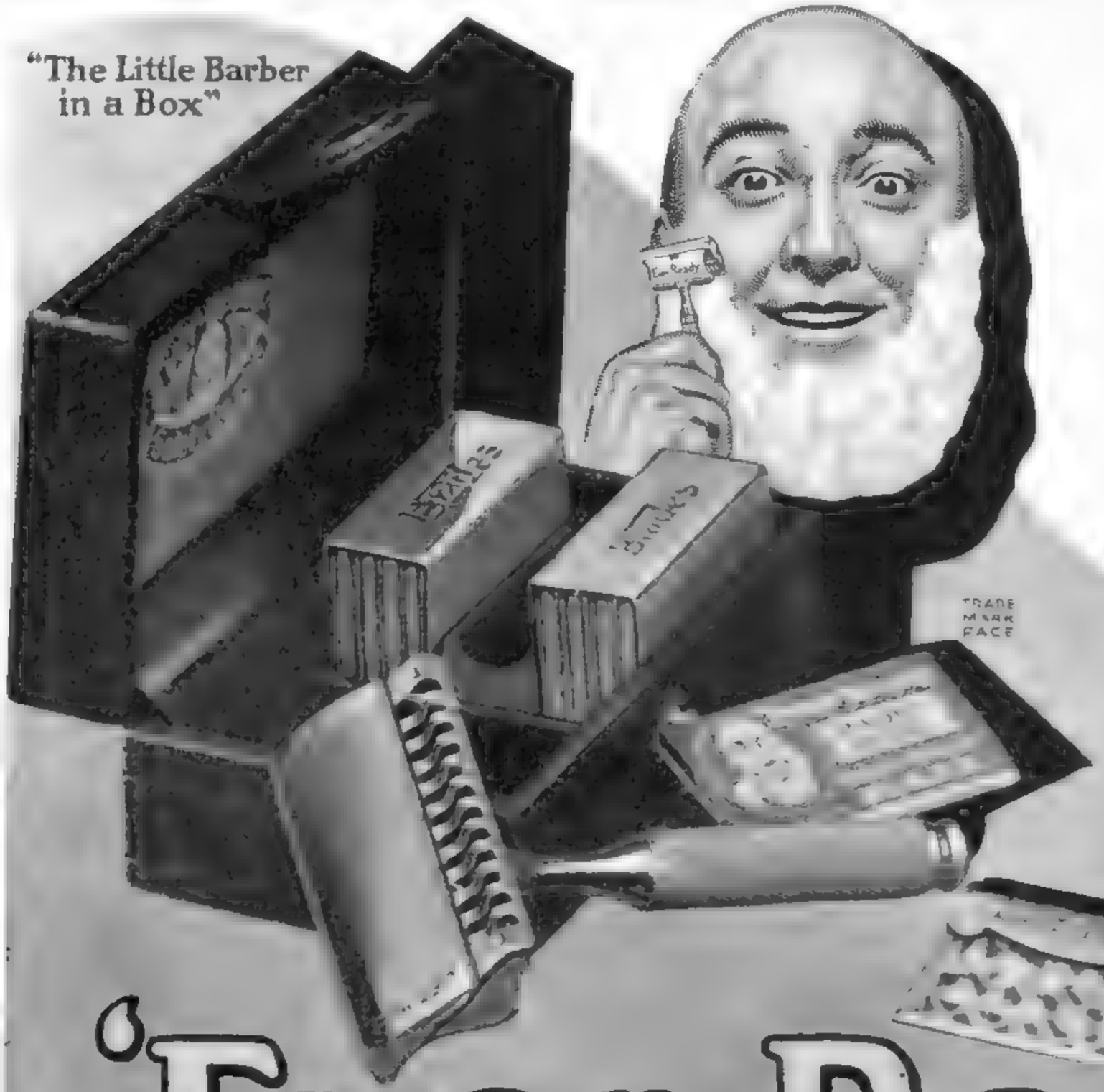
All you have to do in the morning is to go into the bathroom (or wherever you shave) and say "All right, Ever-Ready, eat 'em up."

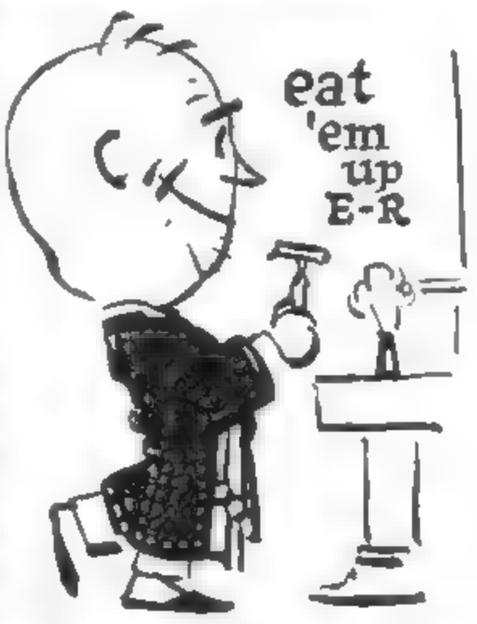
(Of course it is well to lather a *little* with a good shaving soap. Safetee Cream or Stick is best.)

And then you get the Ever-Ready shave! Ever-Ready almost climbs down off the shelf, by itself, and shaves you while you stand and smile. Why, you're nothing more than an innocent bystander.

The whole argument is between Ever-Ready and your whiskers, and it's a walk-away for Ever-Ready. You really don't come in at all, except for a smooth face.

You can install this service in your bathroom for the rest of your life for a $1.





Ever-Ready shaves aren't accidentally good. We have put perfect shaves *into* Ever-Ready and you can't get any other kind OUT. The tilt, the weight, the balance, the hang are all scientifically just right. Cost hundreds of thousands to get them that way. But that initial overhead is divided among millions of Ever-Ready owners.

And the steel in Ever-Ready blades couldn't be better if Ever-Ready sold for $100 instead of $1. Every blade is treated by the war-born Ever-Ready process, and must pass microscopic test for flaw and defect. These blades simply love to gambol in whiskers of wire.

But forget the razor and forget the blades; forget they are made of metal. Remember the shave. The shave's the thing.

Yes, still $1. A sturdy frame guaranteed for a lifetime, six Radio blades — all attractively cased. All $1. Make a mental note to buy the "Little Barber in a Box" today — at all stores.

Extra Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the world over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York Brooklyn Toronto London Paris

$100 Complete

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

(Continued from Page 137)

spoke I dimly realized that though it was an hour when most persons are in bed, both were dressed—even to hats and gloves. And they seemed profoundly disturbed at my appearance.

"It is my room!" I insisted, sitting down by the door, which remained open. "It's my room, and I'd like you to explain what you are doing in it."

"Madam," said the other imploringly, "you are mistaken. I assure you this room is ours. I can prove it ——"

"I don't want to dispute you," I replied with dignity, "but leave my room at once!"

I don't know how long we sat there arguing but it seemed like months. And then all at once I heard Peaches' voice behind me.

"Good heavens! What are you doing there, Free Talbot?" she said, striding in and seizing me by the shoulder.

"I'm trying to put these brigands out of my room!" I said. "Don't interfere, my dear!"

"But it's not your room!" shrieked Peaches. "Oh, pa, come help me to get my chaperon out of these strange men's room!"

Mr. Pegg was close behind her, and as she spoke I realized that she was quite right. I got up with dignity and left, accompanied by the Peggs, and the next thing I knew somebody was putting ice on my forehead, and it needed it. I can't imagine why.

I opened my eyes, feeling very ill, and there was Peaches, in street clothes. It was broad noon and she had been crying. I felt as though I—as though all of us—had been going through vast experiences of misery for ages and ages. With a tremendous effort I struggled to a sitting posture in the bed, and addressed my charge.

"Peaches," I said, "I saw you kissing that young man last night! Now, my dear, though I feel very ill this morning—I think I must have eaten something at Abby's last night that disagreed with me—still, I am well enough to protest at your behavior!"

Peaches stared at me for a moment and then burst into unaccountable laughter.

"Free!" she said, "I hope we can get you home a fit woman to take up your foreign missions work. We'll have no back talk from you to-day!"

And then she suddenly burst into tears, throwing herself on the bed and sobbing hysterically. Now thoroughly alarmed I forgot my own wretchedness and comforted her as best I could.

"My dear, my dear!" I said. "Don't take on so! What if you did kiss him? There is no real harm done! You love each other! You can be married soon. You have everything in the world to be happy about!"

Slowly Peaches straightened up to her glorious height and dried her eyes on the cold towel from my head.

"Free," she sniffed, "Sandy has gone! Gone, do you get that? After our promising to marry each other, after his dating pa up to talk it over this afternoon, after promising to come and take me to lunch and to buy a ring this noon—gone without a word except this."

Dramatically she handed me a note written in a clear, firm hand. I read it as well as my throbbing head would allow:

"*Dear Alicia:* I regret that I shall be unable to keep my engagement. Unforeseen circumstances have arisen which make me realize I have been living in a fool's paradise. Forgive me and God bless you. SANDRO DI MONTEVENTI."

"His things are gone from his hotel," she said bitterly. "He's not coming back!"

"Nonsense!" I said as vigorously as Nature permitted. "Nonsense! No man could have got such a kiss and forgotten it. Once engaged to you, always engaged to you. Peaches—he'll be back this evening."

"If he does it'll be in chains!" said Peaches. "You see, he shot a man at the depot—winged him as the train moved out. It was your friend of the black mustache whom you were visiting with last night!"

VIII

ONE of the most annoying things which the outbreak of the war of 1914 did was to ruin completely our tour of Europe.

We had planned to visit Belgium, where Mr. Pegg intended to launch some citrus project or other, and afterward make a tour of Germany. And, of course, that ungentlemanly, uncalled-for war entirely upset our plans. To say that it was an annoyance is to put it mildly. I was terribly provoked, especially as my collection of the flora of Europe was far from complete. I had been gathering specimens whenever opportunity afforded, pressing them, and pasting them in a blank book. Then I would write in the proper names, both Latin and popular, in a neat lettering of black ink picked out with red. It promised to be a most interesting souvenir of my trip and was intended as a gift for Euphemia. But the interruption of this small personal enterprise was, of course, only one of the many annoyances which the outbreak of the war occasioned.

It was terrible that Peaches should be cut off in the midst of her education, and terrible, too, that I should have the prospect of a return to Boston staring me in the face. Also Peaches needed diversion. Ever since the disappearance of the duke she had drooped like a—well, like a eucalyptus tree, let us say, though she, who as a rule was so free in pouring out exact statements regarding her inmost emotions, was absolutely silent on this most interesting subject. I had fully expected that she would make a sort of confessor of me and postpone my nightly slumbers to the point of ultimate endurance upon every possible occasion, as she had during what I may call the chauffeur epoch, when she imagined herself in love with Richard. But from the day of the duke's disappearance she became singularly reticent about her emotions, and as is always the case with a woman who refuses to allow herself to talk, it made her quite ill, though she kept up and about and all that.

Mr. Pegg, Abby and myself consulted about what was the best course to take, and after failing utterly to elicit any information from the police regarding the crime, if any, of which our gallant Sandy was accused, we tried the government officials, the American consul, and even went so far as to drive to the homestead of the Monteventi, in hope of obtaining a clew as to what had caused this mysterious performance. But in no direction was any information to be gained.

The castle of the missing duke was closed—a desolate, half-ruined place it was—the villagers proved as dumb as the authorities, and we concluded that they were so for the same reason—to wit, because they knew nothing. If only some definite fact concerning Sandro could have been ascertained even though it had been to his detriment, Alicia's mind would have been given an opportunity at least of escaping the thought of him by a definite rejection. The terrible uncertainty of the cause of his action was what troubled her the most, I felt sure.

But having failed to gain any real information we had simply to conclude that either Sandro was mixed up in some private feud or that the police were just too reticent for anything. Foreign police are that way—not a bit like democratic America, where, Richard, the chauffeur, assured me, the police statements to the newspapers are the native criminals' most reliable source of information.

Well, at any rate, as we could get hold of nothing to tell Peaches either for her comfort or disillusionment we conspired for her diversion. And just as I had arranged to take her upon an exhaustive tour of the cathedral towns of Germany that annoying war broke out and spoiled everything. A rush of appreciation of America seemed all at once to overwhelm even the most ardent tourists, and Mr. Pegg did not escape being affected by the contagion. With his usual decisiveness we were told to pack for home, and then I was summoned for the private interview with him which I knew was inevitable, and to which I looked forward with dread, as it could hardly mean anything except my return ticket to Boston.

We were at Nice at the moment and Mr. Pegg awaited my coming upon the balcony of the royal suite of the hotel. He was chewing a cigar and very serious about it—our interview, that is. As I appeared he gave me a curious look which took me in from my newly waved hair to the tips of my high-heeled slippers, and I do verily believe that he observed them for the first time. My dear father used to say that men always see things suddenly or not at all, and this was one of those cases. Mr. Pegg always saw very clearly what was going on in his own mind, but perception of outside things seemed to be, as it were, cumulative.

However, though he made no remark upon my appearance I saw him change his mind about something or other in the transparent manner so common in men, and he abandoned the overworked cigar.

"Miss Talbot," he began, "in a couple of hours more or less we are going to be in the refugee or immigrant class, because we are fortunate enough to be able to go home steerage, which is a damn sight better than not going home at all. And what I mean to say is that I think it would be awfully good for you to spend a few months in California. It would sort of round up your European experiences by giving you a real genuine standard of comparison—show you a country worth talking about. So I suggest that you stick by this outfit and take a little graft of Boston culture out to the home ranch for us, where maybe we can improve some of the native stock with it."

This was so different from what I had anticipated—the polite apology for the war's having interfered with our trip and being so sorry that we must part, and so on—that I could not refrain from an outburst of appreciation.

"Oh, Mr. Pegg!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands in delight. "How truly wonderful! Indeed, I shall be most pleased to remain in your employ and to see Golden California. The more especially as dear Alicia needs me to look after her in her affliction! I accept!"

"Good!" said Mr. Pegg, beginning upon a fresh cigar, a sure sign that our business was at an end. "Good! And you can get a lot of specimens for that dried-flower morgue of yours out there, too, if the Germans don't put us to picking seaweed instead, on the way home!"

But the Germans didn't.

Abandoning Europe was a relief for many reasons. There was Cousin Abby, whom we left behind, for one thing, and I confess I admired her attitude and encouraged it. You see she had been traveling with us, and Mr. Pegg had quite unnecessarily, I thought, offered to get her back to America. But Abby was firm in her refusal. A strange fiery look came into her eyes and her head went up like—like a battle horse, I do declare.

"No, thanks awf'ly, old dear!" she said. "But I'm off to San Remo. That's home now. I've lived there nearly twenty-five years and it's part of me. We'll go into this war any day, and somebody has to be there to see that it's on the side of the Allies!"

It was awfully noble of her, or, as Peaches put it, thoroughly sporting. And so she left us, and we all upheld her in so doing, I'm sure. It was a fine sacrifice and we all admire the spectacle of a sacrifice, especially when some close friend is making it, if you understand me.

Well, so much for the war. At least so far as it concerned us for a long time. The next phase which directly affects my story is my own first impression of the Golden State, which began of course when our train left Chicago on the Santa Fe. I don't know why, but the West seems to reach East that far. You begin to feel its influence, though, of course, I am aware that geographically this is incorrect. Perchance I am mistaken and the Western influence really begins at Buffalo, but at that point I was not in a state of mind to make the usual traveler's observations, being wholly obsessed with the problem of trying to obtain a little privacy in a sleeping car. After the first night I entirely abandoned the hope, and therefore was more sensitive to other impressions. A great many people had, it seems, decided to go to California that week, and as the war had necessitated Mr. Pegg's immediate return to the coast, as he called it, though I would have said we had landed upon the only real coast—well, at any rate, as he had to go on at once, and as Peaches insisted that we all go with him, we were unable to obtain staterooms, and Mr. Pegg's attempt to buy up an entire car was a complete failure. Indeed he was able to get only three lower berths, with the result that Richard, the chauffeur, was parked above me; the term is his own. I should have said, to follow out his chosen symbolism, that he was parked, but with the engine running, and not too well throttled down, either. In other words, he snored; and I think I have mentioned that he had an extremely competent nose. Of course that trip in the steerage had inured me somewhat to hardship, but I had not anticipated that America would be so quickly affected by the war—or so slow in noticing that it was affected.

At any rate, my real observations did not begin until we left Chicago behind us, and then, not unnaturally, the first thing I observed was Peaches' extraordinary behavior.

She was not flirting. The fact speaks for itself and gains in importance when I make mention of the circumstance that there were no less than two very attractive strange men in our car, and that one of them was a well-known motion-picture actor. But Peaches paid them absolutely no attention despite that before we were two hours out Richard was growling at them like an angry watchdog—usually a sufficient reason for Peaches to exercise her love of tormenting him. Instead she sat staring into the swift moving blackness.

Mr. Pegg at once disappeared into a den where I have a deep-rooted suspicion some sort of card game was in progress, and he hardly reappeared again, except for food, during the remainder of the trip.

At any rate the lack of necessity for actively chaperoning my charge left me free to make notes upon that part of America which was foreign to me. Indeed, I was glad of the opportunity, for though I had been several times from Boston to Plymouth, and had once visited an aunt in Philadelphia, I felt there was yet much of my native land for me to see. And there was. Very much.

How very, very much I had really no conception in advance, nor can any language adequately describe it. To do so would be like reading the unabridged dictionary aloud. Indeed, the term "unabridged" is the only one which conveys any sense of the country one crosses. And it was so amazing to find it really existed. One had been told about Kansas plains and the northern Arizona deserts, but the statements made by travelers were somehow not convincing. Nobody's statements about travel ever are. But now I saw those, as I may call them, illimitable spaces and stupendous mountains. There were actually Indians! Upon my word of honor, though not nearly so realistic as the ones who used to sell worm medicine in Bigelo's drug store window on Bank Street. Still they were undoubtedly genuine, and even accepted a little money from me at Albuquerque. It was most thrilling.

I felt singularly small and incompetent and ignorant, whirling along through this infinite territory. It made me ashamed, curiously enough, to realize that I had ever thought that the original thirteen colonies were America; that I had actually once entertained the supposition that that portion of the country situated west of Buffalo was something to be vaguely apologetic for! It made Europe seem small and insignificant, with its toy railways and funny little huddled towns and neatly apportioned fields—even its terrible present situation; or rather made America seem enormously safe, sane and resourceful. I had always been proud of being a New Englander, and now I began to be impressed with the stupendous fact of being an American. In one thing only was I disappointed.

My dear father used to say that absence made the heart grow fonder because there was no reality present to hamper the imagination. And I believe that this must be particularly true of Californians.

All during my time with them in Europe, indeed since my joining them, I had heard little comment on anything European from either Peaches or her father except in disparaging comparison to the Californian equivalent. And now upon the train, from the moment of our departure from the Grand Central Terminal, everything I admired elicited a chorused response, "Wait until you see California!"

Naturally I waited. In the nature of things I could not do otherwise. But happily the railroad train did not. Meanwhile I existed in excited anticipation of a degree scarcely to be endured. Never shall I forget the first morning when casaba melons appeared in the dining car, and Peaches and Mr. Pegg exchanged a half-pleased, half-contemptuous glance over the first spoonful. To me it tasted like nectar but ——

"Santa Clara fruit!" said Mr. Pegg in the same tone in which Euphemia might have said "Those common people!"

"Yes!" nodded Peaches. "Wait until you have a San Bernardino melon, Free!"

"Can it be possible that California is divided against itself?" I asked, aghast.

"You said it!" spoke up Richard, the chauffeur, who had doffed his uniform and

(Continued on Page 144)

Why the Dealer Sells Firestones

8,096 new dealers have joined forces with Firestone since November first.

Firestone's business increased 79% during the first six months of the fiscal year as against the same period last year—on the basis of giving biggest value to car owners. And the dealer knows that his business will increase as long as he sticks to this value-giving basis.

He recognized the big new standard oversize cord *value* when it was first announced last year. He was right. This tire is out-selling its last year's sales record five to one, an increase of 436% during the first six months.

The dealer recognizes in the Firestone 3½-inch tire a fixed standard of tire value for the majority market—the four million light-car owners who use this size of tire. He sees in this tire a business builder and a money maker in spite of the close margin of profit at which it is sold.

His store, his shelves, his fixtures, all represent investment. And here is the fast-moving staple—*value* established beyond argument—to reduce overhead and make his investment pay.

The tire dealer sees in the Firestone organization 17,000 men working *for* him and *with* him to help him hold his trade by putting more into tires for the money.

You are his trade. Most miles per dollar is what you want to buy and what your dealer wants to sell you. Buy Firestones.

Firestone

(Continued from Page 141)

imperceptibly slipped back into his earlier relationship with the family, even to the point of eating with us; a fact which seemed curiously without offense. "You said it, Cousin Mary! Los Angeleans are the Smiths of California, and San Franciscans are the Talbots. And yet I come from Los Angeles myself."

"I should say so, if I get you right!" exclaimed Peaches. "Why, Free, Southern California has nothing but the climate—absolutely nothing! While San Francisco is full of —of ——"

"Fogs," said Richard promptly; "and earthquakes!"

"It was a fire!" said Peaches fiercely.

"Hey, you!" interrupted Mr. Pegg, laying down his Kansas City paper. "Hey, you two—you was both raised in Oroville ever since I knew you."

"But, dad, I don't want Free to get a wrong idea about the South," replied Peaches. "You know it's just one vast mixture of real estate and movie enterprises."

"Better than living among a lot of hop pickers! Burning up in summer and getting your trees frozen in winter!"

"Thank the Lord!" said Mr. Pegg reverently. "There is some doubt as to if I was born in Santa Monica or Oroville. It has kep' me unprejudiced, what with owning orchards in both ends of the state. Let me tell you, Miss Freedom, that our golden land is a bower and a horn of plenty from one end to the other. It is all good enough for this native son!"

Now, of course, when people discourse to you in such a fashion of any land you expect it to be green, at least. You anticipate great groves of trees, wooded hills and flowery dales with rushing streams, o'erhung with primrose and—er—tortillias and other native fruits and flowers.

But California was not green that particular first week in September. There were not even any trees to be seen except an occasional lonely yellow clump of cottonwood or a thin straggling line of eucalyptus. We were headed straight for San Francisco, and from the moment when we branched north I looked in vain for redwoods such as I had seen pictures of in geography books and other printed sources of information. Indeed, I began to fear that there existed but the one redwood I had seen pictured and that it was not situated near the railroad track. At the railroad stations were a few palmettos, and as for the rest—brown—brown—brown; burned hills and almost improperly naked purple mountains. It was a shock, a disappointment beyond belief. I felt I had been deliberately misled and made game of.

But Peaches suddenly came to life. Her drooping figure had straightened and her eyes glistened. Her eager golden head turned this way and that. She seemed to see things in the barren landscape that were invisible to me.

Her father, too, was strangely affected by the fact that we had passed the state boundary line, and abandoned his game, which I discovered to have been named after a famous Boston confection called Black Jack, and stood upon the rear platform in company with other returning native sons, all looking eagerly at—something! The brown grass was all I saw.

As for Richard, the chauffeur, he had shed the last vestige of his servitude and he, too, seemed looking at something—something very beautiful. And then all at once I realized what it was. When California is wet she is green and they were looking at her through a veil of happy tears that transfigured the landscape. I ventured, most delicately, to intimate my understanding to Peaches, when to my amazement she turned on me with a laugh.

"Think I want to see it green?" she said. "Why, it's just as beautiful when it's brown! Just as much home, just as big and bountiful and full of promise. Want to see it green? When the time comes. But do you always want New England to be green? Don't you ever want to see it white? Well!"

I thought then that I understood, but I didn't. Not until long after. But as I stood beside her, abashed, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made when he first got on the train the evening before, and with whom I had had a most pleasant and innocent chat without either of us revealing our names, approached us with an expression of surprise.

"Peaches!" he exclaimed, flushing up to the roots of his thin gray hair. "How are you!"

"Mr. Markheim!" said my charge, in her turn astonished. "When did you get aboard?"

"I'm just up from Coronado," he replied. "Got on last night! What luck to find you! What luck, what luck!"

"This is Miss Talbot, my chaperon," said Peaches sweetly. "Meet Mr. Sebastian Markheim, Free."

"We have already met!" he exclaimed blandly. "But I had no idea that ——"

"We spoke in the observation car last night," I said as primly as the awkward circumstances permitted.

"Free!" exclaimed Peaches severely. "You picked him up! I tell you I'll breathe easier once I have you safely on the ranch!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Working Hand's Friend

WORKING hands must be protected or they will suffer from the constant attacks of grease, dirt, paint, dust and minor injuries.

Boss Work Gloves turn the trick. They protect. They wear. They serve. They cost but a trifle. They are the working hand's friend.

And they protect *comfortably*. They wear *well*. They permit you to *"feel" your work*, in spite of their tough texture. They slip on and off easily.

Everybody wants them. Everybody sells them. Everybody needs them. They have a thousand uses.

Your wife needs them about the house. You need them about the shop. Thousands of other hand workers are using them. Buy them regularly. Keep a pair handy—at home as well as at work. Three styles of wrist—hand, ribbed, and gauntlet. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

This Trade-mark identifies genuine Boss Work Gloves. Be sure it is on every pair you buy.

BOSS

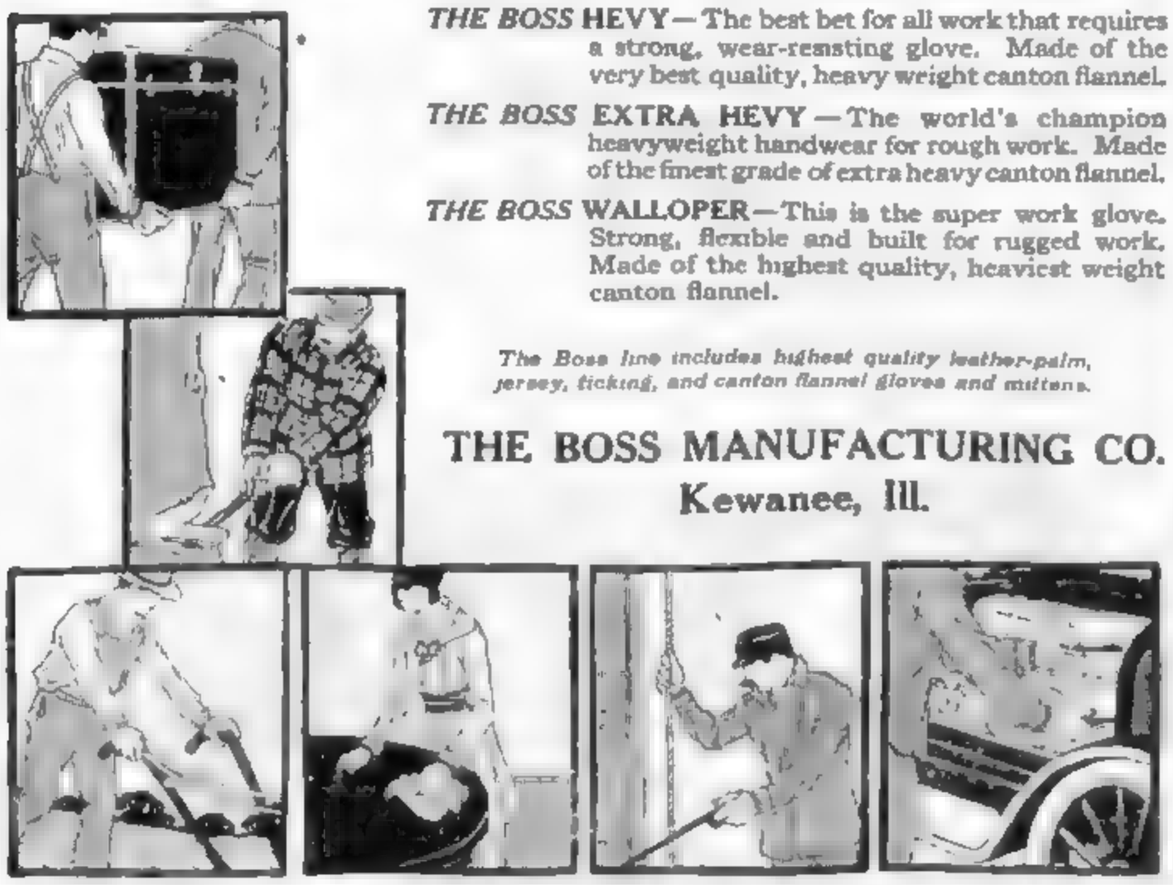
Trade Mark

THE BOSS **MEEDY**—The world's favorite work glove for odd jobs around the house and garden, and all light hand-work. Made of the best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

THE BOSS **HEVY**—The best bet for all work that requires a strong, wear-resisting glove. Made of the very best quality, heavy weight canton flannel.

THE BOSS **EXTRA HEVY**—The world's champion heavyweight handwear for rough work. Made of the finest grade of extra heavy canton flannel.

THE BOSS **WALLOPER**—This is the super work glove. Strong, flexible and built for rugged work. Made of the highest quality, heaviest weight canton flannel.



The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens.

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kewanee, Ill.

The Only Tooth Paste

with these new factors in it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

These new methods of teeth cleaning are embodied in Pepsodent only. They are protected by three patents, to insure that they will not be offered in inefficient forms.

The results are unique and important. We urge you to see them, then judge for yourself what they mean to you.

The way to fight film

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to fight film on teeth. Most tooth troubles have been traced to film. And these increasing troubles, which few escape, have brought able minds to this problem.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed it hardens. It makes teeth dingy. And in those long periods between dental cleanings it may do ceaseless damage.

That film absorbs stains and the teeth seem discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, causing countless serious troubles, local and internal.

A multiple combatant

Modern science, after years of research, has found several ways to combat film. They are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Five years of clinical and laboratory tests have amply proved its efficiency. Now it is endorsed by many able authorities, and leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The effects are now known to millions, and to them it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Acts in five new ways

One ingredient in Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest the starch deposits. Another result is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids which attack the teeth.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Thus in several ways, new and efficient, Pepsodent combats the film and all its ill effects. All of its principles are approved by the highest of modern authorities.

See and feel it act

Some results appear instantly. Others appear before long. A ten-day test reveals them in a most convincing way. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

We urge you to make this test. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—to a new protection now at your command. You need it and your family needs it. You will never go without it when you know.

Men who smoke

Tobacco stains the film. That is why so many men have dingy teeth and tartar. Countless men about you have found the way to keep teeth white despite tobacco. And that way, by removing film, also fights the cause of most tooth troubles.

This 10-Day Test

Has won millions to this new way

Send the coupon for a ten-day test of Pepsodent. Watch the results it brings you, some of them at once. Then decide if you need it.

Millions have done this. Now everywhere you look you see glistening teeth due to this new-day method.

This short test will amaze you.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting to remove the film-coat in several modern ways. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere, and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch the film go

Send the coupon for a 10-Day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Your mirror will tell you in a week what Pepsodent can do.

10-Day Tube Free

450

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 713, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

100% Efficiency and Good Digestion

Optimism diminishes and the nervous system becomes depressed when a man or woman suffers from any mild form of indigestion.

Under such conditions no one can be 100% efficient nor can they do their best or get the best out of those about them.

Slight digestive disturbances, due to hasty eating and improper mastication of food, are often relieved by the use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Chewing Gum.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

IN OFFICE

(Continued from Page 19)

From that day until I expired by limitation I had no warmer partisan.

The second incident preceded a threatened strike on the part of the city firemen. Labor agitators, who even then were laying plans to hold up the country at the point of a gun, had been working among the firemen. They had induced them to organize a union and had stirred up much discontent in an organization that had been the pride of the town. I did not oppose the organization of the union; at that time few of the wiser statesmen had grasped the significance of the thing that was under way. Nor was the wage scale the firemen shortly presented to me out of reason in any way. The firemen were underpaid. What they asked was fair enough.

But the town was run on a budget system. We could spend what we had and no more. The firemen made their demands in July. Until the county certified the exact amount of taxable property, some time in August, we should have no notion as to the sum of money we should be able to raise for city purposes. There was a limit to the levy and we were always up to it. Months before I had foreseen that the salaries of all city employees must be raised to meet increased costs of living. But until I knew the exact amount of taxable property I could offer no more than conjecture as to the amount of money we could raise or the manner in which it should be spread to meet existing demands. I patiently explained all this to the delegation of firemen that came to see me, and through the newspapers, but I couldn't convince anybody I knew what I was talking about. I told them as well that, though I was pretty certain I could add something to their salary, I was satisfied I could not meet the scale they had asked.

The labor agitators continued to spread poison, and the discontent in the department was fanned to a flame. One of the agitators appeared before the commission with a request to be permitted to speak in behalf of the firemen. By that time I had sized up the plot, and sensed his appearance as part of the plan to deliver the town to the labor forces in the succeeding election.

An Effective Threat

"You would be wasting the time of the commission," I told him. "We know all about the situation which confronts us with reference to increasing city salaries. We are in entire accord on the point that salaries should be raised. You know nothing about it. You are here to play politics. You want to be able to say when the raise comes that you forced the commission to grant it. You can play all the politics you like when election time comes, but you can't do it before this commission."

"But the industrial council sent me," he countered. "What shall I say to it?"

"You tell the industrial council," I replied, "that the mayor wouldn't let you talk. You can also tell it he is always available to any member of the department."

A delegation of firemen came that afternoon. One or two of them were sober-minded, clear-headed men, but as a whole it was a picked crew of radicals come to offer an ultimatum. I went over the old ground again patiently and without heat. I should have had equal success in cracking a granite bowlder with a damp sponge.

"We're going to get what we asked," said the leader, "and we're going to get it from the first of July, or we're going out pronto."

"Very well, boys," I said as I leaned across the desk and cooed to them in my softest voice. "You can go out if you want to; I can't stop you. You can leave the town at the mercy of the first fire that breaks if you feel that way about it. But I want you to understand one thing: we're going to have a fire department. If you do go out I'll put a colored man in every fireman's uniform in this town. You know the strength of the colored vote and the way the politicians play to it. I am not very good at simple arithmetic, but I figure it will take a thousand years to get white men back into the department."

"You haven't got the guts to do it," said the leader. "They'd run you out of town."

"Figure it as you like," I replied. "I may be a poor fish, as you gentlemen have intimated. Some of the unpleasant things my opponents have said of me may be true. But nobody before has ever suggested or even hinted that I lack the intestinal equipment to go through with anything I start. Cut loose with your strike whenever you are ready."

"By George," he said, "I believe you'd do it."

The delegation rose to file out. The leader stopped to shake hands with me.

"I never met you before," he said. "I've changed my mind about you considerably. I believe you're a fair man."

There was no strike. The flame of discontent in the department died down, if it was not entirely snuffed out. The firemen accepted the small increase I was able to give them. Matters broke so that I was enabled to pin it to their pay checks three months in advance of the time I had originally scheduled it to go into effect.

There is a good deal of poor government in this country. Undoubtedly there is here and there some corruption. But the chief limitation of government is lack of efficiency. Instead of a mailed fist it has a palsied arm. My observation of a long list of officeholders leads me to believe a great majority of them are honest. They are entirely competent to fill the places to which they are elected. The trouble is the average man can't take it. When a man is elected to office he is chiefly concerned with his own glory. He wants his name to go resounding down the corridors of fame as the best poundmaster or the most efficient guardian of the keys and seals his town has ever known.

The Psychology of the Crowd

He is astonished and disheartened to discover that his best-laid plans for constructive work—his most carefully devised schemes for efficiency—inspire only dismal forebodings and ribald jeers from his constituents, and sneers and innuendo from the opposition press. He finds that every public act, no matter what its motive, is unmercifully criticized by somebody. In the ordinary course of events one of two things happens: either the official turns grandstander and begins to play to the various divisions of public opinion with a view to placating all of them, or the reins of government slip from his nerveless fingers and he slumps forward in his swivel chair. In either event good government sustains a repulse which carries through his term of office. His administration of public affairs falls short of its possibilities because he can't stand the gaff.

The chief preventives of efficient government are the public, the politicians and the newspapers. Since everybody is either perfectly familiar with the devilish machinations of the politicians or pretends to be, I shall not discuss them. The public balks government because it is always suspicious and distrustful, certain to condemn without reason and convict without evidence, and never, in anything like its entirety, is satisfied with any public performance, no matter how brilliant it may have been. A constructively critical and fair-minded newspaper is a great asset, not only to its community but to the public officials discussed in its columns. The trouble is that the majority of newspapers are neither constructively critical nor fair-minded. Most of their criticism is directed at the personality of their victim. Their object is to harass and annoy him, not to help him. And with most officials the nagging of a newspaper has precisely that effect.

I suppose it is said of me that, whatever my conspicuous faults and failings, I was a courageous official. But I make no pretense of being more courageous than the average of my kind. I've had that creeping sensation that permeates the spinal column. I know the texture of goose flesh. But I have studied the psychology of the crowd longer and more intently than most of those called to public places, and know it better. As a result I have a sort of good-humored tolerance for it and attach little importance to its manifestations. A rampaging crowd always amuses me. It never knows where it is going or why it has embarked on that particular journey. And it seldom succeeds in passing a given point. The set habits, impulses, convictions and conventions of the public reflect the sifted wisdom of the ages. But the ebullition of

(Continued on Page 148)

Nine-Foot Saws Running 130 Miles an Hour

No one had ever built a saw nine feet in diameter. It took 80 years' experience and unlimited courage to do it. Men who were supposed to be saw experts said:

"You *can* make a saw as big as that, but the strain will be too great; no mandrel would hold, and 63 square feet of saw surface couldn't run straight and true at the tremendous speed demanded."

But two such saws were completed and installed in the Coats Shingle Mill at Hoquiam, Washington. Before a large gathering, many of them intensely skeptical, the saws made their initial run.

And they ran perfectly! The skeptics became enthusiasts as the gigantic saws—the biggest in the world—slashed through giant logs with a swift, clean cut.

It was the obvious thing for these saws to bear the Disston name, to be of Disston-Made Steel and made by men whose lives and whose fathers' lives have been given to making Disston Saws.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A.
"America's Largest and Longest-Established Makers of Hand Saws, Cross-Cut Saws, Band Saws, Circular Saws, and Tools"

Canadian Distributors: Henry Disston & Sons, Limited, Toronto, Canada
New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco Boston
Seattle New Orleans Memphis Vancouver, B. C
Bangor, Me. Portland, Ore. Sydney, Australia

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

Typical hotel towel under the microscope. Wiping of razor blades caused this damage. Minute, almost invisible slits when dry, they show up as holes on washday.

Characteristic parting of short staple linen cloth of poor grade traceable to fact that warp threads—72 to the inch—were weaker than filling threads—92 to the inch. A common occurrence.

Dresser scarf upon which bottle of toilet preparation has rested. The stain usually is unnoticed—on washing, a hole like this results.

The Origin of "Mysterious" Wear in Your Washing

Ofttimes housewives are perplexed when high grade textiles, intelligently selected, give out "all at once."

The simple fact is that hundreds of minute injuries, that usually remain invisible until washday, are daily being suffered by the garments with which we clothe our persons.

Investigation into the causes of these harmful factors in the life of fabrics is one of the innumerable ways in which modern laundries are serving women.

Here are some of the things of help to housewives that have come to light through this research work:

Analysis of tattered cloth from shirts that have prematurely frayed at the armpits often shows the failing to be due to overuse of deodorants and depilatory solutions.

Dust and shoe polish weaken linen—when this fact was called to the attention of the Pullman Company it saved much by instructing porters to refrain from shining shoes and dusting sills with sheets and pillow cases. Tablecloths of the "seconds" kind, it has been shown, have a tendency to roughen after the first laundering—on contact with water, their artificial surface filling dissolves away.

The magnifying glass informed hotelmen that microscopic slits occurring in their towels with the first laundering were minute cuts made by guests in wiping their razor blades.

The sudden appearance of holes in the toes and heels of new hose is frequently traceable to overdoses of foot-comforting preparations and to the acids in perspiration.

Systematic investigation by the research men retained by the laundry industry has proved that fully 95 per cent. of the "mysterious" defects that develop in linen and apparel on washday are attributable to these, and to many other such commonly unseen and unsuspected causes.

Through their well-founded knowledge of these factors that hasten wear, and through their specialized knowledge of fabrics and washing, modern laundries are able to conserve while they cleanse.

Two million women, who send their family bundles to modern laundries, know true economy and freedom from the ordeal of old-time Mondays. Send *your* washing—any of the modern laundries in your city will pleasingly accommodate you.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati

(Continued from Page 146)

public sentiment is nearly always mawkish and quite as frequently evanescent. Having studied humanity in mass formation I had learned to disregard its purely sentimental and emotional evolutions. Knowing newspapers even more intimately their calculated ravings struck no terror to my heart. As a candidate and a public official I expressed this attitude somewhat openly. In point of fact I rather stressed it.

Mark Whaley, whose candidate for mayor I had just beaten, and I once engaged in brief controversy on that point. I had accused his friend of grandstanding.

"You grandstand as much as he does," said Mark. "The difference is that you do it with a reverse English; he leans forward, you lean backward."

Mark may have been right about it. Who knows? No man may be trusted to analyze his own motives.

I lay the foregoing observations end to end for the purpose of paving the way to the biggest fight of my administration. It came at the moment when the jitney sprang like a mushroom into being and for the time covered the trail of municipal transportation. The problem was bequeathed me; the mushroom had already burst from the soil when I went into effect.

I wasn't a business man and was presumed by many to be incompetent to grapple with a problem such as that of transportation. But in a crude way I sensed one thing: Both the prosperity and growth of a community depend upon its transportation. For that I knew we must lean upon the street car. For a small town we had an excellent system. In our town the jitney, whatever its usefulness elsewhere, served no purpose. It opened up no new trade routes, covered little territory not reached by the traction company and gave the most irregular of service. All the jitney drivers did was run along ahead of the street cars in the rush hours and skim the cream from the business. They were cutting into the receipts of the traction company and had become a menace to it.

The Jitney Fight

At my suggestion the commission got together and a jitney ordinance was evolved. It was so pale and anæmic that I am now almost ashamed to acknowledge its paternity. We were so afraid we should be unfair to the jitney drivers that the resulting ordinance was only a half-arm jolt. Time has demonstrated they should have been given the whole works. All we did was impose a heavy license fee on those who insisted on duplicating the service on streets in which the traction company had tracks. The remainder of the territory was open to them. There was some talk, at the time, that I responded to the lure of gold set out by the traction company. It was never denied. I admitted the allegation and fixed the sum I had received at six thousand dollars. I may say now that the traction company did not know a jitney ordinance was contemplated until it was introduced in the commission and passed to a second reading. Nobody outside the commission and the city attorney knew it.

The storm broke when the newspapers reported the ordinance had been introduced and advanced to a second reading. The jitney drivers were unionized, but the street-car system was manned by unorganized labor. Labor agitators, working skillfully upon sentiment, stirred the town to a white heat of indignation. Petitions of remonstrance signed by thousands of citizens poured in upon the commission. Daily mass meetings held in behalf of the oppressed and downtrodden and addressed by the best rabble rousers and the leading oratorical weepers attracted immense crowds. We learned from various sources that we were about to trample on the sacred rights of the poor and worthy; that we were taking the bread out of the mouths of honest and unoffending workingmen, and that we had sold ourselves to a grinding corporation. It was old stuff, not well calculated, but the town seethed under its influence.

It was in this fight that the Handy-Horton-House coalition—the machine that never cracked—was formed. The two other members of the commission couldn't stand the grind. They were excellent gentlemen and valuable commissioners, and perhaps it is not quite fair to say they skidded. It may be they thought the ordinance unfair. A great many excellent citizens entertained such belief—at that time.

The commission, after an hour of vain endeavor to swing the minority members into line, marched out of the mayor's office and into the big council chamber to face a booing, jeering, threatening and abusive mob, composed largely of the unwashed and unmanicured strata of the town's citizenry, that packed and jammed the room. It looked squally but I knew the breed and didn't even bother to have a police officer on duty in the building.

Without paying the slightest attention to the crowd the Handy-Horton-House coalition formed behind the ordinance and put it over. The audience deflated in the fashion of a punctured tire. By night the normal flow of good feeling pulsed through the community's veins. In a week the incident was dead and forgotten by everybody except the professional friends of the people. Doubtless there were some inoffensive, hard-working citizens in the ranks of the oppressed gentry over whom the town wept for the better part of a week. But most of them were pirates and outlaws who assisted in half of the surreptitious deviltry that went on in the community.

Pulling Down the Demon

I fought outlawed rum for four years. If I am to draw a conclusion from that experience it is that the battle for prohibition in this country hasn't really started. If the sale of liquor is an iniquity—and there is a division of opinion on that point—nobody is so deeply steeped in it as the surreptitious dealer in hooch. Once a man engages in the illegal traffic in liquor he never quits until the last source of his supply dries up or he is behind the bars. He gets into it because it appears to be an easy, lucrative business. He stays in it because he can't quit. In the end beating the law, and not the possibility of easy money, becomes an obsession with him. Eternal vigilance and perfect coördination between all the forces of law and order are the only methods that avail against the traffic. The rum hound never quits and never sleeps.

As its chief executive I took over a town that had been dry for thirty-five years. It was located in a state that had been in the aqua-pura belt for the same length of time. The statutes forbidding the traffic were the most drastic that could be devised. I took over the unfinished business of a reform administration. It had been elected by the law-and-order element on a clean-town platform. Before starting the first wave of law enforcement I asked the chief of police to spot as many of the residence and kitchen joints as possible and to furnish me with a list. He turned in a list of about sixty places. In addition there were hundreds of bootleggers who did a hip-pocket business, and a score or more of half-shady business houses in which the sale of liquor was partially concealed behind a commercial aspect.

Then we started the fight and kept it up unremittingly for four years. We greatly diminished the amount of liquor sold in the town; we literally put hundreds of violators of the liquor laws in jail. We kept the dockets of the courts sagging with liquor cases, but we never quite stopped the traffic, and it is going yet. The human interest in this brief reference to the fight hangs on the fact that we finally broke three or four of the kings and queens of the business.

It was easy enough to clean up the smaller fry. They wouldn't stay cleaned up, but liquor raids had always been a matter of daily occurrence, and convictions were numerous. But there were places that had been running almost unmolested for a quarter of a century. They always had a pull somewhere along the line. As soon as our law-enforcement machine began to function I instructed the chief of police to begin raiding the leading good-time resorts and to keep it up. Katherine Hassell was the queen of the illicit dispensers. Mary Leslie was in line for the tiara should Katherine ever decide to relinquish it, which was unlikely. The instructions were to get Katherine and Mary.

As a matter of curiosity I looked up the court records of Katherine. They indicated she had been arrested only once in eighteen years, and never convicted. Mary had been oftener raided, had been convicted once or twice in police court, but had never served time.

We gathered some evidence against Katherine and sent a raiding party after her. The raiders disturbed one of her

A Roof that is a Floor!

CAREY Roofing was not intended to be walked on. Yet here, on top of the Falls Building in Memphis, Tennessee, it is making good both as a roof and as a floor.

It is made of asphalt saturated felts and is built up and finished with highly refined elastic asphalt.

This is so tempered by special Carey processes that it will not melt or run in the very hottest weather, nor crack in the coldest. Consequently Carey Roofing needs no gravel coating. It gives but does not ask protection.

Uncalled-for service like this on the Falls Building illustrates its wearing quality. But the best guarantee of endurance is the fact that Carey Roofs applied more than thirty years ago are still giving good service today.

There are Carey Asfaltslate Shingles for residences, and Roll Roofings and Built-up Roofings for every conceivable roof surface. Prospective builders write for Booklet V. Dealers write for Booklet H.

Headquarters for the building and insulating products of

ASPHALT **ASBESTOS** MAGNESIA

A Roof for Every Building

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY

Mills Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, O.

DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta	R. O. Campbell Coal Co
Baltimore	The Philip Carey Co
Birmingham	[illegible] Supply Co
Boston	The Philip Carey Co
Buffalo	The Carey Co.
Charlotte	Charlotte Supply Co
Chattanooga	James Supply Co.
Chicago	The Philip Carey Co.
Cincinnati	The Breese Bros. Co.
Cincinnati	R. K. Kraning & Co.
Cleveland	The Carey Co.
Dallas	Draper-Weaver Machinery Co.
Dallas	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
Denver	H. W. Moore & Co.
Detroit	The Carey Co.
Havana	The Kelnah Co.
Houston	Texas Iron & Steel Co.
Houston	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co
Jacksonville	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Kansas City	The Philip Carey Co
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co
Lincoln, Nebr.	National Supply Co.
Little Rock	Fischer Cement & Roofing Co.
Los Angeles	Warren & Bailey Co
Louisville	R. B. Tyler Co
Memphis	Fischer Lime & Cement Co.
Minneapolis	W. S. Nott Co.
Miami, Fla.	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Montreal	Wm. Rutherford & Sons Co., Ltd.
Nashville	J. L. Herbert & Sons
New Orleans	Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
New Orleans	Standard Supply & Hdwe. Co.
New York	Robert A. Keasbey Co.
New York (Export)	The Kelly Co.
New York	The Philip Carey Co.
Oklahoma City	The Philip Carey Co.
Philadelphia	American Insulation Co.
Pittsburgh	The Philip Carey Co.
Portland, Oregon	Pacific Asbestos & Supply Co.
St. Louis	The Philip Carey Co.
Salt Lake City	Gallagher Mach'ry Co.
San Antonio	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
San Francisco, Western	Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Seattle	Savage Schofield Co.
Spokane	Nott Mfg. Co.
Tacoma	Savage Schofield Co.
Tampa	Cameron & Barkley Co.
Toledo	The Carey Co.
Toronto	The Philip Carey Co
Vancouver	Taylor Engineering Co., Ltd.
Washington	Asbestos Roofing Co.
Wheeling	The Philip Carey Co.

Carey ROOFING

CHASE
DREDNAUT
Motor
Topping

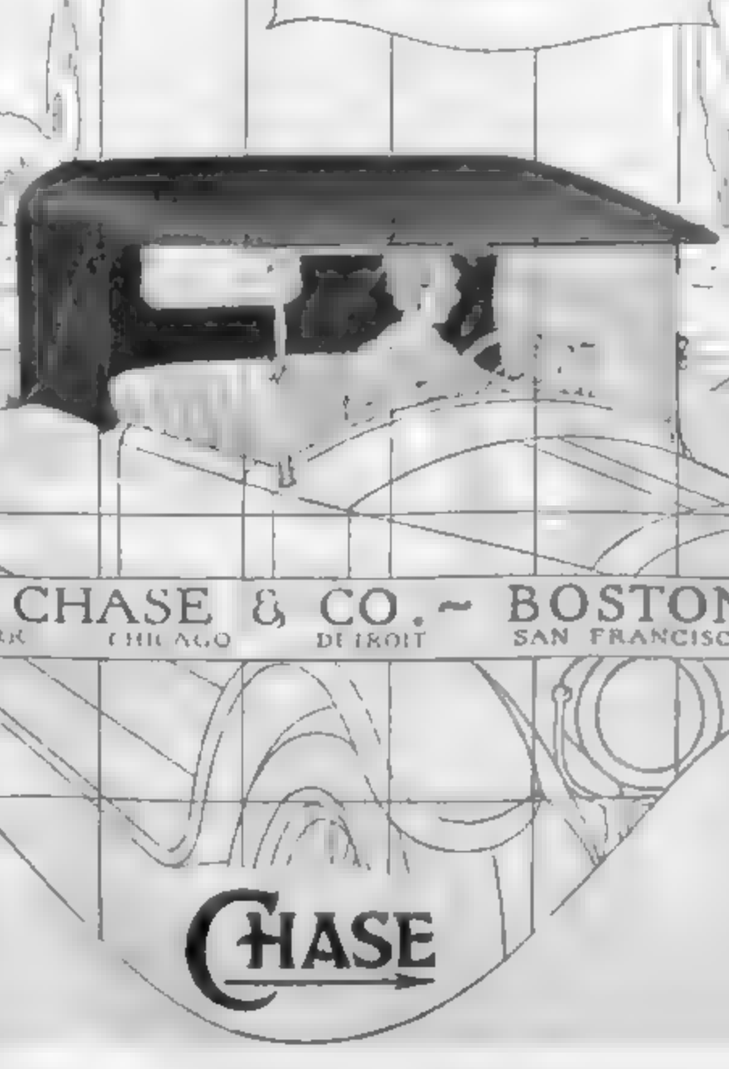
"DEFIES TIME AND THE ELEMENTS"

You
Used Good
Judgement
When You Bought Your Car

Be just as careful when you specify the equipment.

Remember that a smart-looking top adds to the beauty of your car.

Be sure to ask for Chase Drednaut Motor Topping, handsome in appearance, long wearing in service—thus assuring a top that always wins admiration.



L.C.CHASE & CO.~ BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

CHASE

evening functions, but the police brought her in, together with certain bottled evidence and the names of some of the guests.

I had purposely gone to police headquarters to serve on the committee to receive Katherine, and was sitting with the desk sergeant when she came in. She was a fine-looking woman, remarkably well if somewhat flamboyantly gowned, and liberally incrusted with diamonds and other precious stones. The desk sergeant made his entries on the blotter and Katherine asked him if she might use the telephone.

"I want to telephone the colonel to come down and go on my bond," she explained.

"There'll be no bond for Katherine tonight," I said to the sergeant. "She sleeps in the donjon keep; send her upstairs to the matron. We're going to begin to break her right now."

The sergeant transmitted orders to his fair prisoner. She was so amazed and astounded by the order that she temporarily lost tongue. She never before had been so grossly insulted. Later on, in the days that followed, Katherine recovered her powers of vocalization, but I escaped vituperation that night.

"Before you go, Katherine," I said to her, "I want to talk to you a minute. I have a premonition we're not going to get on very well together. I expect the police force is going to annoy you a good deal from now on. I don't suppose we can entirely break you of the habit of selling booze; you've been at it too long; but we are going to try. We're going to arrest you frequently and we are going to try to keep you in jail a good deal of the time. It will cost you a lot of money one way and another. If you don't quit I am going to take every sparkler you've got before I leave the mayor's office. Think it over."

If Katherine thought it over she decided to buck the game. She was arrested with great frequency, and convicted many times. She spent a summer and a winter or two in jail. Convictions and new prosecutions hung over her all the time. When I left the office Katherine's last rock was gone. There was a plaster on her motor car. But she was still selling a little now and then, and probably is yet.

Mary's Popular Book Case

Mary's case was a little different. Her business was a collaboration of two distinct callings, one of which constituted a felony under the state law. I put a spotter in her apartment one afternoon and got evidence on both counts. Then I issued instructions to the chief to have her place raided between nine and ten o'clock that evening. Inasmuch as she had slipped through the meshes of the law so many times I was curious as to how she did it, and went to headquarters to see the visiting delegation come in.

The raiding force, a sergeant's detail, was long detained. It was after eleven o'clock when it reported in, but I waited for it. The sergeant seemed surprised to see me downtown at that hour. He was alone, having detailed his escort to other work.

"What became of Mary?" I asked, blandly casual. "I thought you were to bring her in?"

"We couldn't find anything," he said; "and I didn't think it was any use to drag her up here."

"Well," I said, "you should have looked in the bookcase; that's where it was this afternoon. And you'd better turn your star in to the chief the first thing to-morrow morning."

We got Mary a week or two later. It was midsummer and courts of justice, as becomes the bench, move slowly. But, as I recall it, Mary ate her Christmas dinner in the state penitentiary. I have no pride in that particular performance. It was a part of the grist. We tried to grind it efficiently.

Save for the eternal fight with rum, most of the trouble I encountered was lodged in my first term—the greater part of it in the first year of the term. I sat through my second term as in a rocking-chair. For me the tumult and the shouting were over. I had established my code of public administration. If it did not meet with general approval the town had learned it was less wearing and just as satisfactory in the end to accept it.

I had a bruising battle for reëlection. But the old issues had faded out of the picture. The town was tight, its affairs were running smoothly. The law-and-order element did not start a candidate. There was a field of four, but Keene was the leading candidate and my opponent in the finals. He had been a newspaper man and was a good politician and a good mixer, with many old and close personal friendships to carry him along. He had just completed his second term as sheriff and had the skeleton of his shrievalty organization in his hands. He ran for mayor because he wanted the job. My own organization had remained intact. Here and there a private failed to show up in the second battle, but every commissioned officer reported for duty. It worked smoothly, but it lacked the zip of the first campaign. Nobody could make my friends believe I could be beaten. They considered it a push-over.

The evening newspaper supported me ardently and made my fight despite the fact that my opponent had been its managing editor. My own newspaper was mute, but no longer inglorious. It took no chance on being whipped a second time. Naturally enough, I lost all the vote that was friendly to lawlessness and disorder. I had put a crimp in the underworld. But I did not pick up the vote that had stigmatized me in the first election. Leaders of the law-and-order element and its more zealous adherents walked to the polls hand in hand, figuratively speaking, with the proponents of booze and the spawn of disorder, and voted against me again. I lost votes in the bottoms and in labor circles, but picked up a sufficient number from the intelligentzia to offset what I had lost. The vote was considerably lighter and Keene cut my majority to nine hundred, but, relatively speaking, I led him by about the same margin I had over Beaky.

No Favors for Big Business

For the first time in my political experience I permitted my goat to become untethered on the night of my second election. I am one of those curious souls who meet the serious problems of life best when alone. And so I left headquarters early and sought an inconspicuous nook from which I could view one of the newspaper bulletin boards. I led from the start, but Keene kept cutting into my lead in precincts in which I had not expected trouble. The thing got on my nerves when he whittled my margin to fewer than two hundred votes, and I walked away into the night. I must have negotiated a considerable journey, which led me finally to the polling place of the Second Precinct of the Fourth Ward. There I found I had carried the precinct by thirty-three votes. Then I went back to headquarters and found the boys celebrating my reelection.

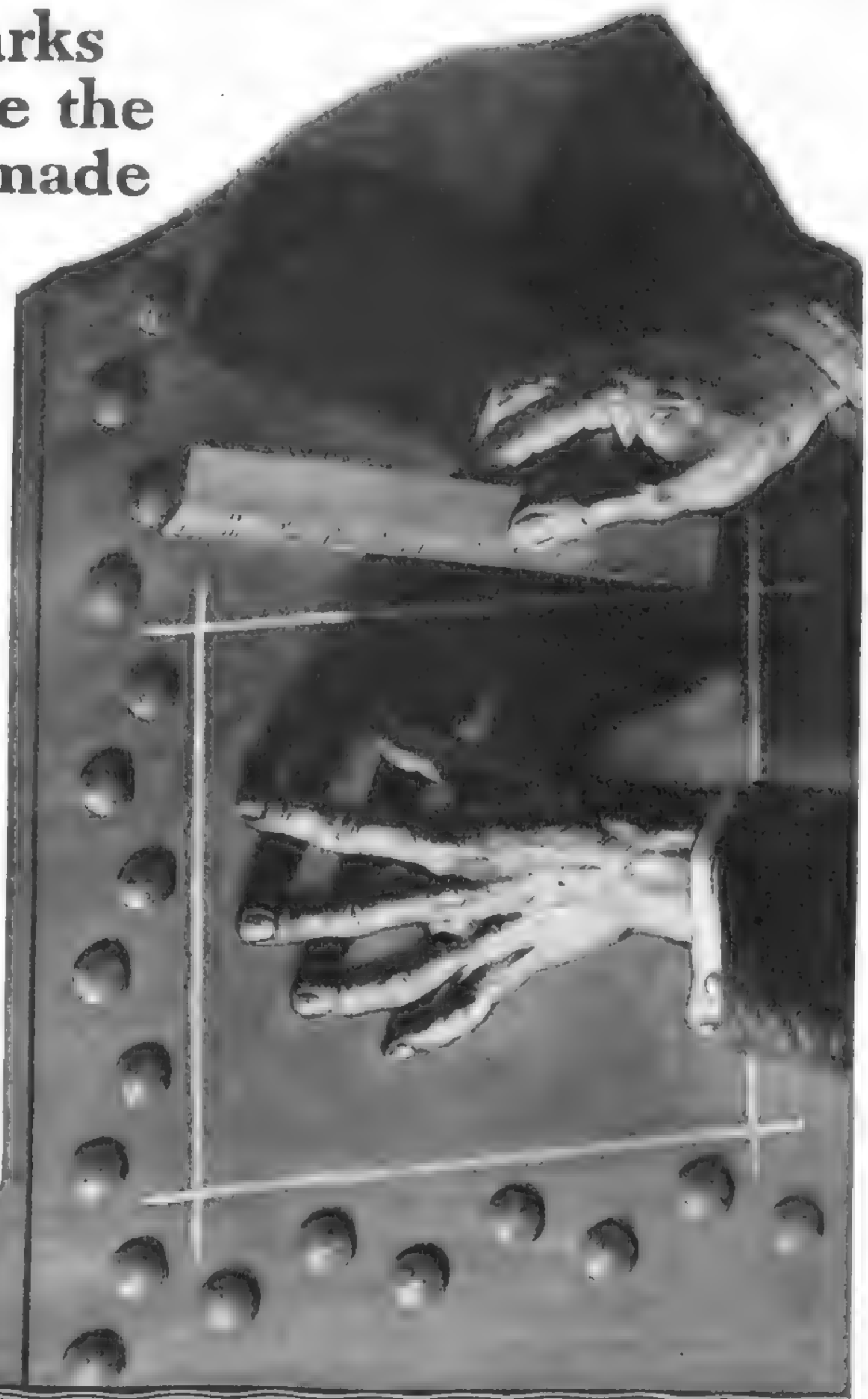
One of the issues in the second campaign concerned itself with the ethics of a candidate who deliberately drew two salaries. I kept up my newspaper work during my entire career as mayor. I had to do it. I could not have lived comfortably on the mayor's salary. It was a dog's life. I swept my desk clean of the cares and responsibilities of the mayor's office at three o'clock in the afternoon. Then I went to the newspaper office and did another day's work. I did not permit the dual rôle to cut into my various sports and pastimes, but it interfered considerably with my reflective moments. I had time for very little of that sort of thing. A number of voters decided my conduct in drawing two salaries had been unethical and went over to my opponent on that issue.

I think the most enlightening experience of my official career came in my contact with big business. Big business supported me in both campaigns. Officials of the various corporations and public utilities were among my close and intimate friends. It might reasonably have been expected that big business would ask something of me. But it never did. The men who looked after its interests were alert. It was not their purpose to take any the worst of it. But no representative of the interests ever asked or suggested that I do a thing which in any way conflicted with my conception of my duty as an official, my self-respect or my conscientious scruples. I wish I might say as much for the great common people, as they are called.

I think I won more concessions from big business than any other gentleman who ever mayored the town. I think I did it by declining to try my cases against it in the newspapers, and by expressing my opinion of its obligations and responsibilities across a table, instead of spouting

(Concluded on Page 153)

The Square marks the spot where the escape was made



RIGHT through steel plates, mocking the rivets, without noise or clue, one thousand pounds of coal escaped from within this chalked square last year. It escaped as valuable heat bought and paid for—horse-power that never did a tap.

Now a square foot isn't very large, just large enough to suffer being overlooked in the average place where heat is used. But when you add up the small isolated areas, fractions of square feet in a power plant or factory, or even in a cellar heating plant, the total is enormous. It stands as wasted coal, more often amounting to tons rather than pounds.

In money it is often staggering, and so unnecessary because so readily corrected if intelligent knowledge of insulation is called in to correct it.

From the buyer's viewpoint, an insulation service should be able to answer this basic question: How much money return, based on heat savings, can I expect through an investment in insulation of this or that kind?

It is the answer to this that Johns-Manville Insulation Service is able to provide.

Through scientific investigation controlling manufacture and application of insulations, any condition can be met and corrected with certainty and savings computed even before the work is started.

Insulation is one of the most important departments of our business, and has been for over fifty years. Today this is a national service, not only completely equipped with materials for every industrial condition, but including as well contract departments in all our Branches for the application of these materials.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

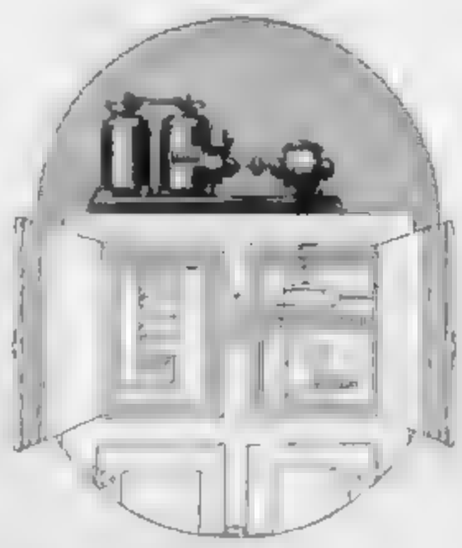
Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Isko's Dry, Clean Cold Protects Your Health and Purse



Isko operates from any desired location and can be placed either in the basement or on top of the ice box

What does hot weather bring?
Soured milk?
Wilted vegetables?
Spoiled meats?
Stop this waste with Isko's dry, clean cold.

* * * * * * *

The average family, especially in hot weather, buys much food destined to spoil before it is consumed.

All that costly waste is stopped when you install Isko, the Electric Cold Maker.

Melting ice leaves dampness in its wake and in that damp germs multiply, food spoils.

The interior of an Isko-chilled refrigerator is always uniformly cold and powder dry. In that healthful chill all food stays fresh and palatable.

Think what that means in protection to the family's health!

Isko's dry, clean cold is maintained by electricity.

You will find, after installing Isko, you never have any soured milk or cream.

The butter stays fresh and firm; the lettuce keeps garden crisp; meats retain their prime condition.

If you have ices or other frozen desserts for a dinner party, Isko's penetrating chill guards them faithfully until served.

Isko keeps on hand a quantity of convenient cubes of ice, crystal clear and pure because they are frozen from the same water you use for drinking.

Send for our booklet, "Electric Refrigeration," and we will forward at the same time the address of the Isko dealer nearest you

Isko is also made in larger sizes for commercial use.

The ISKO Company, *2525 Clybourn Avenue*, Chicago, Ill.

ISKO

Electric Refrigeration

(Concluded from Page 150)

them from a rostrum or a street corner. I found big business very human. There may have been a time when it employed corrupt methods. But the efforts of most of its representatives with whom I came in contact seemed to be directed toward building a spirit of friendliness upon a superstructure of public trust. Big business may be corrupt at heart, but it knows more than it did twenty years ago.

Two encounters with the interests stand out in memory. One was with the most powerful public utility of the community, a great transcontinental railway which maintained its headquarters and its shops in the town. Lying away from the city, across the tracks of the railway and connected with it by a viaduct, was a considerable residential section known as the East Side. It was written in the franchise grant that the railway should build and maintain that viaduct in perpetuity, but some years previously an overfriendly city council had, by ordinance, absolved the railroad from the obligation and fixed it on the shoulders of the city. The city had been maintaining the viaduct for ten or fifteen years.

The administration which preceded mine had again slipped the buck to the railway company by passing an ordinance directing it to build a new concrete viaduct to replace the old one, then tottering and in a dangerous condition.

I inherited the situation.

The railway company had paid no attention to the new ordinance and had declined to answer the letters of the previous administration concerning it. The company was standing on the legislation of the overfriendly council.

I got the general manager of the road on the telephone and told him we were going to the mat with the railway on the viaduct matter. The upshot of it was that the city counselor, the commission and I faced the general manager of the railway, its general attorney and one or two other officials across a mahogany table in the general manager's office on the following day.

"We're here," I said to the G. M., "but any argument is time wasted. The city's legal department says your overfriendly ordinance won't stand up in court. We believe it knows. You can take over the viaduct or you can have a lawsuit, and it's up to you."

The Friendly Way Out

The general attorney of the road was a noted wag. "What we want to know," he said, "is, in the remote event we do assume this responsibility, whether you will require us to build the cement monolith for which your ordinance calls?"

"We don't care what you build," I replied, "so long as it accommodates the public and is safe."

I had met the utility halfway.

"We'll take it over," said the general manager.

The viaduct was condemned as unsafe by the city engineer within a month. It had to be rebuilt. The railway company had great difficulty in securing construction material and the work proceeded very slowly. The East Side was discommoded for eight or ten months. It blamed me for the inconvenience it had suffered and many of its citizens voted against me when I came up for reelection. I had carried the ward by twelve hundred votes in my first campaign. I had only one hundred and sixty-two majority in the second. It was a just ward and slow to anger, but when a mayor permitted a railway company to take its time in rebuilding a viaduct, thus standing for the corporations and against the people, it turned on him.

The franchise of the electric-light company contained a participation clause by which the city was supposed to profit, and by which it had profited to some extent. But there was a general feeling the city wasn't getting its share. I confess I didn't share the feeling, but as a matter of public duty we put a set of expert accountants on the company's books. Our accountants found the company owed the city more than thirty thousand dollars in deferred dividends.

We could have had a beautiful row by trying the case against the company in the newspapers. And we might have lost the interminable lawsuit which inevitably would have followed. The company wasn't crooked. The two sets of accountants figured net profits from different bases of calculation. It was a fine legal problem presenting many knotty points. Either side might have won.

But there was no lawsuit. The manager of the company and I talked it over confidentially across a table. The company paid the full amount of the city's claim and at the same time accepted its accounting as the basis of future participation by the city. The controversy was settled by two men, neither of whom knew anything about law, but each of whom wanted to be perfectly fair to the other, at an expenditure of ten or fifteen minutes of conversation.

In these reminiscences I have stressed the point of personal contact. I have related certain adventures of which I was either the villain or the hero. They are typical of the hundreds that befell me. I have not referred to the general work of the administration. I think it will be written in the annals of the town that the commission was the most constructive of its many governing bodies. We did many things, most of them efficiently and well. But in the constructive work I played only a modest individual rôle. I think the commission took some color from my assurance and the fact that I was always willing, even anxious, to take a situation by the horns. But it was a thoroughly honest body of a high order of competency. It got things done because it worked smoothly and harmoniously.

Of the four other members three retired voluntarily. They had grown as tired of the public service as I grew. And none of them could afford longer to make the financial sacrifice in which public service involves an honest man.

Third-Term Talk

I am frank to say I believe I might have had a political career of sorts. Many times, particularly in the period of my last term, the scouts of politics took me out into the afterglow and pointed to the lights twinkling on the hillside in the beyond. But I had no taste for public office, and I had learned no man can afford to indulge such taste unless he is independent of financial considerations. Politics is overcapitalized and underpaid. Efficient public service must come from those who are willing to donate their services or pay for the privilege of doing so.

I think the town parted with me reluctantly. And I was equally reluctant to leave it. But for a year before my last term expired I had planned to quit the game and anchor in a new harbor. I made no secret of the fact. In January preceding the expiration of my term a public demand that I run a third time developed. It was a most unusual expression of public sentiment. Only one or two mayors had ever asked a third term. None had been elected. To my friends I reiterated my intention not to run again. They finally asked if they might circulate petitions through which the citizenry might express its sentiments on the subject of a third term. I declined to be bound by such expression, but finally told them to go ahead. I was curious to know. They went through the business district. With the exception of two, every concern in the district signed the petition. They laid it on my desk carrying hundreds of names.

I met a delegation of fifteen business men representative of the principal firms in the directors' room of a leading bank to talk it over. The thing had moved me.

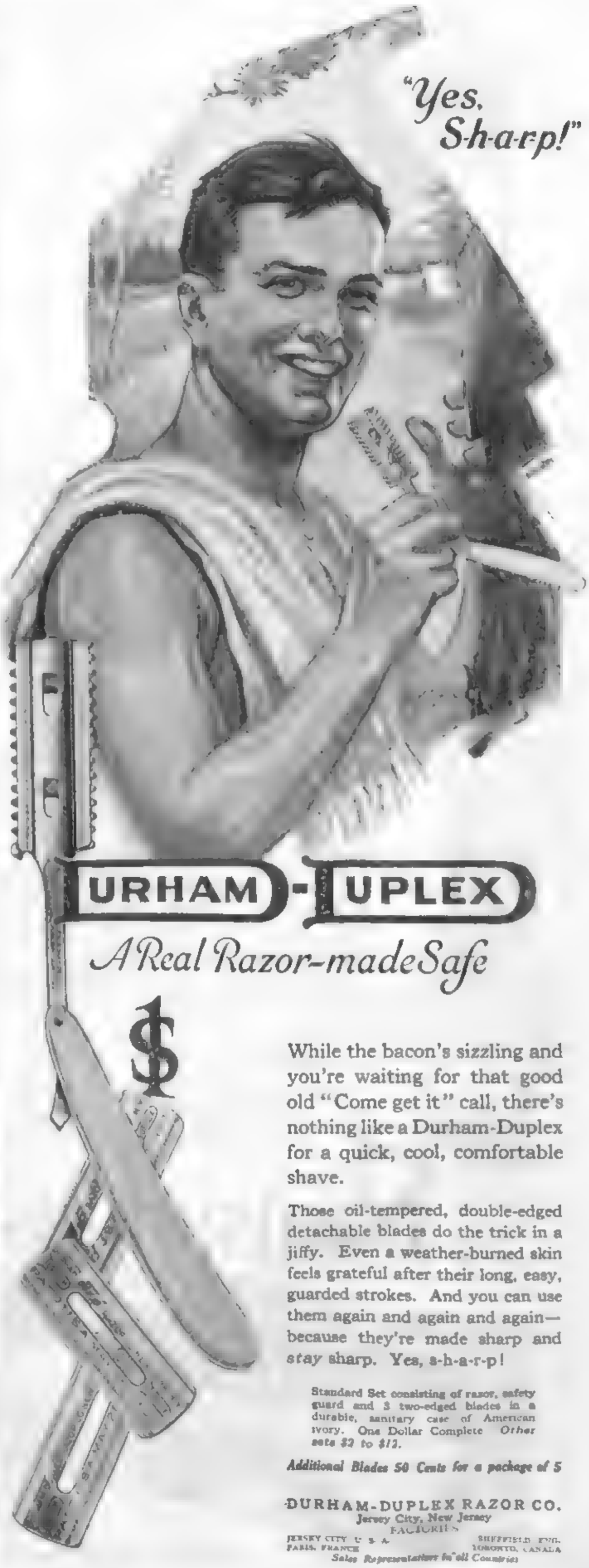
"Before we get down to brass tacks," I said, "there are certain conditions I wish to state. I don't agree to run, but if I do run I shall exact them. I'll never fling another dollar after a political office; I'll never burden myself with the work and worry of another campaign. I must be relieved of all obligation and responsibility."

The chairman of the delegation spoke: "We'll finance your campaign," he said. "If you'll indicate the probable sum required we'll raise it now. And we'll relieve you of the details. You needn't turn your hand."

It was a great temptation. It was a push-over. There wasn't an outside chance to beat me. I mulled over the matter a day or two and chucked the crown.

I quit while the quitting was exceedingly good. I do not wish to trifle with my luck. I still believe the country should be saved but I have no ambition to supervise any detail of the operation. And I hereby delegate my authority.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. House.



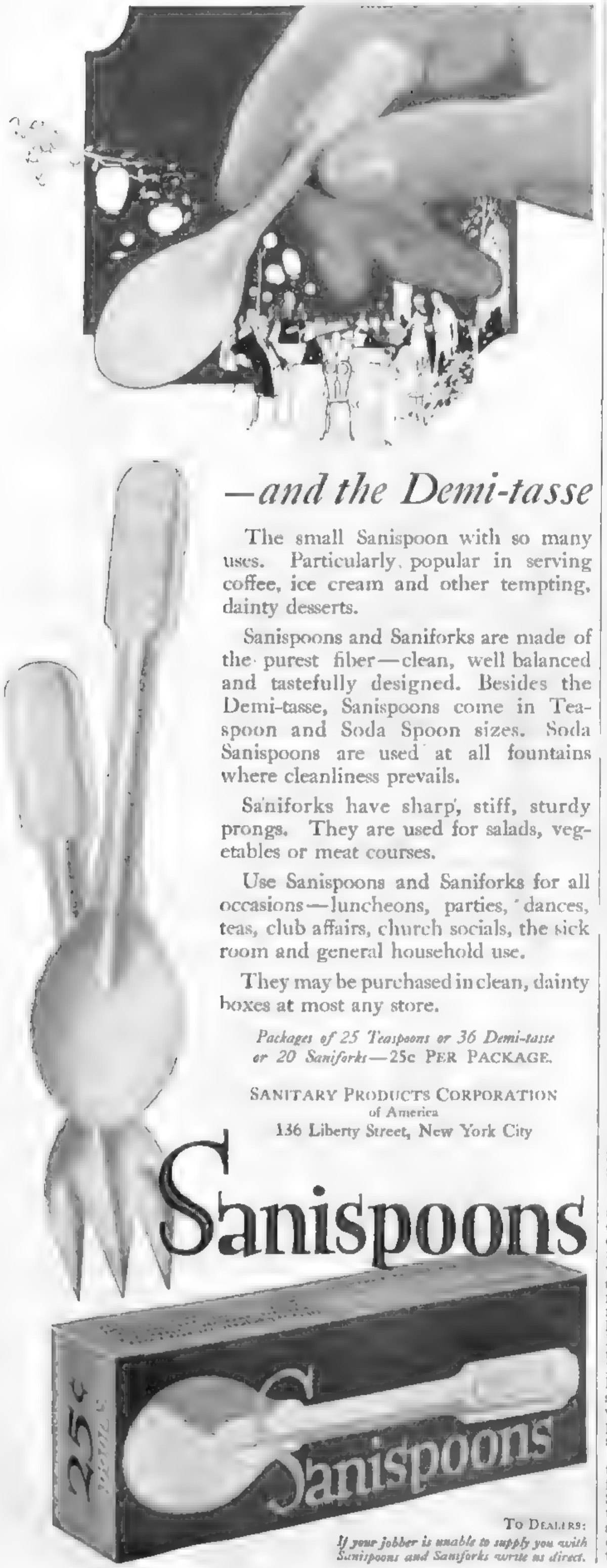
While the bacon's sizzling and you're waiting for that good old "Come get it" call, there's nothing like a Durham-Duplex for a quick, cool, comfortable shave.

Those oil-tempered, double-edged detachable blades do the trick in a jiffy. Even a weather-burned skin feels grateful after their long, easy, guarded strokes. And you can use them again and again and again—because they're made sharp and stay sharp. Yes, s-h-a-r-p!

Standard Set consisting of razor, safety guard and 3 two-edged blades in a durable, sanitary case of American ivory. One Dollar Complete *Other sets $2 to $12.*

Additional Blades 50 Cents for a package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
JERSEY CITY U. S. A. SHEFFIELD ENG.
PARIS, FRANCE TORONTO, CANADA
Sales Representatives in all Countries


—and the Demi-tasse
The small Sanispoon with so many uses. Particularly popular in serving coffee, ice cream and other tempting, dainty desserts.
Sanispoons and Saniforks are made of the purest fiber—clean, well balanced and tastefully designed. Besides the Demi-tasse, Sanispoons come in Teaspoon and Soda Spoon sizes. Soda Sanispoons are used at all fountains where cleanliness prevails.
Saniforks have sharp, stiff, sturdy prongs. They are used for salads, vegetables or meat courses.
Use Sanispoons and Saniforks for all occasions—luncheons, parties, dances, teas, club affairs, church socials, the sick room and general household use.
They may be purchased in clean, dainty boxes at most any store.
Packages of 25 Teaspoons or 36 Demi-tasse or 20 Saniforks—25c PER PACKAGE.
SANITARY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
of America
136 Liberty Street, New York City
Sanispoons
25¢
Sanispoons
TO DEALERS:
If your jobber is unable to supply you with Sanispoons and Saniforks write us direct.

DEUCE HIGH

(Continued from Page 5)

The girl drew open the flap of the tent, a well-built tent set high on a stout floor raised above the ground on stakes. She tied the canvas opening back, lifted the box inside and turned to help the man with the heavier roll. But he was winded and swaying, so without a word she tugged the clumsy weight up into the tent alone.

The interior of the tent was square, orderly, divided by a canvas hung on taut wires from rings, every opening draped with triple thicknesses of heavy mosquito bar. On one side, shoulder high, was a rectangular opening framed in wood—a sort of long window. Under this was a broad shelf, and on it, each one in its labeled and numbered vessel of paraffined paper, were dozens of lank, sprouting plants like young corn, yellow-green and rasping. Each stalk wore a distinguishing copper tag tied on with fine wire. Some were hooded with wire gauze, and on these strange insects abode, their presence indicated by webs or cocoons.

After the man had rested for a minute outside the tent he mounted the box doorstep and bent his head to enter. He was too tall for the white ceiling and he walked with a stooping shamble direct to the shelf beneath the screened opening. There he stood, turning the pasteboard flower pots in his emaciated hands, scanning them as eagerly as a mother might search the faces of growing children. From a tin bucket he dipped some warmish water with a can and sprinkled the earth about the plants sparingly.

"All ready to go," he mused with some bitterness. "Three years' work! Work that will do for the cane industry what Edison did for electricity—finished! And now it lies here—to rot! Three years' work!"

The girl was cutting the fastenings of the canvas roll. She too had noted the punctilious request in scarlet Spanish pasted on the wrapper. She wondered briefly if Captain Alvaso, of the single river freight boat, had read that unctuous Castilian hint; if he knew their straitened circumstances, their apparent desertion by the paternal government. Very likely Alvaso's education did not include commercial Spanish—else that oily Chilean would have been swift to manufacture an advantage to himself and to press it with Latin persistence.

She set the rows of cans in the shelved box used for stores, refilled the tins of oiled water designed to discourage marauding ants, shook the coverings of the two cots and every hanging garment, mechanically searching for lurking centipedes, and with a broom made of palm leaves swept out every corner and crevice. She did these things automatically, since three years of seeking out swift stinging death had lessened the thrill of it. She did not search so minutely as of old, when the furtive menace of the jungle had been a new and terrible thing. That is why she failed to see the glittering slender intruder lying lazily along the crack at the back of the plant shelf—a mahogany-colored, beautiful thing, silent, needle keen, lightning swift.

She went about her housework—if one could call it that—in silence, scarcely noting the continual grumble from the man. She had been born sensitive, high strung, gentle. But three years of battling with the savage, shifting, slinking river; with the sullen forest; a heat that was hellish and broken only by the maddening monotony of evil rain; with death that hid under every shadow; and disease that lay upon the air like dust—had blunted her until she was like something sucked dry, toughened, savorless. Her skin had thickened to the rough likeness of an orange rind. She marked it, casually and uncaring, in the little shaving mirror hung on the tent pole. Her hair, a brooding, lusterless brown, was tossed down her back in a careless braid. Her dress was a khaki thing, clean, shapeless, a shirt made on a mannish pattern with sleeves jagged off at the elbow, a skirt with newer circled pieces in front where pockets had been ripped off, since pockets are apt to harbor hiding, poisonous things.

Her teeth were discolored and beginning to decay. The strong drugs with which one fought fevers had done that. Three years! She had been sixteen when they had come in to this island—the man fresh from certain scientific triumphs in the breeding of sugar canes, flushed with the commendations of the Department of Agriculture, seasoned already from long months in the obscure swamps of Santo Domingo.

A dreaming age a time when maids are prone to halt and look backward, and to listen for the music of luring, little, unseen pipes! Sixteen! And she had been given the jungle for a lover, and loneliness for a love gift, and the snarling of the gnawing river for a song—for three years!

She laughed a little to herself without bitterness. She did not care particularly. The ability to care, to resent, to desire or to deplore had been smothered out along with the beauty of her body, the youth of her spirit. The failure of the mail did not trouble her keenly. Money from Washington meant outside—the tent and the old, monotonous, accustomed life left behind—the world—a world of which she had only faint memories not particularly happy. Chiefest among these memories were hoarded grievances concerning hairpins and women who laughed, and soap which she hated—slick, slithery, nauseous stuff!

In her young mind, warped from long isolation, the world was chiefly peopled with men like Alvaso—yellow teeth, avid lips, lying eyes—men to be fled from; and with women like the wives of the Americans at Paramaribo—sick women, smelly of drugs, moist, limp, poison white as mushrooms, whispering behind darkened windows.

The world held small allure for her—which was strange, since she had seen but fitful snatches of it since she was seven, caught in fleet migrations between murings in some cane-infested wilderness or other. The silence of the department did not trouble her except as it concerned the suave reminder of the outfitting company. Debt was bad. Her curious, self-made, four-square code abhorred any obligation. And to paste it blatantly where every spiggoty river pirate with a knowledge of Spanish might read and discover their damning circumstances -that was a greaser trick!

The girl flirted the palm broom vindictively out the door and kicked the mosquito bar in place, slammed the broom against the tent pole and swore fluently, quite unabashed.

And then her skin grew taut and the hollow horror of the jungle surged up and seized her by the throat.

From the other side of the sliding canvas barrier came a short throaty scream and a choking gurgle, and the thud of a crumpling body. Like a flash she leaped, but something swifter skimmed past her, something mahogany-colored, shimmering, death-tipped, slender as a whip, vanishing like a ripple in the green island floor.

She dragged her feet to where the man lay. His face was already swollen and hideous. He had been struck in the neck, a swiftly fatal spot. She loosened his collar numbly, but the poison she knew was the most ardent in the world. A grim stiffening length of fleshless bones, he sagged backward and relaxed.

He was dead!

She was alone upon that hideous savage island—more than a hundred miles from the open sea—three days' journeying from a town, four hundred miles from a white man's dwelling!

III

CAPTAIN JESUS ALVASO was proud of the cabin of his boat. As river boats go, the cabin was to him a marvel of artistic comfort, roominess, even cleanliness. The red carpet on the floor had come from a wine room in Colon; and the cost of it still made Alvaso curse the soul of the Danish gambler who had outbargained him. The walls were brilliant with blue paint, decorated with colored prints from the Buenos Aires Sunday papers. There were even sheets on the bunk—fairly clean sheets, he himself having slept in them but two trips since they were put on. Alvaso expanded pompously whenever he opened the door of this little cabin. Therefore it was with keen chagrin and no little wrath that he marked the faintly curling lip and the distended nostrils of the young American upon whom he had condescended—for a considerable sum—to bestow the delectable compartment for the journey in.

Pig of a pig! For money they would buy the world, these damned Americans!

Behold the fine chair, señor—if one do but sit down gently! A mirror also—of

(Continued on Page 157)

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

You can scarcely believe your eyes! Even when you "blow back the pile," just like a fur expert, a Printzess Fur Fabric Coat has every ear-mark of natural fur.

If you are seeking distinctive style and elegance in a fur coat for the winter season, you will appreciate the exceptional beauty of these Fur Fabric Coats.

They are created only of Salt's Fur Fabrics, which are noted for their rich seal effect, fine texture and long life. And Dame Fashion smiled with approval on the many smart Printzess models — authentic reproductions of exclusive garments designed by leading furriers of New York and Paris.

Sumptuous collars of Australian Opossum or Natural Raccoon offer a warm retreat from frosty winds. The graceful sweeping lines and exquisite lustre of the fur fabric reflect the same atmosphere of quality and refinement that surrounds the finest of natural furs—but at a pleasingly moderate price.

The Printzess Dealer in your town will soon hold an advance showing of these superior garments. You will see his announcement in your local papers, or write us and we will send you his name and address.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

New York CLEVELAND Paris

Copyrighted 1920, by Printz-Biederman Co.

LOOK FOR PRINTZESS ADVANCE STYLE NOTES IN THE AUGUST 28th ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION

PARTICULAR WOMEN hand-launder the delicate garments they will not trust to the washboard. Dip—squeeze—dip—squeeze—gently, insistently cleansing without strain or wear.

The Thor washes everything in just this way.

Round and round turns the cylinder. Round, round and round—then reverse. Drop, drop, drop, fall the clothes. Up out of the swirling suds—splash back again, coaxing out the dirt from dainty pieces or heavy blankets.

Out through the holes of the revolving, reversing cylinder sifts the sediment, which settles on the tub bottom. It does not remix with the washing water, nor flush back through the clothes. Thus the washing is done in a constant flow of clean, active water.

Thor Electric Washing Machine

The good judgment of every Thor purchaser is endorsed by 500,000 other American women.

Their one object has been to select the electric washing machine which will do its work most thoroughly, quickly and economically. They do the average size washing in one hour, at a cost of 3 cents. They are unanimous in their satisfaction.

Since the very beginning of electric washing history, the Thor has been the leader. The vast resources, experience and mechanical genius of the Hurley Machine Company have been concentrated on two things: To keep the Thor secure in its rightful position, through superior performance; to manufacture enough Thors to supply the growing demand.

Wherever you live, you will find nearby a reliable Thor dealer, proud to show you the Thor and explain the plan of easy payments by which the Thor will positively pay for itself.

Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the Thor Electric Ironer and the Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaner.

HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY

General Offices and Factories, Chicago

147 W. 42nd St., New York · 209 Tremont St., Boston · 319 No. 10th St., St. Louis · 124 Post St., San Francisco · British Distributors
817 Walnut St., Kansas City · 413 Yonge St., Toronto · 822 S. Broadway, Los Angeles · Durant Bldg., Flint, Mich. · Chas. E. Beck & Co. Ltd., 70 New Bond St., London

(Continued from Page 154)

great cost! The porthole? Certainly, it may be opened if one desires the obnoxious dampness of the outside air, the insects! The smell of the river—that is better as one leaves the city behind. Behold, the señor's baggage all wonderfully arranged. And water? Ah, yes—for washing. Someone should haul up a bucket once they were out in the river away from the filth!

Faugh! A man earned his money twice, with usury, who served these lofty ones from the North!

And this one sought for Lassaigne; Lassaigne, the wild American who lived in a tent, farther than any boat could go under steam. Alvaso widened his evil mouth in a grin as he thought of Lassaigne.

He strutted pompously away to his dirty deck, his expressive Latin back portentous if the young man who watched him depart—watched with a boyishly beetling brow and a dry quirk of the mouth—could have translated it. But Archie Prentiss troubled himself little concerning the moods of the unwashed. Pay 'em, cuss 'em, kick 'em out—that was Lassaigne's advice, he recalled. He shut the door behind Jesus Alvaso, shut it gratefully, and opened the porthole wide, preferring the odor of rotting fish and sewage to the more intimate and offensive reek of hair pomade, garlic and soiled linen.

Having closed the door he bolted it and, licking a two-cent stamp, pasted it neatly over the keyhole. With this guaranty of privacy he proceeded to examine his quarters. He dismantled his bunk, tossing the stale coverings into a corner and replacing them with clean blankets from his bed roll. Apparently this cabin was Alvaso's abode when there were no passengers on board, for there hung about the walls of the cell-like place two or three faded braid-trimmed coats, gaudy with gilt and sodden with grease spots.

Prentiss pulled these down with scant ceremony and flung them on top of the blankets, grinning at the meaningless chevrons and insignia.

"Minstrel-parade stuff," he snorted in amusement; "circus wardrobe."

A handful of dirty papers slid out of the pocket of the coat which by its staleness proclaimed itself the most frequently worn, and Prentiss picked them up, briefly glancing at them—a captain's license from the port of Paramaribo, two or three legal-looking papers printed in Spanish, a letter or two scrawled in illiterate penciling, and last, a heavy manila wrapper, new, clean, so new and so clean, so obviously foreign to the other grubby documents, that Prentiss stared at it. As he discovered what it was his face changed swiftly. His eyebrows drew down menacingly and his mouth grew sinister and slitty.

The paper was the wrapper from an express shipment of bullion. It bore the seal of the United States consul general at Buenos Aires, and that seal had been broken. And it was addressed to Frank J. Lassaigne!

The lurching of the floor indicated that the boat was staggering with senile awkwardness into the mouth of the river when Prentiss replaced the envelope between the soiled papers that had hidden it, slipped the whole back into the pocket and hung the coat again carefully upon the nail from which he had taken it. He hung the other garments back again, even taking care to straighten the sleeves into the limp danglings they had presented before. Then kicking off his shoes he flung himself across the freshened bunk. He lay for a long time, his hands under his head, his eyes fixed upon the blue-painted deck overhead. This was Prentiss' fashion of attacking problems.

In the mud behind Mons, in his cheap room in New York, in the open wood—he tackled a thing alone by sheer power of mind. When he arrived at a solution that satisfied him he immediately put it aside in a properly indexed niche in his peculiar brain, forgot it utterly until the moment arrived to act upon it, when out it came, intact and fresh, not having been gnawed and worried at by mental molars as most men's problems are.

When Prentiss rose it was dusk, and the soft wash of the paddles below the porthole indicated the steady upstream climb of the old craft. Prentiss lighted the lantern upon the wall, shaved by the dim smudge of it, chiefly by the sense of touch, then buttoning on a very new, rather natty corduroy coat he went up on deck.

Two Portuguese sailors huddled at the head of the companion ladder, whispering and laughing with a great show of decayed incisors, and there was the swishing slop of a bucket and broom somewhere aft. But otherwise the deck was deserted and only the coughing plunge of the engine and the splash of the paddles indicated that the old hulk was being navigated by some unseen hand, and was not merely awash in the black and lonely river.

Prentiss nodded to the Portuguese and going to starboard—if a rotten old river tub, bilged and barnacled, could be dignified by such a nautical phrase—looked across the umber creeping current to the black rim of the swinging shore. There were fields back there now, he knew, and great llanos where tame cattle grazed. By to-morrow the forest would come darkening down with an occasional little town, and far away the sullen purpling hills. And after that the jungle. Prentiss leaned over the rail and his young nostrils expanded as though already he drank the miasmic, defiant fragrance of it—the poisoned breath of a land kept to itself, for itself, resenting the intruding of men. And breathing thus he laughed and flung his arms and beat himself on the breast as the prehensile beasts do. As Forbes had said, Prentiss had a queer kink in him.

Two months before, Prentiss had walked out of his little room back in New York with Forbes' check in his pocket and Trainor's strange commission upon him. He had cashed the check and cannily stowed the money in a belt which he himself had contrived—an ingenious, thief-baffling affair. And after his method he had pigeonholed Trainor's instructions in his orderly brain. At the proper time, exactly on schedule, he would perform the thing which was expected of him. Prentiss was like that. There was no bending him, no side-tracking his single-purpose brain when it got in motion. And now his one purpose was to find Lassaigne.

He had heard Lassaigne lecture before the war, when he himself had been an eager freckle-faced student, tagging round after the Ag men in a big university. Lassaigne, that strange gaunt keen plant wizard, with his eyes like steel magnets under the standing flare of his gray hair, with his long thin hands and his twisting mouth and his voice that crackled and betrayed the claiming, taxing years of isolation, had stirred the boy and sounded in his ear the luring bugle that called "Follow!"

Prentiss had determined then, before ever the down was upon his cheek, that the minute he was free, the instant he had learned all those things which he must learn, the day he had paid the last dollar he owed and had enough for a stake, he would follow Lassaigne.

The war had been an interruption and something of a nuisance. He had never felt keenly interested in the business of slaughter, and most of the details had bored him infinitely. He had gone through it as he went through most things, doggedly, giving the best he had. And that was over now, and he was free. And he was on his way to Lassaigne.

He laughed aloud. The laugh was echoed from somewhere. Prentiss turned. A dozen paces away, leaning also upon the rail, was Jesus Alvaso. The sight of him spoiled the good night for Prentiss, the good air fairly redolent of fish and engine oil and smoke. Walking away swiftly Prentiss flung down the ladder with one leap. He turned up the lantern in his cabin. As he expected, someone had been in the place. His baggage appeared unmolested. Yet Prentiss knew that every article in it, every paper, had been searched out and examined by yellow fingers. A faint odor of unguents lingered on the air. He had no need to turn the soiled coat. Without looking he knew that the papers printed in Spanish and the manila wrapper addressed to Lassaigne would be gone.

He flung his leather ruck sack open and pulled out a roll of tools tied in protecting rubber—a budding knife, a handleless hatchet, a trowel, a long spoon. Among these, fortunately undiscovered, lay the thing he desired—the blunt, round-ended steel fire tool, heavy and deadly, yet easily handled. Prentiss dropped this into his coat pocket, replaced everything with customary precision and went quietly back on deck.

In the stillness of his bunk he had decided the meaning of that empty manila wrapper, and after his single-track fashion he had determined what to do. All he wanted was an opportunity to do this thing

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS
THE HEAT-RESISTANT METAL

A Grueling Test of Red Hot Wire

Fruit and vegetable acids from the preserving kettle, spattering grease, and boiling water subject the glowing wire in your electric stove to the severest test of endurance. Such rigorous conditions demand a heating element of exceptional durability, and to meet them, practically every electric stove maker in America uses elements made of Chromel.

Stoves and smaller electrically heated appliances equipped with Chromel elements give long and satisfactory service because this original nickel-chromium alloy resists oxidation to an unusual degree and never burns out before satisfactory service has been given.

Chromel, discovered by Hoskins, Detroit, brought the electric heating industry into existence and added comfort to your home. It is used by all standard appliance makers.

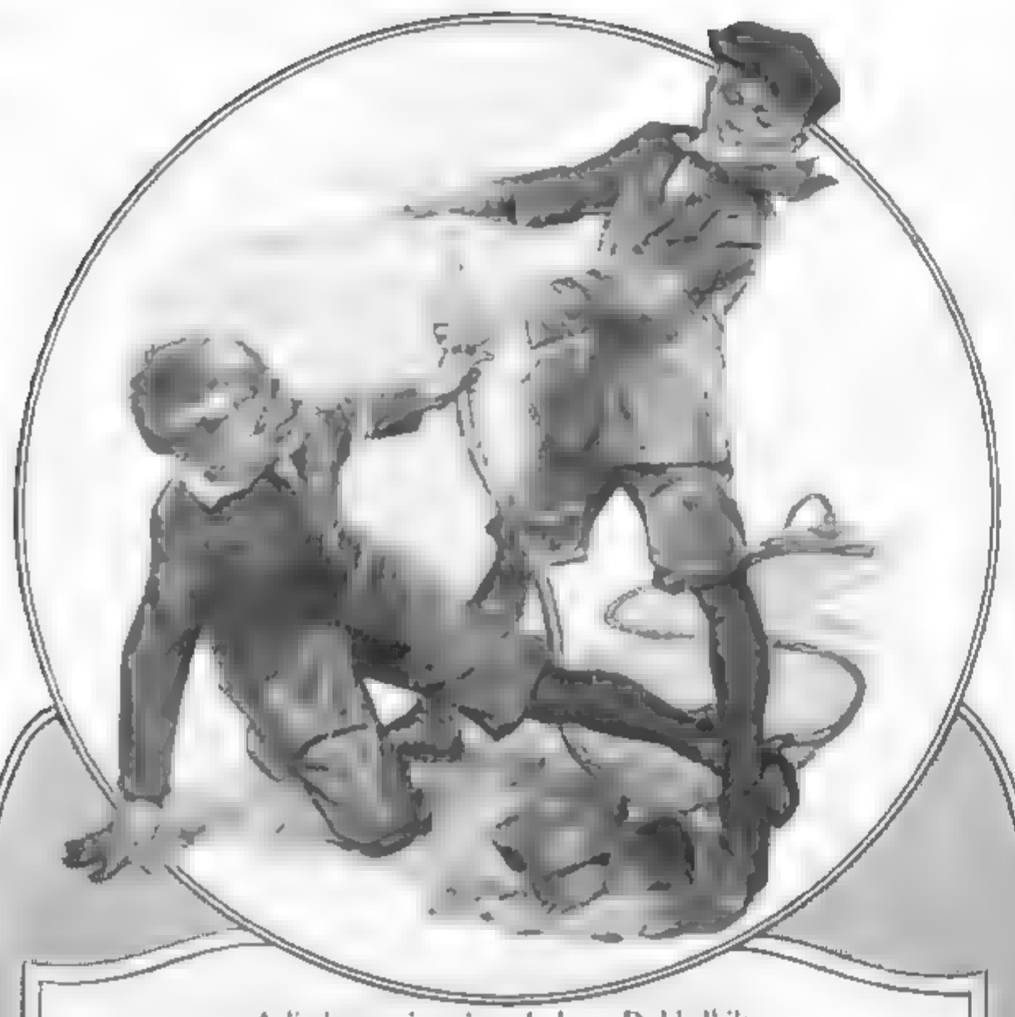
Industrial Uses for Chromel

Chromel's remarkable heat-resistant properties, at temperatures up to 2000° F., suggest its use in many places where high temperatures quickly break down iron and steel.

Its use is particularly recommended where making renewals entails tearing down the apparatus.

Chromel is used in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and is the alloy most widely used for pyrometer thermocouples. Metallurgists, chemists, and production managers confronted with heat problems are invited to write the Research Dept., Hoskins Mfg. Co., Detroit. Note: Chromel as resistance wire is sold only to licensees, except for experimental purposes.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT



A little wetting doesn't hurt Dubbelbilt Clothes—they're all Cravenette-proofed

Clothes You Can Feel Safe About—They're *Guaranteed*

YOUR boy never worries about his clothes when he's skylarking around the garden, or playing in the street, or doing a hundred-and-one pranks that are hard on his clothes.

And you needn't worry either—if you put him into Dubbelbilt Clothes. For these clothes are made extra strong, to resist wear at every point of strain — particularly at knees, elbows, seat, pockets, seams.

These precautions make it possible for every Dubbelbilt suit to be *guaranteed for six months' service.*

Ask to see these guaranteed clothes at the store where the Dubbelbilt name is displayed. Notice the sturdy materials — our famous Walcloth fabrics, in attractive blues, greens, grays, browns, olive, and smart mixtures. And see the clean-cut boyish styles.

$18.75—$20.75—and upwards—anywhere in the United States. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

To get still more service out of Dubbelbilt suits, buy them with two pairs of pants—one pair for *every* day, one for "best." The additional cost is slight.

DUBBELBILT
Boys' Clothes
"Cravenette" Proofed
Six Months' Service Guaranteed
DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, INC.
Broadway at 11th St., New York City

A night passed, steaming, insect ridden, still, save for the splash and whisper of the paddles, the slow hiss of the current. Dawn crept up, an April dawn, but dusky, out of the jungle, slow, fevered as a drugged thing, languorously stumbling through the mists. Noon mounted, scorching as a furnace mouth, died through the languid length of a soporific afternoon, cooled faintly, drowning the molten sun in steaming mists.

The night came again, cloudy; one of those wicked blue-gray nights, eerie with far, faint starlight, evil with close-huddling suffocating shadows. On such a night men stumble headlong into one another, and yet see plainly that which lies far ahead.

Prentiss, having eaten supper in his cabin and lain prone and indifferent in his bunk until the barefooted boy removed the food, crept out shortly after eleven and cat-footed up the ladder, avoiding the lantern at the peak and the heavy-footed Chilean on watch.

Cautiously he crept to the little wheelhouse and squinted through the glass. Alvaso was there, squatted on a stool, eating from a loaf and drinking wine from a tin cup.

Prentiss slid down silently into the shadow and waited. He was a patient waiter, having learned that grim art from the avenging Canadians.

An hour later the pompous little Chilean came out, called something sharply to the watch, set three barefooted sailors to scurrying, and then strutted aft to the little cuddy where he slept. Prentiss followed so silently that the captain did not so much as glance about him. Not until they reached the door of the cabin did the boy betray himself, and then it was the sudden upward surge of a swollen orange moon that silhouetted him for a breath, black against the moving shimmering of the river.

With a startled spring Alvaso bounded for the door, his knife hand leaping instinctively to his belt. But Prentiss was nimbler of body, less numbed with wine. With a twisting foot he held the door open, one arm, merciless as steel, pinioning the Chilean against the paneling of it.

The fire tool, deadly and still, flashed once in the air.

With a choking groan Alvaso went down. Prentiss did not need a light. He knew what he sought, knew instinctively where it was hidden.

With deft movements he rolled Alvaso out of his coat, tore loose his unpleasant lesser clothing, found the oily hide of the fat paunch, and close to it, as he expected, a heavy leather belt.

The fastenings of this baffled him, so he cut it without ceremony. Then with the aid of a carefully concealed flashlight he examined the loot stowed away in the belt. There were greasy rolls of Chilean paper money, and these he returned conscientiously. There was the clean good silver of the United States with which he had paid Alvaso for his passage, and this too he let alone. The coins he sought were gold, Brazilian coin, carefully rolled in parchment, each roll sealed with the seal of the United States consular service.

There were five of these rolls, not large, because the money was of high denomination. Prentiss saw that they had been opened, counted, gloated over, probably; and then sealed again by melting the wax with a match.

This was money that belonged to Lassaigne. He knew it as surely as though Lassaigne's name had been stamped upon the parchment. Straightening himself wrathfully he drove a loathing kick into the ribs of the unconscious Alvaso, rolled the Chilean into the black cuddy, kicked his clothing in after him, closed the door and made it fast with the iron bar through a hoop.

Deliberately he walked away to his cabin. That job over, he could think of other things. A Portuguese steward who was also cook slid out of his path and bowed, toothy smile flashing.

"We dock before it is light, señor," he announced in very bad French.

"I'm ready," declared Prentiss. "I'll get my stuff on deck."

He walked to the rail and leaned out, searching that denser blackness which was the shore, with passionate eyes.

It was there—his country! Wild and wooing and full of riches for the plant hunter, it lay, breathing moodily under the scudding sky. He stretched his arms wide, as though to feel the power that was in him.

And feeling the tug of the fire tool and the five rolls of gold coin in his pocket, he laughed.

IV

AN OLD Almaya Indian, so old that his hair was strangely streaked with white in curious places—like the nape of his neck, where a white man's hair remains dark the longest—so old that his teeth were gone, giving his face a grinning simian look, so old that his eyes like rusty jet were sunk in rimmed sockets like a turtle's eyes, and looked always very far off as though they pierced the horizon's brim and saw what lay far down the slope beyond—drove a blackened boat, half canoe, half punt, straight up the green lane of the river.

The paddle moved in swift beautiful silence, a movement so almost motionless, so superbly finished that Archie Prentiss, huddled in the bow of the boat, lay back, his hands under his head, his brown boyish eyes narrowed, and enjoyed the performance as though it were some sort of game.

They had been on the river three hours. It would take seven to reach Lassaigne's island, the old Indian told him through the beach-combing mestizo interpreter back in the rotting little river village where Prentiss had hired him. And during that time the Almaya had never missed a stroke, never evoked so much as a ripple. Such art was more than poetry; it was a symphony of motion. Prentiss, whose youthful brain held many strange thoughts, decided that he had heard music which was like that—organ music, very clear and thin, one measure, over and over, ending in minor, as music must end which sets itself to life.

Prentiss exulted over this Indian in the silent young way he had. The Almaya was an experience and Prentiss absorbed experiences as older collectors hold less valuable loot. And the Indian fitted. He was part of all that lay beyond—harmonizing perfectly like a dark footman in proper livery ushering in the vestibule of the jungle. And Prentiss' precise mind hungered for fitness in all things.

He had four hours more. That meant it would be past three o'clock when he arrived at Lassaigne's camp. Prentiss was hungry, so he delved into his ruck sack, maintaining his equilibrium marvelously, so that the bow did not swerve an inch from the cutting line which the Indian sighted with his dead-black eyes.

The old boatman refused food by a brief shake of the head, so Prentiss opened the packet of combined beans, fish and strange vegetables which he had purchased at the village, and dived into it with his knife. The taste of the alien oily conglomeration was neither distinctly pleasant nor offensively unpleasant, so Prentiss doped it with catchup from his roll and downed it manfully. He had brought some tinned food with him in case he was delayed in locating Lassaigne. After that the older man would instruct him in outfitting himself, he felt certain. If he went out alone he would need more extensive supplies, but he hoped that Lassaigne would let him stay on a while; let him work to pay for the thing that he desired—the gift which only Lassaigne could give him, the gift of the vision of this country.

Having finished his meal he slid the empty container into the river, washed his knife and polished it painstakingly, and slumping down in the boat breathed the fragrance of the rank, crowding, savage land on either hand—the wild luring perfume which had lived in his nostrils since first he had heard the voice of Lassaigne. There were vines that swarmed down near the water, smothered growths, vividly green and mingled here and there with the deathly drapery of ashy moss.

Farther in, he knew, rising out of the muck, began the rasping grass marshes, bottomless, rattling with cane, and the straight shafts of bamboo. Prentiss had never seen it, save through Lassaigne's eyes, but even with that vision he loved it.

He leaned back, half closing his eyes and looking as the old Almaya looked, very, very far. But Prentiss' gaze went searching backward into dim places where no remembering light had fallen for many years—into secret places which no man had ever known, which he kept grimly locked in his curious young brain as he locked away all things save the one which concerned him at the moment. And Prentiss' retrospective eyes saw chiefly loneliness.

As a lad, wondering, shy, a dumb and sensitive alien in a houseful of noisy red-cheeked stepsisters, he had been lonely.

(Continued on Page 161)

POOR TIRED FEET

Your success may depend upon heeding their warning

TIRED feet are Nature's danger signal. They indicate that you are putting an unnatural strain on the delicately adjusted arches which were designed to support your weight and absorb the jars of walking.

Records of one of New York's largest hospitals show that in 1890 only 2.6 per cent of the patients treated suffered from arch trouble. In 1906 the percentage had risen to 18.3 per cent. Today it is well over 30 per cent.

Nature never intended man to walk all day on hard modern floors and pavements. The result is not alone danger of arch trouble, but the over-fatigue—the loss of energy—which so many city dwellers experience.

Every step with hard leather heels or "dead" rubber heels on still harder pavements is like a hammer blow to your delicate nervous system. If you are a person of average activity, you take 8,000 steps a day. 8,000 daily shocks—that's why so many times you go home exhausted—so tired that a night's sleep cannot replenish your energy. Fatigue slows down your pace from day to day—inevitably you fall behind in the race for success.

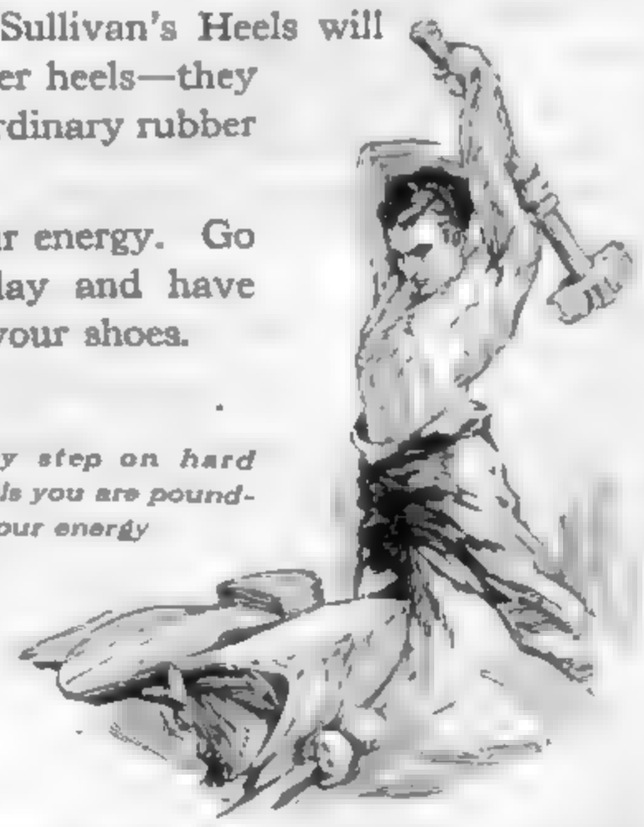
How to save your health and energy

By eliminating the shock of walking on hard pavements you can do much to prevent fatigue. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the shocks that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the springiness of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

This is why O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking. The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard leather heels you are pounding away your energy

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

What are other business men doing about it?

You have your own problems; one by one you settle them yourself, but you'd like to know what others are doing. Their problems may be yours tomorrow.

A quarter million business leaders read SYSTEM because it contains intimate statements of the way business men deal with intimate business problems.

See what August SYSTEM offers; you'd be glad to sit down in the office of any one of these men and talk things over.

President, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., has an article on "Buying or Selling; which counts most?" When such a man writes on such a subject, you'd better read it.

President, Great Lakes Trust Co., writes about "Changing credit 'No' to 'Yes.'" It's so easy to say "No," many credit men say it first. Mr. Merrick, as credit manager for Armour & Co., found the way to say "Yes" safely.

President, American Rolling Mills Co., discusses the question "After all, who pays wages?" Neither capital nor labor, he says. His answer is worth reading; in 21 years of steel mill experience he has never had a strike.

President, A. B. Farquhar Co., begins in August SYSTEM "My sixty-four years in business." Read how William Waldorf Astor, A. T. Stewart and James Gordon Bennett answered his youthful question, "How can I make a million dollars?"

President, Mercantile Trust Co., explains "How your banker sizes up your business." He gives five rules for the business man to follow when he expects to borrow more at the bank.

President, James H. Rhodes & Co., just back from a trade-hunting tour of India, tells the surprise of his export experience. Even if you can't export, you'll enjoy this intimate picture of business customs in the land of cross-legged merchants.

Get a copy of SYSTEM for August; 25 cents, at your news-stand. You'll enjoy "Imagination, the greatest business asset"; "Why an office-boy doesn't greet our callers"; and other good ideas for business men. If your news-dealer says "all sold," $3 pays for a year's subscription.

SYSTEM

THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

Published by A. W. SHAW COMPANY, Chicago, New York, London. Publishers also of FACTORY and of SYSTEM ON THE FARM

(Continued from Page 158)

They had loved him, all of them—his cheerful stepfather, his mother with her birdlike bustling way, the horde of laughing girls—loved him and teased him; and yet the memory of that time held the keenest loneliness of all—the solitary boyish loneliness which sent him out to lie on frozen hills in autumn and watch for silent hours the lights of pleasant towns.

It had gone with him into school, this loneliness; and there it had been made hideous by discomfort and noise, and made tolerable by the delight of books. It had been worst of all in the Army. It thrived most in crowds, he decided—became inward burning, desolating. Here, in what was likely the loneliest place in all the world, breeding solitude and nostalgia with the same breath which brewed fever—where, save the silent old Indian, there was nothing human, nothing alive with eyes in which love or understanding might glow—nothing save the creeping river and the savage land dipping steaming feet in the brim, nothing save himself and, somewhere ahead, Lassaigne—miraculously, the loneliness was gone!

He felt his spirit expand for the first time, unhampered by other influences, strong, fearless. He felt himself sufficient for himself—and of course, Lassaigne. He was happy.

Then suddenly out of the green ahead leaped a little island. Prentiss heard the strangling of the current where the river gnawed and choked at the point of it, saw a landing place and a canvas boathouse, and beyond the shine of a white tent and a shredded patch of open sky.

The Indian grunted, poised his paddle, and the boat slipped in, straight, beautifully still, cutting not so much as a single ripple in the dark turning river. Prentiss' breath hissed over his teeth in boyish admiration for a thing superbly done. But the old guide was unmoved. Silently he brought the bow close to the canvas boathouse, and sat waiting. Prentiss unloaded his belongings upon the sagging ground above the dock, paid the boatman and gave him a sign invitation to disbark. But the old Almaya vouchsafed not so much as a flicker of attention. Stolidly, with a single swaying movement of his body, he drove out into the current. With one sweep of the paddle he turned it and, while Prentiss stood watching, the green inclosing jungle wall shut him from sight.

Prentiss was alone. He turned toward the tent, shouldering his pack with the same elate soul with which a crusader, worn and beaten in the desert of Judea, might approach the glittering towers of Jerusalem. He rapped upon the box doorstep and stood politely waiting for some minutes before he decided that the tent was deserted, and drawing back the weighted mosquito bar dumped his luggage on the floor inside.

Then thrusting his ax in his belt he set out along a well-beaten path. The canvas boat shelter was padlocked, so he was certain that Lassaigne was somewhere on the island. The path led undoubtedly also to water, and water was something Prentiss desired much. Jungle canny as he was already, from much reading, and partly, it may be, by some atavistic instinct, he knew that the water would need to be boiled. He had packed a new aluminum device for filtering it.

He climbed the ridge of the watershed. The island, he discovered, was less than a quarter of a mile wide, and much of it was dry and covered with a wiry sod. Prentiss did not learn for very long how much of Frank Lassaigne's life had gone into draining it and into preparing the great cane plot which lay, ranked and staked, labeled distinctly, so that any understanding person might discern his methods, on the slope of the land where the sun lay the longest.

Though there was something of the genius in Prentiss there was also much of the boy. There was so much to see, the island held him as a kaleidoscope holds a child—the brake, pluming against the darker trees like a stage setting, exotic, feathery; the mystery of the hanging vines, of the broad-leafed trees that talked to one another in whispers, a scarlet flower here and there half hid, and at times the susurrant passing of something unseen creeping into lush concealment.

Prentiss did not know the fear of the jungle yet. That comes later, when the anæsthesia and allure of the beauty have worn away a little. It was all frank to him now, open, adventurous. He loved it instantly, so keenly that he laughed aloud. And men chose to live in cities! He laughed again with some scorn for that. And then he saw the girl!

At the end of the far cane planting she stood with her back toward him. Prentiss, whose eyes were indefinite where women were concerned, saw only that she wore a faded khaki gown and a man's boots, and that her hair hung down her back in a heavy brown braid. Save for the faint reddish tint of it he would have thought her an Indian woman. But she turned, and then he saw her face. And to Prentiss, whose soul was a groping soul of the poet, and the yearning soul of a lad, under a laboriously acquired and rather thin veneer of hardness, that face was all the searching loneliness of his life made flesh and given eyes to behold him. He gasped as he saw it. And then he discovered the task at which she had been toiling, and something within him grew cold and hollow and empty like a stone-walled well with horror liquid at the bottom of it.

She was filling up a grave.

V

MISS FREDDIE FORSYTH was drying her hair at a window and trying to convince herself by a sort of self-hypnotism that she enjoyed being poor. She looked at the rugs on the floor—white fur in front of the bed so that sleepy pink toes might sink into it softly; blue Chinese velvet at the dressing table and mirror; blue-and-gold satin with fringing amber beads draping the windows; and on the gold-enameled bed with its huge inset medallions of old Canton porcelain a puff of gold silk so huge, so buoyant, so utterly luxurious that Freddie was having a difficult time trying to transform it in sordid imaginings into a plebeian comfort, covered with green cotton perhaps, and big-printed cheap pink roses!

But Freddie was gritty. She went on ruthlessly, changing the sybarite floor coverings into blue cotton-rag rugs or grass affairs with Greek-key patterns. She laid her dubious wand upon the dainty hangings, and they became coarse écru scrim bordered with exotic floral explosions. She blighted the bed and the little gold-and-amber-fitted dressing table until her horrified eyes beheld them—golden oak loathsome and sticky with varnish.

"And Pharaoh's Horses on the wall!" wailed Freddie, smiting her blond mane with the gold-backed brush. "Oh, oh, I can't stand it!"

Nevertheless, she knew that it was useless to wail. She had to stand it. That was one of the obligations of owning a dad like Freddie's dad. Such fathers as Forsyth, Pater, pattered out into the street of blithe mornings, comfortably rich; and staggered home, gray-lipped at night, disgustingly poor. Which was one reason why Freddie was able so nimbly to refurnish her apartment with belongings which belonged. Freddie knew Greek-key patterns and golden oak. She even knew the sordid anguish of white iron beds and gas-plate cookery.

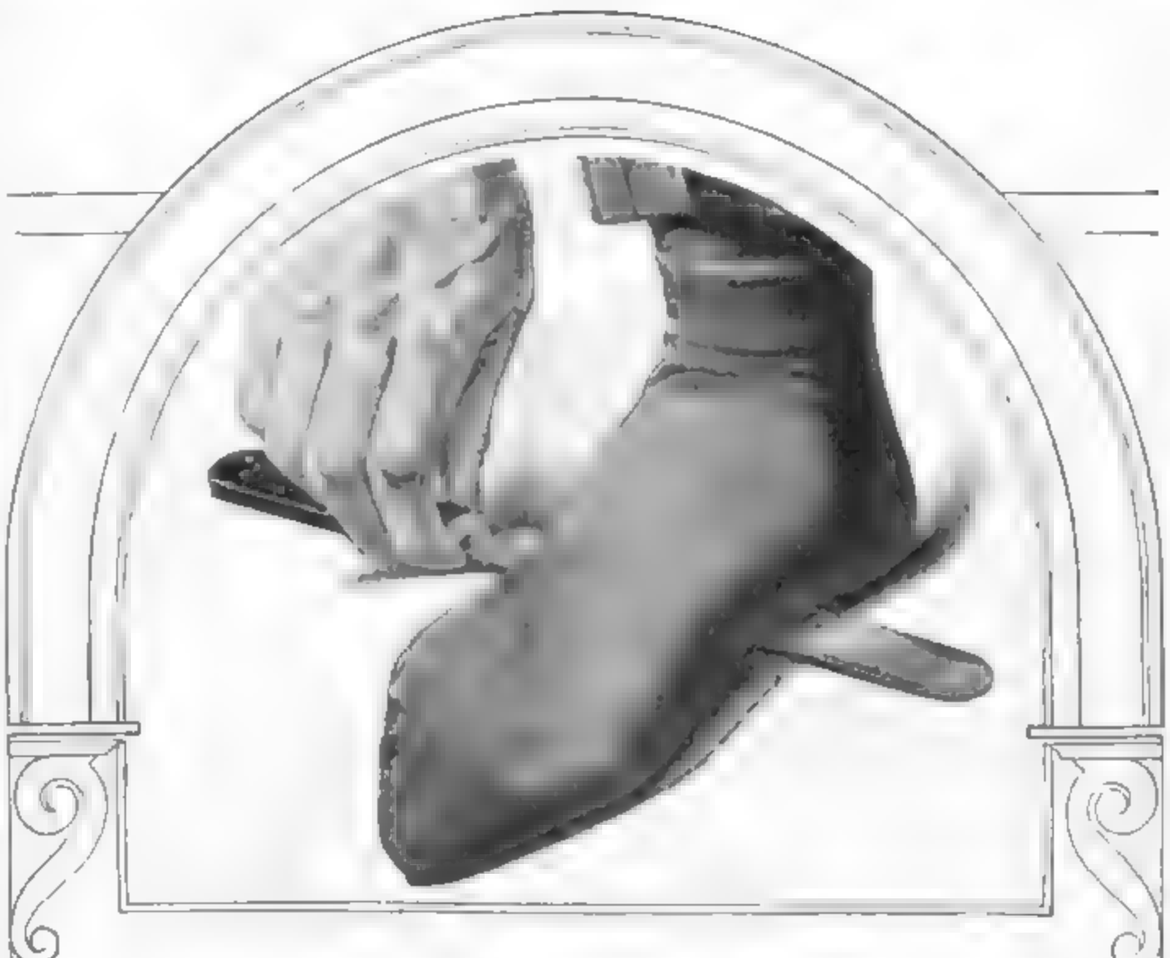
"Dill pickles!" whispered Freddie to herself in horror. "And delicatessen sausages! And homemade underwear—and getting up early!"

The lament tapered off into a thin note of utter woe. She looked at the teakwood table with its breakfast service of orange and blue, at the opulent bed and the blue porcelain clock, which politely informed her that it was ten minutes past noon; and a tear made a sad little track in the powdered pearl of her small nose.

Freddie was a lover of luxury. She could not help it. She loved the feel of silk on her young body, dainty food and deferential service. She loved to lie late in bed. There was another annoying feature about this latest flurry in indigence too. There was Andrew Paget. Freddie was not quite certain about Andrew Paget. Usually she was certain about men six minutes after she leveled her topaz eyes with their long, gold-tipped lashes at them. But Paget was different.

Lean and languid, with eyes that eluded the direct glances which were Freddie's most potent missiles, and a teasing lazy smile, Paget tempted Freddie to wild waste of every coquettish wile, and then drove her to fury by the bland and fatherly attitude with which he regarded her.

Freddie, who cherished a delusion, fostered by several infatuated young idiots, that her smile was more deadly than toxins, was both irritated and fascinated by the cool imperturbability of Paget.



If you can't do this examine your arch

Under the arch of a perfectly arched foot you should be able to pass a table knife without touching the foot. If you can't do it, your arch probably has weakened and lowered below normal.

Undue strain is thus placed upon it, your frame becomes unbalanced and serious trouble may result.

Pains in the foot, ankle, calf, knee, thigh, hip, back, and sometimes in the back of the neck, are signals of distress sent up by over-strained arches.

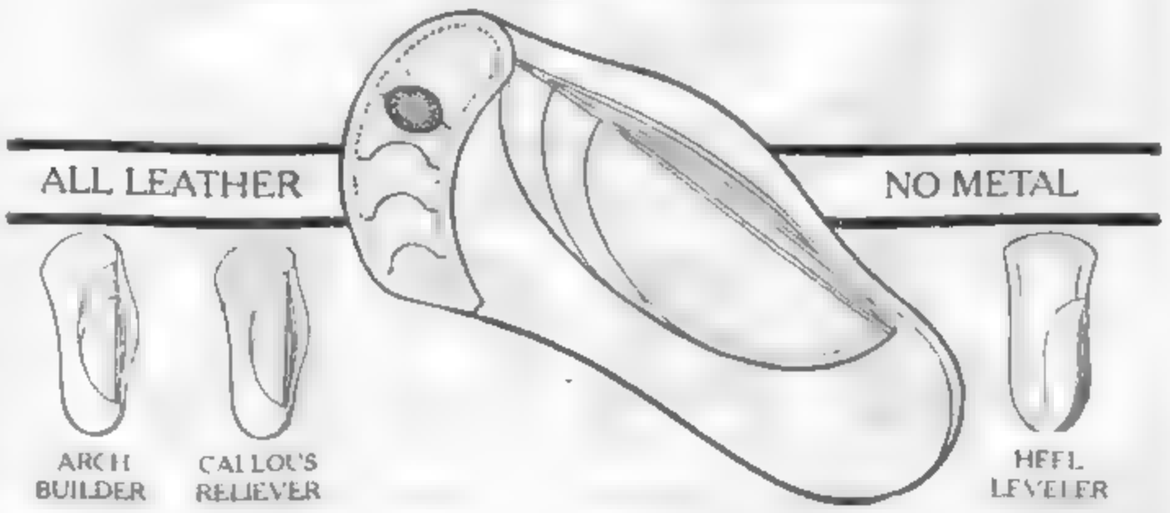
To overcome this trouble, your arches should be comfortably supported in normal position by Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builders.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted in exactly the right place to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are light, flexible and are worn without one being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1715 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 946 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



Above—the day, and the costume, saved by Rees convenience. At right—two of the valued features of all Rees Jacks—only four working parts, and the Double Worm Gear Drive. Found only in Rees Jacks.

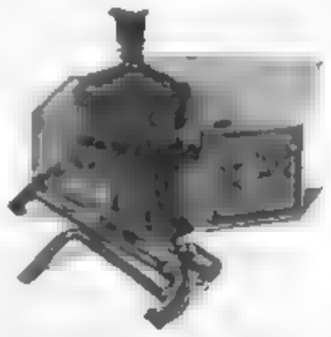
Rees Jack Saves the Day

THINK now of the value of the lifting tool, as you surely will when emergency emphasizes the jack's importance. For 100% performance you'll expect:

Convenient, back-saving, clothes-protecting operation from a standing position;

Power to do the job, and then some;

And ready stow-away in the tool-box.



When next at your dealer's, ask to see Rees Jack No. 1, in the orange and black carton. Note how the Jack and exclusive long folding handle stow away—the same in your tool-box.

The exclusive features of Rees Jack assure such performance. Put a Rees aboard. If your car is not standard-equipped with Rees, get the Jack at your dealer's, or write us direct. The Passenger Car model costs $9.00; west of the Rockies $9.50 prepaid.

Exclusive Manufacturers

Iron City Products Company

DEPARTMENT 15

7501 Thomas Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manufacturers of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Railway and Industrial Purposes

REES

DOUBLE WORM GEAR DRIVE

JACK

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Paget was old, thirty-five at the least. And he had the air of a man who holds something in reserve. Freddie loved that, too—that faint atmosphere of a haunting secret or a mysterious past! It testified to her own charm that she could attract a man like that.

She brushed her hair out smoothly and coiled the white-gold strands of it over her fingers. Her maid had left the night before. Maids were always immolated first upon the altar of poverty, Freddie had discovered. Then from her wardrobe she dragged down half a dozen gowns and tossed them petulantly upon the bed. Hideous—not to have anything new to wear! The black was too sophisticated; and the blue—she had worn it until it almost hooked itself in place! A white thing, soft and tiny, with innocent frills of lace from belt to hem, she considered longest.

"Looks meringuey!" she commented disconsolately; "whipped cream on something insipid. But it will have to do."

A knot of daring henna ribbon at the belt redeemed the frothiness of the gown somewhat, and Freddie topped it with a henna-brown hat lined with blue which shaded her eyes demurely. With a parasol and an odd Peking-blue bag she started out, when the disorder of the room struck her. There was no one to tidy it this morning. Unless she made the bed herself it would lie in tumbled disarray when she came back at night.

"Oh, mercy!" sighed Freddie. "How do poor people—live?"

With a fling she slammed the door on the confusion of the room. Nobody could expect her to be chambermaid in that frock. In the rear of the apartment she could hear the one servant clattering dishes. Perhaps Hilga would relent when she went after the breakfast tray. But Freddie knew that the prospect was dubious. Hilga had not been paid in a month.

Andrew Paget was waiting for her at a little basement place they had found where the food was good and the only music the singing of mocking birds in brown willow cages. Across the little table some canny impulse moved Freddie to bold truthfulness. She dropped all her pretty mannerisms and looked at Paget directly, over her clasped fingers.

"I shan't be lunching with you to-morrow, Andy," she told him.

"Who's the fortunate gentleman?" bantered Paget, narrowing his eyes at her.

"Dad's the unfortunate one," corrected Freddie simply. "We've lost all our money again, you know. And I suppose to-morrow I'll have to hunt another apartment—something adapted to light housekeeping and respectable poverty."

Paget looked rueful. He knew Dan Forsyth, Freddie's father, for a filibustering, commission-shaving little trader on the Street, who wrecked himself periodically by too-credulous faith in tipsters. He thought he knew Freddie Forsyth, too; but this calm-eyed and earnest young person who talked of poverty so fearlessly, over expensive food, seemed somehow poignantly different from the cream and gold and rose bloom of the old Freddie, the Freddie who could not get up early enough to ride and who mourned shrilly if she were compelled to do her own nails.

Paget paid this amazing Freddie's calm frankness the honor of equal frankness.

"It isn't so bad—being poor, you know," he remarked. "I was born in a Maine farmhouse that had never known a coat of paint. I can remember yet how icy the pump in the barnyard was in winter!"

Freddie giggled. "It's hard to think of you—like that," she said. "I imagine you were a lanky boy, weren't you, with perfectly enormous feet?"

"And warts," added Paget.

Freddie glanced at his long, strong fingers, fingers slightly stained with cigarettes, but unsoiled by toil.

"I was born on an immigrant ship," she confided suddenly. "They buried my mother at sea. And an old priest sang Shannon Water, because she was Irish and homesick!"

There was silence. The waiter brought a beaded bottle and two glasses. But Paget, moved by some new feeling which he could not define, waved away the corkscrew.

"Bring us some tea," he ordered.

"In a little brown pot," added Freddie Forsyth, the butterfly. "And muffins and jam. I can cook," she told Paget suddenly, looking at him out of topaz eyes a bit too bright.

"Can you?"

His hand slipped along the table, found her fingers and covered them. But Freddie jerked away.

"Don't be silly, Andy!" she warned. "We're down to elementals to-day; close to the ground. To-morrow you'll be aloft again—and sorry!"

"And you," he returned—"where will you be?"

"I?" Freddie poured the tea deftly. "I shall probably be in Harlem. Drink to me, Andy. To golden oak and iron beds. After to-day you won't see me any more!"

"You aren't planning to disappear entirely, are you?" he objected. "The Elevated still runs—even in Harlem."

"I'm planning to do worse than that," declared Freddie the amazing one; "I'm planning to go to work."

VI

THE moment in which he realized that Frank Lassaigne was dead was the moment in which Prentiss the boy became Prentiss the man.

He had come to this lonely little island, inspired by the youthfully idealized spirit of Lassaigne, lured by the haunting bugle which called "Follow!" Lassaigne had been his god. And now Lassaigne was dead!

Lassaigne was dead. And here was a girl!

Prentiss looked at the girl, very sternly, to hide the youthful quivering of his face, and with the same trepidation he would have felt had some beautiful uncertain jungle creature been delivered into his hands on a leash.

There was the proud wariness of the jungle about her, and the same defiant beauty he had felt upon the face of the land; and with these a tinge of curiosity purely feminine. She stood beside the piled black earth of the grave, ashen of face but quite tearless, and faced him, not defensively, but rather with a certain still self-sufficiency which gave Prentiss a sense of intruding. She was not afraid. There had been no fear in the level voice with which she had answered his questions. It was more a withdrawal, a subtle hiding of her soul, a caution which blended her with the whispering furtive river and the watching forest, shutting him out.

Prentiss remembered that she had dug that grim tomb alone, and alone had lowered into it probably the only thing that she loved in the world. He felt a strange hollow nausea as he watched her lay the torn sod back and flick the crumbs of earth into the crevices with swift brown fingers.

"Fever?" he inquired at last.

She shook her head.

"Suki," she answered briefly. "A snake. He was struck in the neck," she added with what Prentiss felt was a hint of apology, as though the girl, inured to the jungle, was apologizing for Lassaigne having succumbed to the jungle.

"He was your father?" asked Prentiss then.

Her forbidding eyes held him a chill ten feet away. She looked blank at his question and her lips parted with a faint tremor. "I don't know," she said finally. "He never said so. But I suppose he was."

"You had a mother, of course?" remarked Prentiss.

"Oh, yes—I know that," she said. "Frank told me about my mother. She died a long time ago. I was small and they sent me away to a school. That was hell!" she remarked, with what Prentiss realized was the most naïve innocence.

"And you have lived here ever since?"

"Oh, no!" She gave the mound a businesslike smack. "We've been here three years. Before that we did field work in Haiti and the Angels; and in from Port-au-Prince in the cane country. And before that I went to that sickening school; there were sisters there always praying and talking about heaven. I hated it!"

Prentiss knew that Lassaigne had been a cynic, likely an agnostic. Lonely men who forsake much for science either become, as a rule, intensely religious or rabidly heretic. And this girl was the soul of Lassaigne, wise and old and a little bitter, mirrored in a certain deep-clear childishness. Prentiss felt hoary with age beside her, and yet she had none of the ways of youth. The most amazing thing to him in the amazing days that followed was poverty of her experience, the pitiful paucity of the things which she knew.

He learned that her name was Mary, and by that he was somehow convinced that she was Lassaigne's daughter, Mary having a memorial sound, the sort of name a solitary

(Continued on Page 165)

Hills Have No Terrors for the *Greater* American

10 Smile-Facts About The Greater American

2. *MAXIMUM POWER AT A LOW POINT ON THE POWER CURVE.*

Herschell-Spillman "6-60" Motor
developing 60 H. P. at 2200 R.P.M.
Wheelbase 127 inches
Cord Tires Standard Equipment

The full power of the *Greater* American is obtained at *ordinary* driving speeds. You get the strongest pull at a *low* point on the power curve—60 horse power at 2200 revolutions per minute.

This means that power is available *when you want it and where you need it.*

Behind the wheel of this *Greater* American you do not have to speed up on approaching hills as you do in a car in which the power is less evenly balanced. You take long grades and steep hills with equal ease.

In the *Greater* American tremendous power *at speeds you drive* is combined with a degree of balance heretofore unknown in a car of its type.

By an exact distribution of weight the load is divided over the four wheels *almost to the fraction of a pound*—with an effect on the riding qualities of this Balanced Six which has won for it the right to be known universally as the Smile Car.

Every mile you cover in the *Greater* American is a mile of added joy.

AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION
Factory and General Offices: Plainfield, N. J.
AMERICAN SOUTHERN MOTORS CORPORATION, Greensboro, N. C.

The Balanced Six

AMERICAN

Miles of Smiles

Big buildings and small, old and new, can have efficient economical steam heat

IT is all a matter of the air or venting valves—on the radiator or elsewhere in the system.

Faulty valves strangle a steam system by failing to vent the air. Good ones stimulate steam circulation.

Faulty valves leak water over hard-wood floors and rugs. Good ones are leak-proof.

Faulty valves are adjustable—must be to compensate for their "hit-or-miss" operation. Good valves are non-adjustable. They are made perfect, then sealed tight against meddling.

Faulty valves squander coal. Good ones insure complete warmth on low steam pressure, hence—small coal bills.

If you are building this year—whether seven-room house or 1000-room apartment—discuss the matter of air valves with your architect. He can specify valves that guarantee you complete satisfaction for at least five years. This guarantee is in writing, presented to you at the time of installation. Write us for details.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Inc.

512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

Upper left, No. 8 Hoffman Return Line Valve or Radiator Trap for vapor or vapor-vacuum systems. Sensitive and consistent in operation under varying pressures.

Upper right, No. 1 Hoffman Air Valve. The recognized standard for radiator venting in one pipe systems. Efficient, noiseless, non-spitting.

No. 6 HOFFMAN QUICK VENT FLOAT AIR VALVE

For venting pipe lines on indirect radiators on vapor vacuum systems. Vents all air but prevents its return through valve.

No. 10 HOFFMAN VAPOR VALVE

A valve with vent port ⅛" in diameter. Especially adapted for venting large systems. Throws in the line free vent with no back pressure as a certainty.

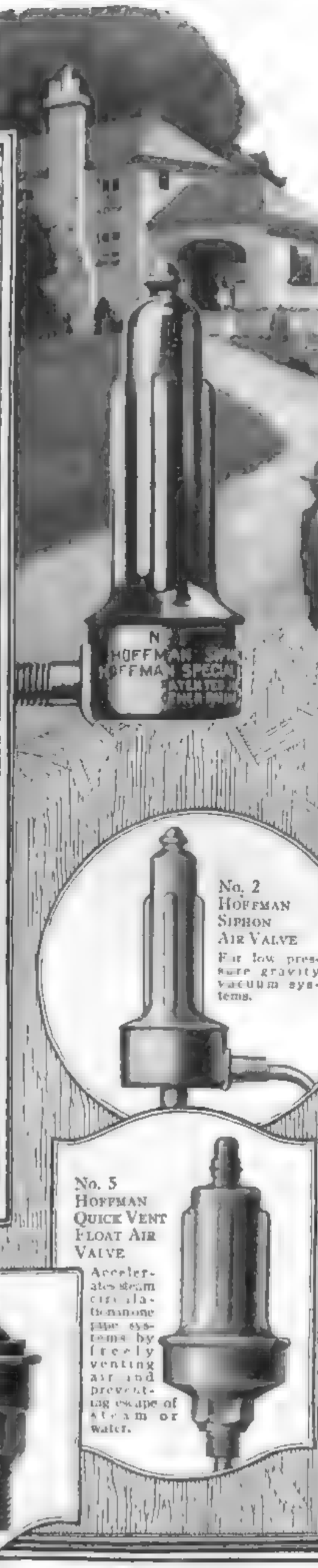
No. 3 HOFFMAN AIR LINE VALVE

The most sensitive valve for "Air Line" or "Paul System."

Hoffman Equalizing Loop. Insures against broken boilers in vapor systems.

No. 4 HOFFMAN QUICK VENT AIR VALVE

For venting pipe lines where water is not a factor.



No. 2 HOFFMAN SIPHON AIR VALVE

For low pressure gravity vacuum systems.

No. 5 HOFFMAN QUICK VENT FLOAT AIR VALVE

Accelerates steam circulation one pipe systems by freely venting air and preventing escape of steam or water.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 162)

man would choose who kept faith with the dead. There were likely documents about that would establish her identity. That would be his task, he decided—to finish Lassaigne's work if so be the master had left it incomplete, and to set his affairs in order and take this girl back to civilization.

This last, he discovered before he had been on the island an hour, was not to be an easy thing. Mary Lassaigne shrank from contact with the world as though she were an untamed bit of the jungle. "Outside," as she called it in the vernacular of the isolate, held for her only dread. She shrank from Prentiss himself with the same suspicious wariness. He did not know that to her he was merely male, strange and fearsome, one of the creatures of whom Lassaigne had warned her with frank brutality. He did not know that she was including him in a peculiar assumption of masculine villainy which had Jesus Alvaso for an evil core.

Prentiss knew less about women probably than about any other subject on earth. He had no intuitive light with which to combat that baffled helplessness which came to him along with a sense of personal responsibility. So far as he knew, Mary Lassaigne had not a friend in the world. Yet her manner toward him was unfriendly, almost hostile. If any appeal lay under the brownness and thinness and the veiled beauty of her face it was too well hidden for Prentiss' novitiate eye to discover.

As she poised on the steps of the tent, regarding him with a direct and searching look, Prentiss suddenly remembered the rolls of gold he had taken from Alvaso, and he brought out the paper-wrapped cylinders. Mary reached for them eagerly. Her eyes flashed as he told her how he had found them and described the manila wrapper and the broken seal of the consul general of Buenos Aires.

"It's from the department," she said. "They send it that way—in gold through the nearest consul. We've been waiting for it since the rains. Alvaso stole it, the damned yellow thief!" Her lips convulsed.

Prentiss, watching, could not know that her eyes were seeing suddenly the thin desperate face of Lassaigne, haggard from waiting, drawn with the desolating despair of a man whose work is disregarded, ill and weary and half fed, who had died in the dreariness of doubt. He saw only that there was agony in her face, and a hot blasting hate; and when with a contemptuous gesture she rolled his ruck sack out of the tent and kicked it deliberately to the ground and, flashing inside, lashed the tent against him, he translated the hate into terms which blasted himself equally with Jesus Alvaso.

But even then a strange exultation tingled in his blood. He was very young and the blood in him was volatile enough to thrill at conflict. It was like beginning Creation, this task before him. He had to tame Mary Lassaigne, slowly, as he would tame any jungle creature. He had to plant faith in her starved heart, faith in himself, faith in God. He had to go slowly, to convince her that he was of different blood from Jesus Alvaso and the beach-combing riffraff she had very likely known.

And he had Lassaigne's work to finish. He walked through the mazes of cane, each row plainly labeled in cryptic phrases inked on wooden tags, which would have baffled a layman, but which to Prentiss were plain as the hands of a watch. He saw that Lassaigne had been breeding for two seasons, bringing down outcrosses from the colder hill lands, breeding for a high sugar content and a frost-proof stock. Prentiss did not know of the row of yellow-green offspring, labeled and selected, in the paraffined pots on the shelf inside the tent. But the aspect of the selective beds satisfied him that Lassaigne had finished his work.

It remained for him to take the result to Washington, to win for Lassaigne the posthumous reward of the plant hunter, which is glory, and scant portion of that. He wondered briefly if Lassaigne had made any provision for the girl's future. Doubtful—since his death had been accidental. Prentiss knew that it was next to impossible for an underpaid field worker to accumulate any surplus or even to maintain adequate insurance. Unless there proved to be some sort of legacy, likely the rolls of gold he had taken from Jesus Alvaso were all that stood between Mary Lassaigne and the world of which she was so ignorant. There was probably a thousand dollars in the rolls. He had not counted it. A thousand dollars is a little sum for a girl who knows nothing, owns nothing save a ragged khaki gown and the few tools and belongings which Prentiss noted on the island. And Mary Lassaigne needed everything—education, clothes, proper food.

Prentiss sat up suddenly. Out of a niche in his ordered brain had sprung a neatly catalogued idea. With a dazed look he drew out of his notebook a creased, scrawled paper, two months old. He opened it slowly. It was the paper which Forbes had written, back in that New York club; Puss Trainor's commission which had fallen to him by the turn of a deuce!

By that scrap of paper he was committed to find a girl for Trainor's experiment, a girl whom the fat altruist had agreed to educate and provide for. And here was the girl, delivered, helpless and lacking all things, into his hands. Here was Mary Lassaigne—American, apparently under twenty, friendless, homeless. Prentiss felt strangely subdued as he marked the way in which Trainor's whimsical braggart scheme could be made to work for good in this far, desolate wilderness. That was God!

Prentiss believed infinitely in God, in spite of the surface pessimism with which he protected a spirit a trifle too fine grained and sensitive. He read the curious document through. One phrase struck him unpleasantly. The girl, so provided the contract which Forbes had drawn in the labored phraseology of legal conveyances, was to be made marriageable—after which one of the four was to marry her.

Prentiss stood looking off into the steaming wall of the jungle. How lightly men made phrases! How lightly inscribed them in undying ink! He thought of Mary Lassaigne, brown and shy and sensitive as a mountain bird, married to Forbes, whose eyes were cold and whose lips were lined and thin; or to Puss Trainor, who believed that the world was bought with money; or to Paget. Paget was not so bad. Under a veneer of cynical laziness Prentiss had detected glimmerings of a man's soul in Paget. But he could not conceive of Mary Lassaigne married to Paget—or to any man. As well yoke the mystic river with the slow heaviness of mortal flesh!

He must take Mary back to New York, however, that consideration aside, for he was convinced that Trainor's scheme meant salvation for the girl. What else had the world to offer her—a wild thing, so simple and yet so disconcertingly wise, so age old and yet so amazingly childish? Probably there was a boat of some sort in the canvas shelter. He walked toward the tent, intent on this single idea. But from within Mary's voice warned him sharply.

"Go away from this tent!" she ordered, her voice cold.

Prentiss' head went up. His mouth widened in a boyish grin.

"If you come any nearer," declared the girl viciously, "I shall shoot!"

Prentiss laughed aloud. He took two slow deliberate steps nearer the white wall and waited, and then two more.

"All right," he answered cheerfully, "shoot!"

For answer a needle of flame flashed through the door. Prentiss felt the stinging buzz of a bullet past his ear, and powder burned his eyes.

Within the tent he heard a quick little strangled cry and the thud of a crumpling body on the floor. With one leap he had torn aside the lashed canvas barrier.

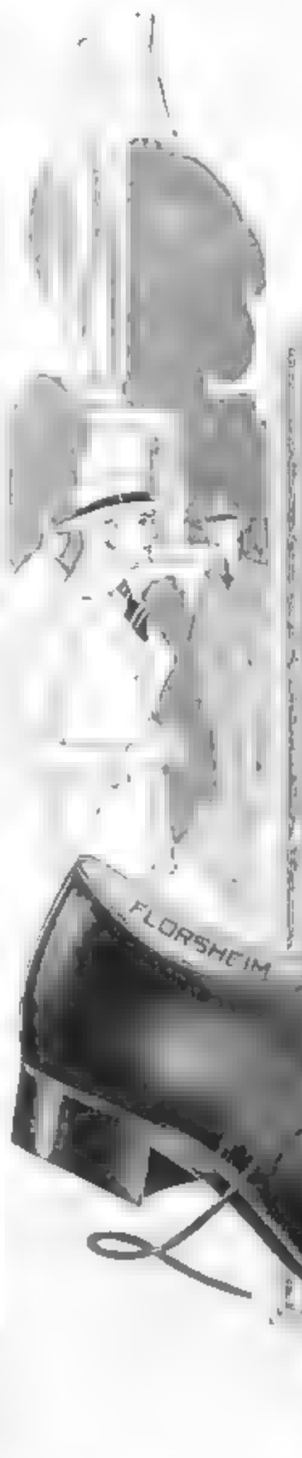
Mary Lassaigne lay in a shaking heap beside the cot; the pistol was flung away from her, her hands over her face.

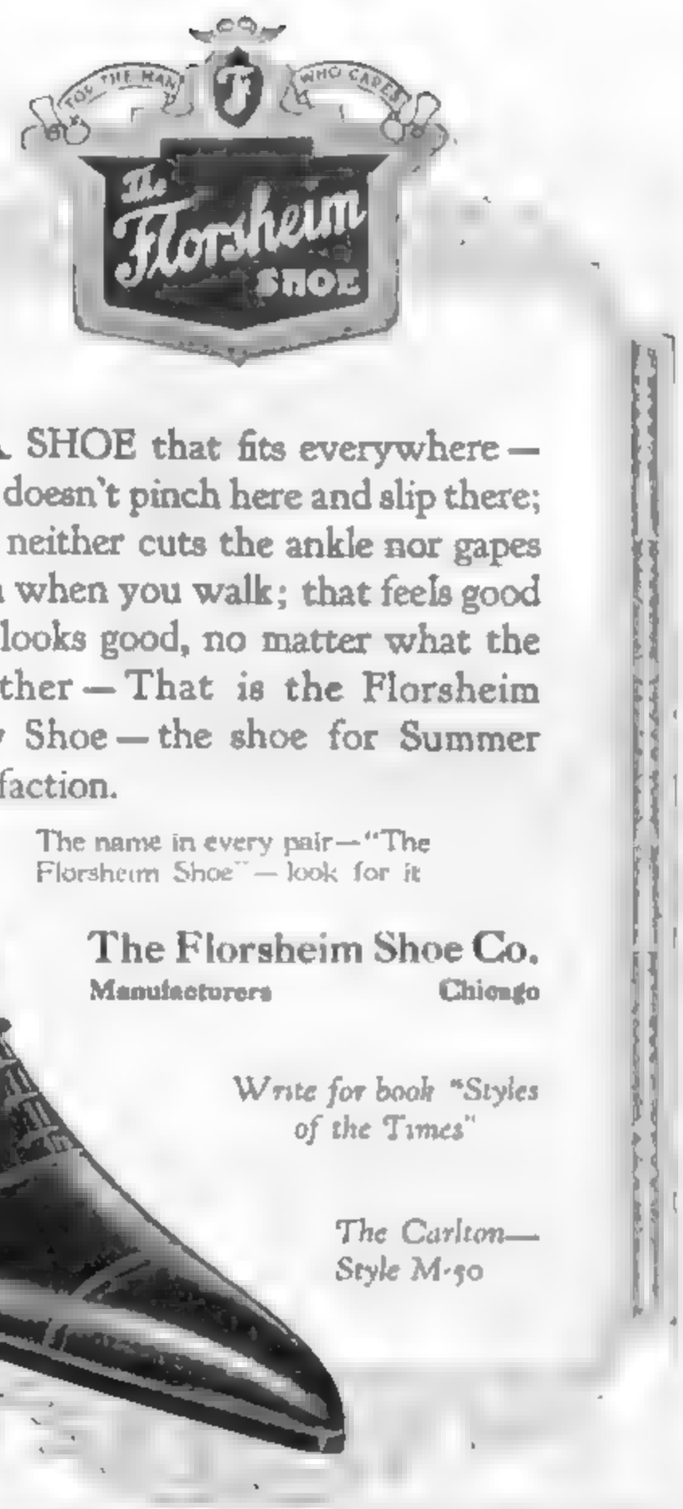
Brutally Prentiss dragged her up to her feet, turned her quivering face up with compelling hand. For a long minute he looked straight into her flinching eyes with all the youth gone out of his face and something steely and relentless there, something primitive which dominated her, drove her lids down, sent tears trickling over her lashes.

Then deliberately he shook her until her long brown braid swung out. With scornful coolness he released her, let her slide out of his hands to the cot, and stood over her, eyes stern, mouth whimsy.

"Don't try that again, young lady!" he advised her quite cheerfully. "Understand?"

And he tramped out quickly, lashing the door behind him with scrupulous care. For a strange and breath-taking impulse had moved him: He had been tempted to kiss Mary Lassaigne as she crouched, tremulous with sobs, upon her cot!





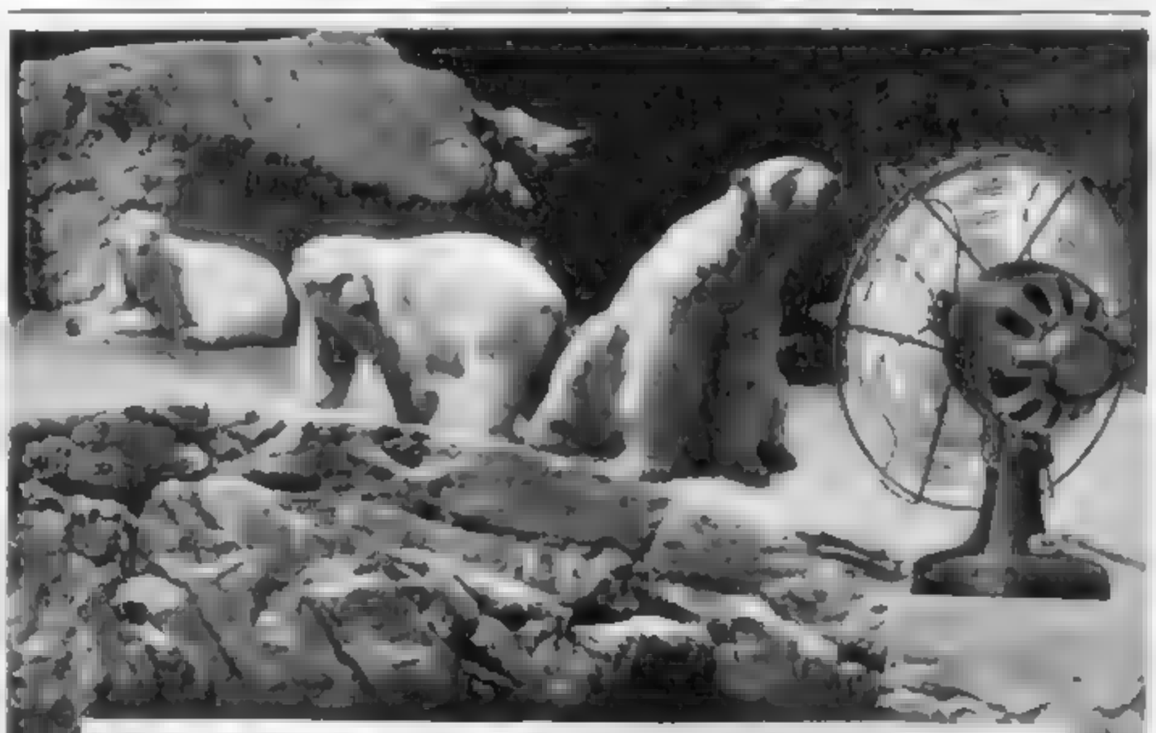
A SHOE that fits everywhere—that doesn't pinch here and slip there; that neither cuts the ankle nor gapes open when you walk; that feels good and looks good, no matter what the weather—That is the Florsheim Low Shoe—the shoe for Summer satisfaction.

The name in every pair—"The Florsheim Shoe"—look for it

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Manufacturers Chicago

Write for book "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—Style M-50



Oh! That Cooling Breeze!

On days that are sweltering—when the air is like the heat of an oven and your office or room is so stuffy you almost smother—that's the time Polar Cub will change your misery to joy.

Get this busy little fan today. Hour after hour he will send out his cooling breeze. In office and home you can work in comfort, eat in comfort, sleep in comfort.

And all it costs is $7.50 (Canada $10.50), complete with 7 feet of cord and plug. Polar Cub has a handsomely finished motor, is adjustable to any angle, and has two speeds—for a light or strong breeze. Uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours.

Most hardware and electrical dealers sell Polar Cub. If your dealer hasn't this individual fan write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada, The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England, The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.

Polar Cub Electric Fan $7.50

LOOK AT YOUR NAGEL
NAGEL
AMMETER
NAGEL is the ounce of prevention that saves pounds of cure for battery and generator troubles.
It tells truthfully all that is happening in the car's electrical system.
More than 1,250,000 car owners trust the Nagel indicator.
The Nagel Ammeter is standard equipment on Austin, Auburn, Anderson, American, Beggs, Bel Geddes, Bear, Dort, Chevrolet, Cunningham, Cleveland, Daniels, Knight, Lafayette, Marion, Moon, Ware, Westcott, Gardner, Jackson, Nash, Paige-Detroit, Searchmont, Stanwood, Stephens, Stewart, Velie, Wisconsin, Knight passenger cars, and Atlas, Collier, Commerce, Gramm-Bernstein, Garford, G. M. C., Kerns, Duplex, Nelson, Republic and Stewart motor trucks
and used by leading makers of the Auto-Lite, Bijur, C. A. Vandervell (London, Eng.) and Remy Starting and Lighting Systems.
THE W.G. NAGEL ELECTRIC CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

The realization of this temptation sent the blood singing through him, and then filled him with dismay. Sitting upon his bed roll, limp and flushed and shaken, he was troubled as though he had discovered in himself an unsuspected physical deformity. As Forbes had said, Prentiss had a queer kink in him!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

(Continued from Page 9)

She extracted the contents of the envelope in a gingerly fashion, gave a tiny shriek and kissed Lonny rapturously.

"Why, you darling old dear!" she cried. "It's a Victory Note—and for a whole thousand dollars! However did you get it so soon? You don't mean to tell me ——"

"Yep, got my first royalty check to-day. Enough, with the little I'd already paid, to clean up this thing. Now we've got three thousand. Isn't it great! Why, just think, Honeybugs! Only about two years ago we didn't have a cent, and now we've got three thousand dollars drawing interest. It's marvelous, that's what it is—and it's you who have done it. It's you who have skimped and scraped and gone without and kept the kids looking nice and neat, goodness knows on what, with living costs where they are!

"Bless your heart, I don't know anyone in all the world who could have done it but you, you old Honeybugs, you!"

"Oh, Lonny!" was all Honeybugs could say for a moment. Then: "Now, can't we think about the furniture for the youngsters and the oilcloth for the kitchen floor? And look at you, Lonny Tennant! That suit's ready for the rag bag. It's a sight! Lucky you work in a factory instead of selling goods out on the road."

"Yes, but then I'd have my swindle sheet to rely on."

"Swindle sheet?"

"Expense account."

"Lonny Tennant! The idea! Anyone as honest as you talking that way! Now let me tell you, you're going to have a suit of clothes and an overcoat and a hat and some socks and ties."

"Help, help!" said Lonny breathlessly. "We'll have to hock some of our bonds if you keep on talking that way."

"Not so you would notice it," denied Honeybugs. "I've got an income of a hundred and thirty-something dollars a year. I guess I can make my husband a present of a suit of clothes if I want to."

"And the children's furniture?"

"We'll get that now, seeing the bonds are all paid for, won't we?"

"Sure," said Lonny.

It wasn't many mornings after that when Lonny, glancing through the financial columns of the paper just before leaving for business, exclaimed: "Look, Honeybugs! Don't you think we ought to send for this booklet about Superiority System Real Estate bonds? They pay six per cent, represent a first mortgage on preferred real estate and buildings and are guaranteed as to principal and interest by ——"

"Lonny Tennant, are you going to buy any more bonds? Why, I haven't picked out that furniture."

"Listen, dear! We've got to put our surplus into something good."

"Surplus? Since when have we had a surplus? Don't you need clothes and don't I need clothes, and all my table linen and towels are so worn —"

"We'll get some clothes all right, Honeybugs. But you want us to go on saving, don't you? Think of that three thousand!"

"I am thinking of it. I wish it was a hundred thousand. Then I'd have the coupons—you would give me the coupons, wouldn't you, Lonny? Think of it, Lonny—yes, send for the booklet, Lonny. Six per cent is lots better than four and a half, isn't it—but are you sure they're safe?"

"I don't know. I'll make some inquiries."

Lonny found the real-estate bonds well spoken of, and arranged with his firm to carry a couple of five-hundred-dollar pieces for him on a twenty-dollar-a-week schedule. Honeybugs said it was a dandy idea. The dress she had on when she said it was some sort of perky checked affair that made her look like a fresh country schoolgirl, with her pink cheeks and bright blue eyes, though if you must know the truth, Honeybugs was thirty years old. But the dress had been skillfully patched, and because it had been washed not much less than a hundred times its brightness had given place to a pale, grayish blue. But it was all starched and ironed and crinkly, and Honeybugs looked good enough to eat.

The twenty a week came pretty hard for a while, but Lonny and Honeybugs continued their Sunday afternoon walks—they called them their cheering-up rambles.

"It won't be long, it won't be long," went the typical tune.

Honeybugs believed it. To confirm her faith, after a few weeks another royalty check came along and enabled Lonny to finish paying for the real-estate bonds.

"Now," said Lonny, "you go ahead and get you some clothes and buy the furniture for the kids and have the kitchen floor papered with linoleum and generally blow yourself. I'm not going to put another blame cent into bonds for a year! Gosh, haven't we done a noble chore? I'll say so! Four thousand dollars of good income-bearing securities tucked away in three years. I guess I'm not some little economy kid, eh? And you? Why, Honeybugs, you're the best ever! Now you take fifteen a week and in five or six weeks you can cash a flock of coupons, and that'll give you a couple of hundred berries ——"

"And you must have a new suit right away."

"Sure, Honeybugs. Still this old thing isn't so bad, and, of course, where I'm round the factory all day it wouldn't do to wear anything decent and have it all spotted with paste and mucilage and grease and other stuff. I should worry about my clothes."

Honeybugs took plenty of time, looking round for exactly the things she wanted. She had a good time doing it. She bought sparingly. Still it was wonderful to wander in the shops and feel that any time she made a decision she could back it up with the cash. She had made up her mind about the set of furniture for the girls' room—something made of wood, done in pale gray, with ornaments of little birds and flowers on the headboards of the two beds—only the price was two hundred dollars. Still Honeybugs felt she could afford it. The family had four thousand dollars saved, and by waiting four or five weeks longer the fifteen a week Lonny was saving for her would—with the coupons—give her plenty and something to spare for the linoleum and

"Say, look a-here, Honeybugs!" said Lonny one morning. "Ever see anything like it? Liberty Bonds—actually Liberty Bonds, the safest security on earth, selling way off. Here they are quoted at 92, 89, 85 ——"

"What do you mean?" demanded his wife. "You mean they're marked down? Is there a sale?"

Lonny grinned.

"Well, it amounts to that. You've got to admit a thousand-dollar bond that you can buy for eight hundred and fifty's something of a bargain."

"But you didn't say eight hundred and fifty—you said eighty-five."

"Security quotations are made on the basis of hundred-dollar units, Honeybugs. We can buy Uncle Sam's obligations, good as gold, for eighty-five cents on the dollar."

"Why, Lonny? If they're worth a hundred, why sell them at eighty-five?"

"Well, that's really a sensible question, Honeybugs, and because it is such a sensible question it's rather hard to answer. But I understand it's about this way: In the first place, there are a lot of other bonds—not so safe as government bonds, it is true, but still considered well safeguarded—that are selling to yield as high as seven per cent, or even more."

"You mean, pay seven per cent interest?"

"Gee! I've let myself in for some explaining. Well, the yield of a bond is roughly the profit you make on it from the time you buy it until it is redeemed by whoever issues it—see?"

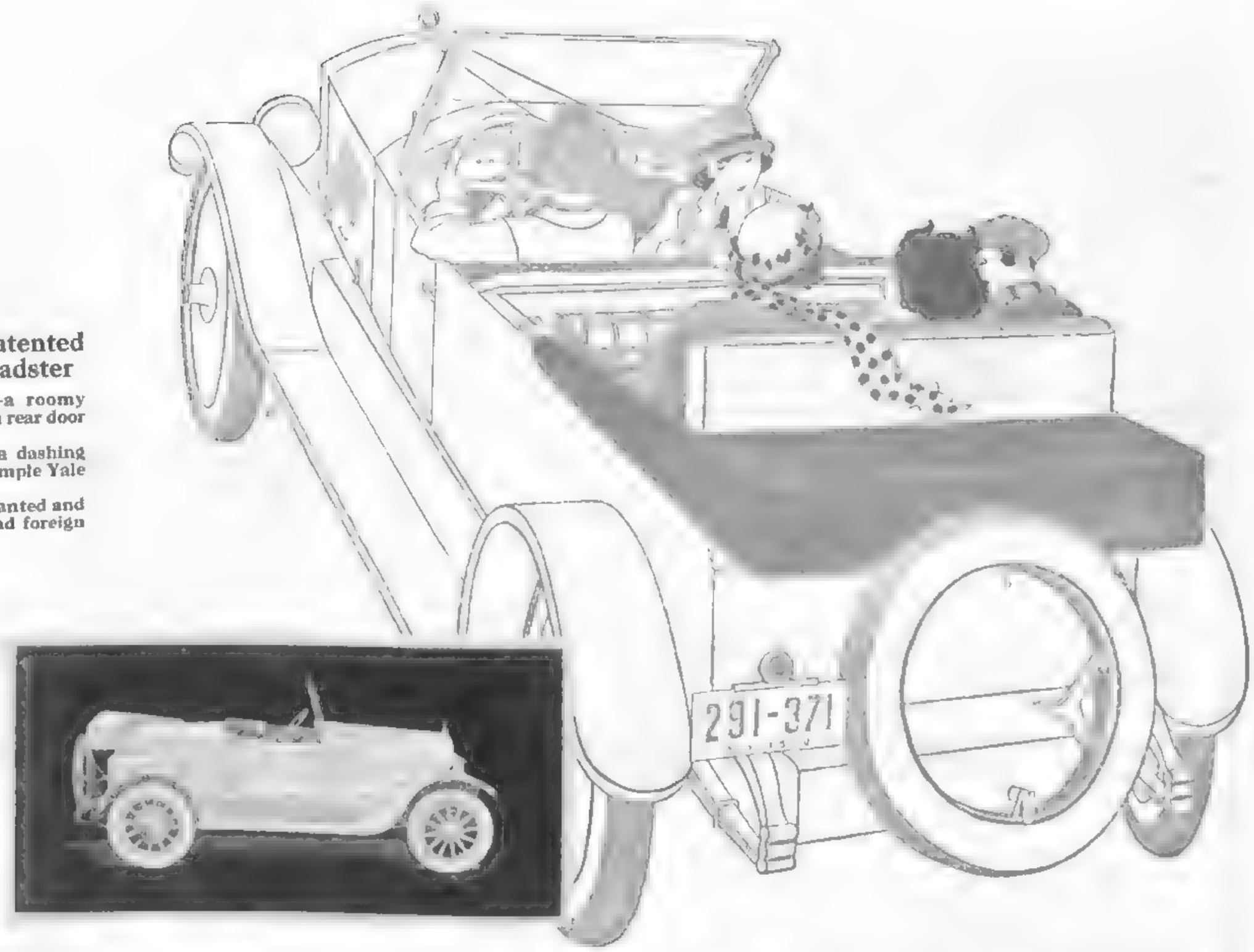
"For instance?"

"Well, if I buy a bond to-day for nine hundred dollars, and it matures in fifteen years, I get a thousand dollars for it, don't I, Honeybugs?"

Honeybugs nodded.

"Then," went on Lonny, "I also get interest on the face of the bond, or one

(Continued on Page 169)



The Anderson Patented Convertible Roadster

With tonneau open—a roomy touring car for five, with rear door and complete top.
With tonneau closed—a dashing roadster for two, with ample Yale lock luggage space.
Protected by patents granted and pending in the U. S. and foreign countries.

Finest Custom-built Bodies at Less Cost

Under the metal finish, woodworking of high quality and material is essential in a fine motor car body. Because we own our timberlands of oak and ash we are able to build for Anderson motor cars bodies that would cost us several hundred dollars more did we buy the wood in the open market.

This wood is air dried and kiln dried to an unusual degree. Craftsmanship of high order, the result of a tradition of thirty-three years' experience in building fine coaches and carriages, finally produces Anderson custom-built bodies of a quality usually associated with only the highest priced cars. Soft cushions of real leather, extra long springs and ample wheel base give complete comfort.

These wonderful Anderson bodies, combined with the Anderson chassis, carefully assembled of standardized mechanical parts, can be procured in six models as follows:

Convertible Roadster	$2,195	Five-passenger Touring	$2,145
Four-passenger Sport Touring	2,175	Seven-passenger Touring	2,195
Coupé	3,200	Sedan	3,200

Prices f. o. b. Rock Hill. War tax extra; subject to change. Write for catalog.

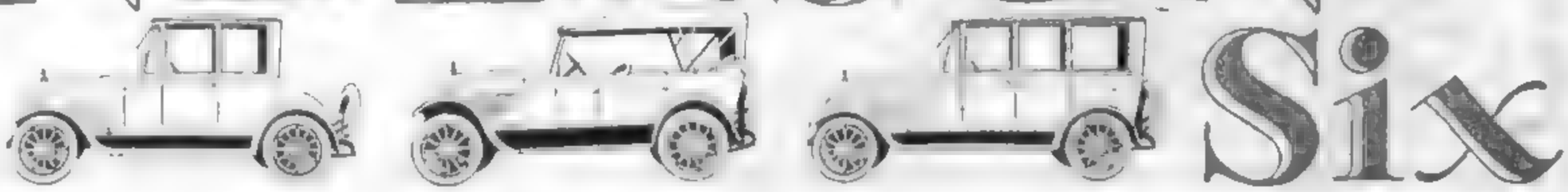
Standardized Units

- Continental motor
- Durston transmission
- Borg and Beck clutch
- Thermoid universal joints
- Hotchkiss type drive
- Remy ignition, starting and lighting
- Salisbury rear axle
- Rayfield carburetor
- Willard storage battery
- Stewart vacuum tank
- Fedders radiator
- Boyce Motometer
- Kellogg transmission-driven tire pump
- Timken, Hyatt, Bower and New Departure bearings

THE ANDERSON MOTOR CO., ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA

ANDERSON Six

with custom-built bodies



Which would you rather carry?

IT'S no trouble to carry a can of **Johnson's Radiator Cement** in your car and it may save you a very unpleasant experience on the road. JOHNSON'S RADIATOR CEMENT is the easiest and quickest way to repair leaks in radiators, pumps, water jackets, hose connections, etc. It will stop leaks immediately without laying up the car. It requires no experience to use this product—all you have to do is remove the cap and pour **Johnson's Radiator Cement** into the radiator.

JOHNSON'S Car Savers

Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two a month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car. There's a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose. No experience is necessary for their use—any motorist can successfully apply them.

Johnson's Carbon Remover—an easy, clean, safe and satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you $3.00 to $5.00 over other methods and without laying up your car. You can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—without even soiling your hands—and the cost is trifling. Half-pints 75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—penetrates between the spring leaves, thoroughly lubricating them. Reduces the liability of spring breakage. Half-pints 35 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Black-Lac—the perfect top dressing. One coat imparts a rich, black surface just like new. Easy to apply—dries in fifteen minutes—is permanent, waterproof and inexpensive. Half-pints 75 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Cleaner—for body, hood and fenders. Removes spots, stains, tar and alkali—preparing the surface for a polish. Half-lb. cans 45 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Auto-Lak—an automobile body varnish that amateurs can use successfully. Goes on easily and quickly—you can finish your car one day and drive it the next. A pint is sufficient for a roadster. Pints $1.00 in U. S. East of Rockies.

Johnson's Prepared Wax Liquid—for polishing body, hood and fenders. Imparts a hard, dry, glasslike polish which will not gather dust. Half-pints 50 cts. in U. S. East of Rockies.

Representative dealers and jobbers all over the world handle JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS. Don't use or stock unknown substitutes. Write for our folder on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON : Canadian Branch—Brantford, Ontario : Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 166)

thousand dollars, for fifteen years. If it is a six per cent bond, that is sixty dollars a year, a total of nine hundred dollars. That and my thousand dollars give me nineteen hundred, or a net profit of one thousand on my original investment, spread over a period of fifteen years"—he figured rapidly on the margin of his paper—"sixty-six dollars and sixty-six and two-thirds cents a year on an investment of nine hundred. That figures about seven and four-tenths per cent profit per annum; in other words, seven and four-tenths is the yield of the bond. Of course that's crudely figured, but it's correct in principle."

"Oh," said Honeybugs, "that means a six per cent bond can actually pay over seven per cent? How fascinating!"

"Betcha life it's fascinating! Now it happens that we can buy four and a quarter per cent Liberty Bonds in the open market at a price that will net us round six per cent—and let me tell you, that is absolutely wonderful! In ordinary times six per cent bonds aren't considered safe. But here are the safest bonds in the world to be bought to yield six per cent."

"Let's buy some," said Honeybugs.

"I'm going to."

"How many?"

"Five thousand dollars' worth. They'll cost us about forty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, Lonny! How can we swing it?"

"I'll tell you! We'll shove up a couple of thousand of the bonds we already own if we have to."

"Shove up?"

"Yep—get some broker to carry the new batch, and we place our bonds in his hands for safe-keeping and as a guaranty of good faith. That more than protects him against fluctuations of the market. He carries the new purchase for us until we can get the payments cleaned up, and then he delivers us all our bonds, old and new. See?"

"But don't you have to pay him interest or something?"

"Yep—probably seven per cent. But it'll only be for a little while, and the coupons on our bonds will take care of most of it—easy. Ordinarily it wouldn't be a wise play, but when we're buying government bonds on such unheard-of terms it's justifiable. Liberty Bonds may jump up again almost any time. Even if it took us a year to clean up we would be all right."

"But—but—but—my coupons!" wailed Honeybugs.

"I know, I know," said Lonny sympathetically. "It seems tough. But it's only for a little while, and when the deal is through we'll have nine thousand dollars in jim-dandy securities, with an income of about four hundred and twenty dollars."

"Can I have that, Lonny?"

"Sure," said Lonny.

Honeybugs believed in Lonny. She had seen something very substantial grow from nothing because she had trusted him, because she had backed him up with thrift and self-denial. It was hard to have to forego the things she had planned—to disappoint the children again—well, it would be worth while.

It was a queer day for Honeybugs. She didn't mean to, but she worried. Of course she didn't know quite what Lonny knew about the success of his collative device. Lonny had become a nut about bonds. So had she, but with more moderation. Lonny incurred obligations that kept his nose on the grindstone for months at a time—tied himself up so he just had to make good. Perhaps that was the best way.

All he had told her spun in her head. Maturities and net yields and coupons and interest dates got to weaving round in her brain, and finally she became so nervous and tired that her head ached. It was the latter part of the afternoon, and she knew she ought to start the dinner preparations. She went into the sleeping room for a little sniff of lavender salts; it might make her head feel better.

The bed looked inviting, and Honeybugs was tired. She dropped down for just a minute. Golly, it was comfy! The little girls were playing contentedly out in the living room. Honeybugs closed her eyes for just a wee moment.

Then she heard her husband's footsteps in the hall. They were unsteady footsteps too. She heard him fumbling uncertainly at the spring lock, so she jumped up and hurried to admit him, her heart sinking.

Lonny stood on the threshold swaying unsteadily. His eyes had in them a light she knew only too well. He could not conceal the fact that he had been bonding heavily, and the fumes of semiannual interest hung above him.

"Lonny Tennant!" cried Honeybugs. "Where have you been? You promised me last time you came home with a load of New York Central Refunding Sixes—oh, remember how ill you were afterward! You couldn't even look at a coupon for days and days! Oh, Lonny, why can't you leave them alone?"

Her husband grinned foolishly.

"I dan take mush," he protested. "Only four'r five public u-util'ties w'th some the b-hic-boys over't the corner brokery."

He lurched in heavily. She knew he was not telling the truth.

"Where is the money I gave you this morning?" she demanded. "You promised to go and buy shoes for the children right after business."

"Aw, p-fittle!" rejoined the bondebriate. "Y'only gimme coupla thousansh. Kinda shoes 'shpect a feller t' buy f'r two thousansh berries, huh? Sheep ones, thassall. Jush stopped in for few bondsh w'th the gang. Feller worksh hard like me needsh li'l' recreation. Some men playsh poker, some follersh racesh, some shpeed demons, want airplanesh 'n' so forth. Not me! All I wantsh a few rounds o' bondsh w'th the boys. Harmless li'l' habit, ain't it?"

He pulled from an inner pocket a great packet of greenish certificates and threw them at his wife. The rubber band broke and the bonds cascaded over her. She sank, groaning, to the floor. Her home, her family, her very life wrecked by this awful habit!

Honeybugs had been born on a farm, where the only dissipation had been an occasional indulgence in hard mortgages, made on the place. The craving for bonds had never laid its blighting hand upon that home, though she knew Lonny's folks had always kept them in the house.

But now she was ragged, forlorn, shabby, and the money that should have been used to buy her comfortable clothes had been squandered in the corner bondery. Lonny, a kind and generous husband and father when sober, could never be trusted to pass the doors of that gilded hell. The poor man's club! Bah!

There he spent his wages in wanton infatuation until, his clothes reeking with R. J. & B. collateral trust notes, or P. D. & Q. debenture serial fives, he was thrust reeling into the street by the flinty-hearted keeper of the place.

And yet she loved him. Could she not reclaim him from this life of degradation? Could she find some remedy—perhaps send him to a gold cure. Maybe there was something she could put secretly in his coffee—she thought she remembered the name—"Not-a-Bond. It cures when all else fails; at your druggists or by mail, one dollar." But she had no dollar—every penny in the house had gone for bonds! The children were ragged and hungry, the roof leaked, the plumbing made noises like old and infirm ghosts. Honeybugs Tennant moaned and clutched hysterically at Alonzo's coat.

"Oh, promise me, promise me," she shrieked, "that you will sign the pledge to-night! Promise me never to touch another bond as long as you ——"

She felt herself rudely shaken.

"Gee whiz, Honeybugs!" cried Lonny in a perfectly sober but impatient voice. "What's the matter? Got a nightmare? Here, wake up! You aren't sick, are you? Well, then, I brought home a steak and two pounds of fresh mushrooms. I've had quite a fat raise in my pay and another big royalty check. Come along, old kid, let's celebrate!"

Honeybugs went into the particular Fifty-seventh Street shop where she had seen the very special bedroom set she wanted for her little girls, laid down two hundred and fifty dollars and told the urbane salesman where it was to be delivered. It was the day before Christmas, and Honeybugs was doing her Christmas shopping early. Now all she had to do was to get Lonny something.

She knew exactly what he liked—a silver cigarette case with his monogram on it. He had never had such a thing—it had always seemed to him an extravagance. It was now within Honeybug's power to gratify Lonny's long-cherished wish. She stepped into one of the most exclusive shops on the Avenue and inspected the stock. The prices ran into money—forty, fifty, a hundred each—and Honeybugs didn't

You will like the FRIENDLINESS of Dixon's Eldorado. As one enthusiastic user so aptly phrases it—"It writes with a smile."
Made in 17 Leads—one for every need or preference
PENCILWISE ADVICE
DIXON'S ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Distributors:—A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Classic Refinement
YOU, who are seeking refinement in durable footwear, will at once approve the better lines and smartness of these shoes.
NUNN BUSH
"Faithful to the Last"
Their modish design and smoothness to fit quickly appeals to the man who takes care in being groomed at all times.
You will find this shoe on display in the larger exclusive boot shops.
Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Nunn-Bush Style Book on Request.

Pleasurable Shaving

Soften your beard—*then* lather

No "rubbing in" is necessary when Shavaid is used. And you will enjoy an easier, more comfortable shave.

Men the nation over have welcomed this easier, quicker method.

For Shavaid does away with all necessity for hot towels, for "rubbing in." Applied before lathering, it softens your beard.

Men who use Shavaid have better complexions. Hot towels and rubbing in of lather are not only unnecessary, but injurious. They age the skin prematurely. They bring wrinkles.

Shavaid comes in a sanitary collapsible tube. Just squeeze a small quantity out on your finger tips and spread it over your dry beard. Then lather as usual, using your favorite soap or cream and brush.

Now shave. It will seem to you as though some expert had been sharpening your razor. Your beard has been thoroughly softened and prepared—that's all.

Shavaid keeps your skin normal, so that after shaving no lotion is necessary. Even after a close shave, your face feels cool and comfortable. For Shavaid is in itself a soothing, healing emollient.

B-B

Shavaid

In 50-cent Tubes—Buy from Your Druggist

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

LIFT *the* DOT *Fasteners*

TRADE
The DOT *Line*
MARK
of Fasteners

TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
The "Durable-Dot" Fastener
The "Velox-Dot" Fastener
The "Aero-Dot" Fastener
The "Sigma-Dot" Fastener
The Common Sense Fastener

SIMPLE, compact and strong are "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners. Their success on automobile tops and curtains has led to their general use on instrument cases, sporting goods, luggage, and many other articles of canvas and leather.

Always remember to lift the side with the dot—the fastener is self-locking on the three other sides. Write for catalog of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners of which the "Lift-the-Dot" is only one style. A fastener for every need.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

think them very pretty at that. She viewed them with a jaundiced eye. They certainly didn't look their value.

When a man bought cigarettes they came in a neat package furnished by the makers. That package was good enough, and when the cigarettes were gone the container was thrown away and a fresh one came with the renewed supply. That was satisfactory, cheap, sanitary. A poky old case, even if it were of silver with a solid gold lining, could get awfully messy and unhygienic.

Honeybugs walked out of the store without buying anything. She had a roll of bills in her pocketbook large enough to clog the pharynx of an ostrich. She had clipped the coupons from about twelve thousand dollars' worth of gilt-edge securities that afternoon, and besides, Alonzo, inventor of the now almost famous collating machine used in the assembling of books during the process of binding, had given her three or four hundred dollars in cash. She could buy a cigarette case if she wanted to, and she knew one of the cases in the store had been admired by Lonny when displayed in the window for the allurement of Sunday window shoppers. Still something within her held her back. She just couldn't bring herself to buy that bauble.

Yet Honeybugs wasn't stingy, as I shall prove. The case Lonny liked cost a hundred dollars. Honeybugs made her way along the Avenue until she came to a great hotel, wherein for the accommodation of guests certain downtown financial institutions maintain branch offices, tickers and quotation boards. The purchase she made required five times as much cash as the cigarette case. But she went home quite happy.

Next morning when Lonny and Honeybugs had enjoyed the pleasure of watching the little girls open their gifts and had exclaimed in mock surprise at each revelation as strings were untied and wrapping paper thrust aside, Lonny and Honeybugs turned to each other with that mutual Christmas-morning question in their eyes.

"Well?" asked Honeybugs.

"Well?" demanded Lonny.

"I've got something nice for you," said Mrs. Tennant, "but it isn't a bit what you expect."

"And I've got something for you, and it isn't a bit what you expect."

"Let's see it!" said Honeybugs.

"Come downstairs," invited Lonny.

Together, leaving the delighted children comparing gifts, Lonny and Mrs. Lonny descended to the street. There at the curb's edge stood the daintiest little Handicar sedan.

"There," said Lonny, "whatja think o' that?"

"Oh, Lonny—it's exactly what I—wanted! And I thought—oh, I was afraid you were going to—to—to give me some more—bonds."

"Not this time," said Lonny. "I suppose I've kind of rubbed that bond thing in a bit. But, Honeybugs, you gotta admit it's been great for us."

They went back into the building, collected the little girls and a lot of wraps, descended again and piled into the Handicar. Ten minutes later they were speeding cozily and hilariously up Riverside Drive.

"Oh, Honeybugs, you haven't—you haven't ——"

Lonny paused expectantly.

"I know," said Honeybugs. "I feel awfully—mean—about it. You wanted that case, but—really, Lonny, do you think that's a good way to spend my hard-earned coupons? Look!"

She handed her husband a large envelope, which he opened with the aid of his teeth, keeping at least one hand on the steering wheel most of the time.

"Jumping Christmas!" he cried, and there was no mistaking his delight. "An Inter-County Traction First Lien Seven—and a five-hundred-dollar one at that! Say, Honeybugs, you oughtn't to have spent your precious coupon money and your other money that I gave ——"

"But, Lonny, that was the way I really wanted to spend it, and wouldn't you really rather have that than all the cigarette cases in New York?"

"Wouldn't I!" chortled Lonny. "Bless your darling heart, I'd rather have it than anything else you could give me!"

Honeybugs settled herself contentedly beside her husband. The little Handicar bowled serenely toward Tarrytown. Presently Lonny heard her singing softly:

You made me love 'em.
I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it ——

"Is that so?" demanded Lonny, doing his best to hit a venturesome hen that just managed to avoid his flying wheels. "Well, I guess the way you've done your share you wanted to do it all right—bad as I did. Now isn't that the truth?"

"Uh-huh. I guess so, but I was bound to get the children that furniture."

"Sure you were!" said Lonny. "Sure! Now that you've got it, and a few other things, what say we buy a few more Liberties at present bargain prices?"

"Go as far as you like," agreed Honeybugs Tennant.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

July 31, 1920

SHORT STORIES

The Bonds of Matrimony—*Henry Payson Dowst* 8
Bubbles—*Don Marquis* 10
The Brother Act—*William J. Neidig* 12
Rowena Pulls the Wheeze!—*Grace Lovell Bryan* 16

SERIALS

Deuce High—*Helen Topping Miller* 3
It Pays to Smile—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* 20
Steel—*Joseph Hergesheimer* 24
All-Wool Morrison—*Holman Day* 28

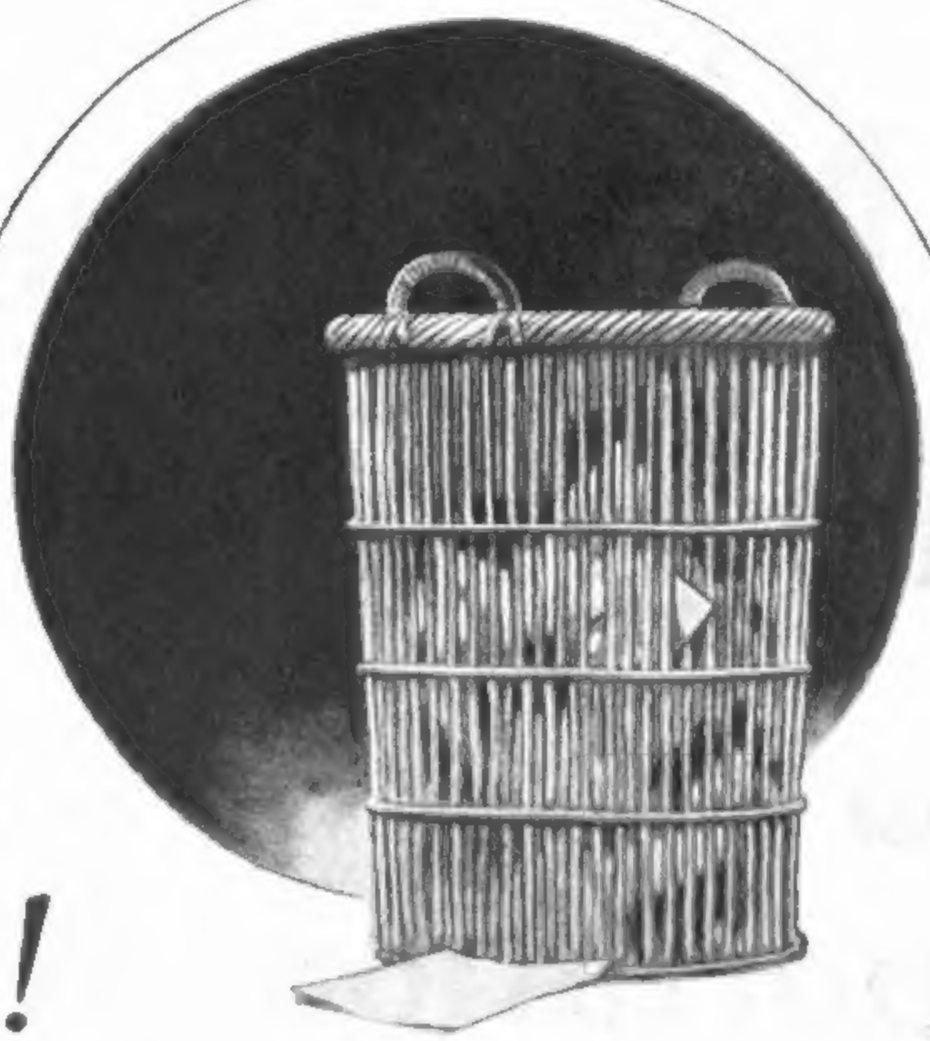
ARTICLES

Last Days and Death of the Russian Emperor and His Family—*G. G. Telberg* 6
As I Remember—*Jefferson Winter* 14
In Office—*Jay E. House* 18
The Wonders of Washington—*George Kibbe Turner* 22
The Zero Hour—*Edward Hungerford* 27
Admiral Kolchak—*Rear Admiral M. I. Smirnoff* 32

DEPARTMENT

Editorials 26

A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.



"Gosh! I hate to throw that fellow's booklet away"

AS THE rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, so does the beautiful booklet as well as the poor, ugly one sooner or later go to the waste-paper baler.

There is no use in perpetuating the silly myth that poorly printed catalogs are chucked into the waste basket and well printed ones cherished forever.

The distinction is much finer than that. There is the good-looking booklet that you just hate to throw away—and don't for several hours or weeks. Even before you do get rid of it, you feel in duty bound to read it.

And sometimes a very poorly printed booklet or catalog is so sensibly written that it is saved in spite of its unattractiveness.

The difference between printing done on Warren's Standard Printing Papers and other printing is not conspicuously apparent. Generally the results are:

A little time saved in the pressroom owing to the easier handling of the standard quality paper, and a little expense saved for the same reason

A better reproduction of prized drawings and photographs

A little more legibility of type

A little better folding and binding "performance"

And, as mentioned above, a little longer average life before being laid aside or thrown away.

Always some of these things, sometimes all of these things, you get when you use a Warren Standard Printing Paper. About the only advantage you lose is the doubtful one of driving a sharp bargain with a printer whose help and co-operation can be of value to you.

Examples of the kind of printing any good printer or any buyer of printing may legitimately expect if a Warren Standard Printing Paper is used may be secured by writing us, or by consulting Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide or the Warren Service Library. These books can be seen in all the public libraries of our larger cities. They are also in the offices of catalog printers and the merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

better paper ooooo better printing

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

The Next President of the United States

must be a man who realizes our

Transportation Necessities

First: Building of Highways
Second: Railway Requirements
Third: Waterways Usefulness
Fourth: Air Possibilities

It is Imperative!

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY

Established 1897

ARDMORE, PA.

Manufacturers of the Autocar Motor Truck

First published in Chicago newspapers, June 10, 1920

Lemonade

The Delicious Efficient Drink

Keep a Full Pitcher Always Within Reach

DELICIOUS, refreshing, vitalizing lemonade! —what other drink equals it when you are thirsty, hot or tired?

Lemonade cools the entire system, not merely the throat as ordinary *cold drinks* do. It cools not alone because it's cool, but because it's *lemon*.

That's why lemonade is the stand-by of millions.

The almost universal craving for it is Nature's own way of telling you that it is the best way to cool the body.

Ask your physician if he knows of another drink that is so good for children and grown-ups.

The pure sugar it carries is energizing and vitalizing. The lemon's natural salts and acids are digestants.

Order a dozen California lemons and make it now. Don't go another day without it.

California Lemons are practically seedless, tart, and heavy with full-flavored juice. The skins are clean, bright and waxy. If you want the better grades ask your dealer for "Sunkist."

Drink Dispensers—
Store Owners—

THERE ARE BIG OPPORTUNITIES in the use of *efficient machines* for quick and profitable dispensing of real lemonade and fresh orange juice drinks from soda fountains, general stores, amusement places, etc. We have made a study of all types of machines and will secure information and data for you on the best type to fit your needs. Also figures on profits. Makes no difference whether you now sell drinks or not—write us about *new* profits.

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers.
Section 14, Los Angeles, California

Also distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade.

Buy them by the Dozen

"Sunkist New-Day Drinks"
53 Recipes—Sent FREE

We will send on request "New-Day Drinks," a book containing 53 recipes for delicious beverages, new and attractive fruit-juice cocktails, punches, fizzes, etc., made with *lemon* and *orange* juice. The recipes are by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. Here are excellent hot-weather drinks—ideal for entertaining. Ask for your *free* copy now. See address above.

"Saved my face for 40 years"

"Almost half a century ago I learned to know Williams'. Since that time he has daily saved my face with his rich and creamy lather.

"Williams' virtues are more than skin deep. Somehow he has an uncanny knack of at once getting down below the surface and gently smoothing things out at the root of the difficulty. He's easy to work with because he doesn't believe in splitting hairs. Moreover, he rises to the occasion instantly and never falls flat on a job.

"A lot of others have tried to get thick with me. But many years of shaving experience have taught me that Williams' is the cream of them all."

Your choice of four forms

Shaving Cream
Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Liquid
Shaving Powder

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.